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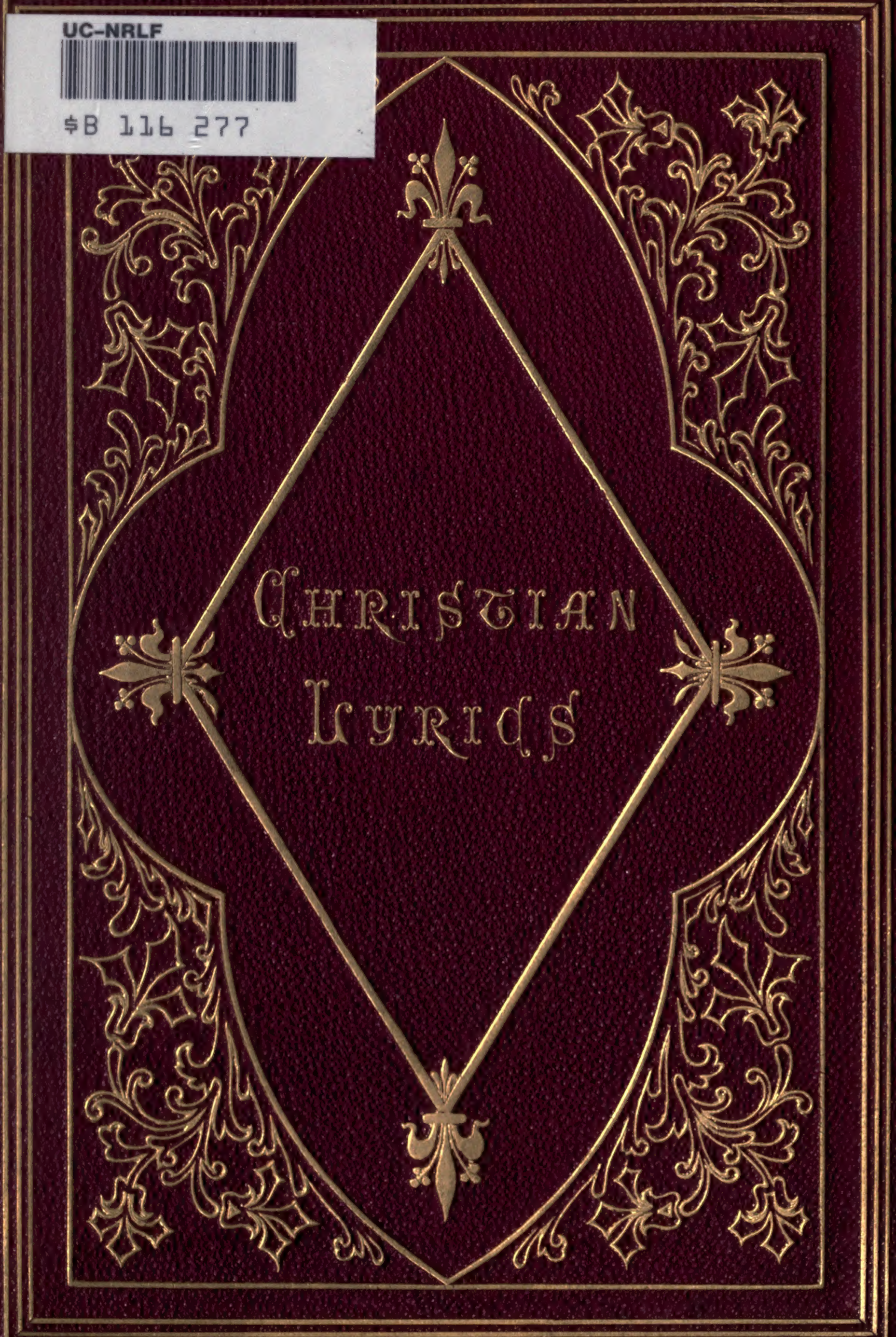

CHRISTIAN LYRICS

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Lord by every minstrel tongue Be Thy praise so duly sung
That Thine Angels' harps may ne'er Fail to find fit echoing here.
Psalm
Cor meum

Christian Lyrics:

CHIEFLY SELECTED FROM MODERN AUTHORS.

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care;
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer!"

FROM THE UFFIZZI PALACE.

WITH TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:
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PREFACE.

IN this volume we have endeavoured to string together such Christian Lyrics as seem to us specially adapted to be the expression of home thoughts, and the companions of every-day life.

Mingled with many lyrics hitherto unpublished, or but little known, will be found some, the words of which have long been familiar to us all. If an excuse for this be needed, it must be found in the feeling, which we trust others will share, that—even were it not for their intrinsic beauty—they are enshrined in so many hearts, and consecrated by so many long-cherished and hallowed associations, that no collection of sacred poetry would be complete without them.

We have endeavoured, as far as possible, to print these lyrics in their original form: except in one or two instances, we have not knowingly omitted any of the verses; but should occasional incompleteness, or deviation

400

from the true reading, be detected, it must be accounted for by the difficulty of tracing some of these pieces to their source, and to the consequent necessity of trusting to collections, the editors of which have not felt themselves bound to be equally scrupulous.

To those authors who have so willingly permitted us to insert their poems, and to Messrs. Longman and Co., who have allowed us to transfer some pieces from *Lyra Germanica*, we beg here to offer our deserved acknowledgments.

Should our little collection be of any service in suggesting sacred thoughts, or exciting holy feelings, we shall not regret that we have brought together, for the cheering of others' hearts, what has been such a source of joy and refreshing to our own.

The Lyrics marked * were printed for the first time in Later Lyrics, and are Copyright.

◆

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

In this edition, the Publishers have incorporated the "Later Lyrics of the Christian Church," and have also added a few additional poems of the same character by American Authors, to whom they now beg to offer their acknowledgments for the use of them.

CONTENTS.

TITLE.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
The sleep	*E. B. Browning*	1
The peace of God	*A. A. Procter*	4
Prayer	*Abp. Trench*	6
Lines written after hearing some beautiful singing in a Convent Church at Rome	*Abp. Trench*	7
The cloud	*Excelsior*	10
The ivy	*C. Mackay*	15
Onward	*L. R.*	18
Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy	*Christian Year*	19
The love of Christ which passeth knowledge	*C. Rossetti*	21
I will trust and not be afraid	*Lyra Germanica*	23
Make thy way plain before my face	*J. H. Newman*	26
The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance	*A. L. Waring*	27
My soul thirsteth for God		29
The love of God	*From the Provençal—Translated by Bryant*	30
I said, "Thou art my God"	*E. de Guérin*	32
Never hasting, never resting		33
Thou maintainest my lot	*A. L. Waring*	35
Strive, wait, and pray	*A. A. Procter*	36
Enoch	*C. F. Alexander*	38
For ever		40
Buds and blossoms	*L. R.*	41
Suspiria	*Longfellow*	43
The suppliant	*Abp. Trench*	44
Lord, and what shall this man do?	*Christian Year*	46
Mortality	*Poems by the Author of 'John Halifax'*	48
*Wherewith shall I come before the Lord	*L. F. Massey*	49
We love Him because He first loved us	*F. Xavier*	51
Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief	*Abp. Trench*	52
David's song to Saul	*R. Browning*	53
Palm Sunday	*Christian Year*	58
Confidence	*From the German—Translated by G. Matheson*	60
The Dayspring from on high		63

TITLE.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
The day of wrath	*Sir W. Scott*	259
Loved and lost	*Professor J. Wilson*	260
Tribulation worketh patience	*Voice of Christian Life in Song*	261
Clinging to Thee		262
Cast down, but not destroyed	*F. F.*	264
Thankfulness	*A. A. Procter*	265
Contentment	*Abp. Trench*	267
Midnight hymn		268
Morning hymn	*Lyra Germanica*	270
Pray without ceasing	*L. R.*	273
Thy face, Lord, will I seek	*Bonar*	275
Joseph, a type of Christ	*C. F. Alexander*	276
Glory to God in the highest	*C. E.*	280
An Advent hymn	*C. F. Alexander*	281
When heart and flesh fail	*Hemans*	283
For Christ's sake	*L. R.*	284
Song of the angels to Adam and Eve in Paradise	*Hankinson*	286
Jerusalem		292
The New Jerusalem		294
Life of the blessed	*From the Spanish—Translated by Bryant*	296
Light shining out of darkness	*Cowper*	298
Cowper's grave	*E. B. Browning*	300
The Prodigal	*Abp. Trench*	303
Love	*L. R.*	305
The death of the Sagamore		306
He beheld the city, and wept over it	*Christian Year*	311
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty	*Bp. Heber*	314
A cry from the depths	*H. Bonar, D.D.*	315
Alone, yet not alone	*E. W. Farrar*	318
The return	*L. F. Massey*	320
Mary Magdalene	*From the Spanish—Translated by Bryant*	324
A bruised reed shall He not break	*C. Rossetti*	326
The Mediator	*E. B. Browning*	327
Litany	*Lord Glenelg*	328
Hereafter	*From Coplas de Manrique—Translated by Longfellow*	330
A hymn for the sick room	*Professor G. Wilson*	332
Behold the Man	*Milman*	334
All things are yours		336
Communion with God	*C. Wilkins*	338
In suffering		340
Clear shining after rain	*Lyra Germanica*	341
Songs of praise	*Montgomery*	343
The angel of patience	*M. S. M.*	344
Incompleteness	*A. A. Procter*	346
The Lord is mindful of His own		347
Nearer to Thee	*S. F. Adams*	348
Unto us a son is given	*Montgomery*	350
Walk in the light		353

TITLE.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
Adoration	*Truman*	354
God in everything	*Moore*	355
Freely ye have received, freely give		356
Forgiven	*A. A. Procter*	358
Redeemed		359
Here and there	*Hymns from the Land of Luther*	360
A voice from heaven		363
God's acre	*Longfellow*	365
The dream	*S. S. Treasury*	366
Sleep	*F. Broderip*	370
Bless us to-night		372
A psalm of life	*Longfellow*	373
Service	*B. R. Parkes*	375
Confido et Conquiesco	*A. A. Procter*	377
He went on his way rejoicing	*Hymns from the Land of Luther*	378
He careth for you		380
The hours	*C. P. Cranch*	382
Silence	*T. T. Lynch*	384
Open Thou our eyes	*L. R.*	385
Discouraged because of the way		387
When I am weak, then am I strong		389
Rock of Ages	*Toplady*	390
Faith in Christ		392
Look to Jesus	*Franzén*	393
A cloud for a covering and fire to give light	*Sir W. Scott*	395
King of kings and Lord of lords	*Dean Milman*	396
Martyrs' song	*C. Rossetti*	400
Jesus	*F. W.*	404
A city that hath foundations		406
Quiet from God		407
Sabbath		411
Beyond	*A. A Procter*	415
Living	*Poems by the Author of 'John Halifax'*	417
For ever with the Lord	*Hymns from the Land of Luther*	420
Thy will be done	*Christian Year*	423
As thou wilt	*Hymns from the Land of Luther*	427
Rabia	*Lord Houghton*	429
The knight's valour	*L. F. Massey*	430
In the field		432
The good fight	*H. Bonar, D.D.*	434
The Church on Earth	*A. Cambridge*	436
A song of the night during sickness	*Professor G. Wilson*	439
The strength of my life	*A. L. Waring*	442
My doves	*E. B. Browning.*	446
Peace	*Journal of Eugénie de Guérin*	450
My psalm	*Whittier*	453
Rejoice evermore	*Abp. Trench*	454
The song of songs	*Hymns from the Land of Luther*	457

TITLE.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
Jerusalem the Golden	*Gerald Massey*	457
O Fair! O Purest!	*T. Moore*	460
O teach me to love Thee		461
Too late!	*Tennyson*	462
Star of morn and even	*F. T. Palgrave*	463
The covert of thy wings	*Lyra Germanica*	464
I will plead with you face to face	*Christian Year*	467
The twins	*R. Browning*	471
The law of love	*Abp. Trench*	473
The meek shall inherit the earth	*G. Macdonald*	474
The kingdom of God	*Abp. Trench*	476
Loss and gain	*B. R. Parkes*	478
The wondrous well		480
Good stewards of the manifold grace of God	*Christian Year*	482
When death is coming near		486
The angel's call	*Mrs. Hemans*	487
Morning	*Christian Year*	489
Evening	„	493
Exhortation to prayer	*Margaret Mercer*	496
Watchman, What of the night?		498
Christmas hymn	*G. W. Bethune*	500
Christmas hymn	*E. H. Chapin*	502
Christmas bells	*J. W. Brown*	504
Avison	*Muhlenburg*	506
The heart's song	*A. C. Coxe*	507
O haupt voll blut und wunden	*J. W. Alexander*	509
Onward, Christian soldier		511
Banner of the Cross	*Bp. Doane*	513
Go forward, Christian soldier		515
O thou in whose eternal name	*F. T. Huntington*	517
Hymn for Whit Sunday	*W. Croswell*	519
The Child	*J. Newton*	520
Jerusalem	*Geo. H. Houghton*	521
An ancient sacramental hymn	*Translated by R. Palmer*	523
The communion of saints	*H. Vaughan*	524
Faith's repose	*W. H. Burleigh*	526
Rocked in the cradle of the deep	*Mrs. Willard*	527
The angel of the Lord	*S. F. Smith*	528
To God most high	*Robert Lowell*	529
My faith looks up to thee	*Ray Palmer*	530
The sacrifice of praise	*S. F. Key*	532
Prayer	*H. Ware, junr.*	533
Christus remunerator	*Caroline Chesebro*	536
Dies Iræ	*Translated by John A. Dix*	537
O angel of the land of peace	*C. M. Sawyer*	540
The Red River Voyageur	*J. G. Whittier*	542
The hours	*Bishop Burgess*	544
Miserere Domine	*W. H. Burleigh*	550

TITLE.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
The last boat	*Author of 'The Gentle Life'*	552
Thou compassest my path		554
Thou art my portion, O Lord	*Oberlin*	555
In the night	*Gerald Massey*	556
Let there be light	*Mason*	557
Comfort	*Hymns from the Land of Luther*	559
Continuing instant in prayer	*Abp. Trench*	562
The ladder of Saint Augustine	*Longfellow*	563
God with us	*Dean Milman*	565
As one whom his mother comforteth	*From 'Thoughts from a Girl's Life'*	566
The bright light that is in the clouds	*Abp. Trench*	568
Waiting for spring	*C. F. Alexander*	570
Jerusalem the Golden	*St. Bernard—Translated by Dr. Neale*	572
Missionary Hymn		577
Soldiers of the cross arise		578
Death's final conquest	*Shirley*	580
Rest of the weary		581
Ho ! every one that thirsteth	*J. E. Carpenter*	582
My home		584
Those eternal bowers		585
Morn	*Charles Wesley*	587
Morning light	*F. T. Palgrave*	588
On going to labour	*Charles Wesley*	589
Praise the Lord of Heaven	*T. B. Browne*	591
My God and King	*George Herbert*	592
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England	*Mrs. Hemans*	593
In the hour of trial		595
Art thou weary		596
Hear, O Lord and God ! my cries	*Francis Davison*	597
Hymn—the third day of Creation	*T. Whytehead*	599
Song of an old man	*Frederick Tennyson*	601
O when my God	*H. Vaughan*	604
O thou whose wise paternal love		605
Passing the gate		606
Sighs and groans	*George Herbert*	608
Submit yourselves to His will		609
Faith	*Lyra Mystica—M. Bridges*	610
Before the sacrament	*Heber*	611
Teach me my God and King	*George Herbert*	612
Third Sunday in Lent	*Heber*	612
Dying to the world	*Herbert*	613
Evening Hymn	*Heber*	620

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	PAGE
Frontispiece	*S. J. Crispin.*	
Angel from the Uffizi Palace	,,	*Title*
Heading, List of Illustrations	*T. Kennedy*	xvii
And round my bier ye come to weep	*Wilfred Lawson*	1
Through storm to light and guide us on	*T. Kennedy*	5
Flowers from their stalks divided	,,	6
It deepened on the mountain	*E. M. Wimperis*	10
The ivy in a dungeon grew	*T. Kennedy*	15
The lovely star	,,	16
The mating birds became its guests	,,	17
The light-enshrouded sun	*E. M. Wimperis*	18
Hope in Him whate'er betide	*Hundley*	23
O God, my God, whom I adore and love	,,	32
Slowly grows the forest king	*E. M. Wimperis.*	33
Acorn finial	*T. Kennedy*	35
Break of day	*E. M. Wimperis*	38
Where children climb the parent's knee	*R. Barnes*	39
Buds and blossoms	*T. Kennedy*	41
Beside his bed his sorrowing angel stood	*Chas. Murray*	45
When the shore is won at last	*W. J. Allen*	47
Finial—Dead leaves	*T. Kennedy*	49
My God, I love Thee	*Hundley*	51
Passion flowers	,,	52
Border of heartsease	,,	59
The day-spring	*Wolf*	63
Ivy border	*Hundley*	70
And wipe the weeping eyes	*R. Barnes*	73
Briars besetting every path	*T. Kennedy*	75
Milton and his daughters	*A. B. Houghton*	76
Milton	*T. D. Scott*	78
Safely to harbour	*E. M. Wimperis*	79
Fast falls the eventide	,,	82

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	PAGE
Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes	*S. J. Crispin*	83
Group of angels	,,	84
The wild duck	*R. Moore*	95
The ice mountains vast	*E. M. Wimperis*	97
A child kiss	*R. Barnes*	103
Speak gently to the little child	,,	104
Speak gently to the erring	*Wilfred Lawson*	106
Go, and sin no more	*S. J. Crispin*	108
Border	*Hundley*	110
The rainbow passes with the storm	*T. Kennedy*	112
Under the bowering honeysuckle	,,	113
A little brook went singing	*E. M. Wimperis*	117
The heaving ocean	*T. Kennedy*	121
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps	,,	123
The Brooklet	*E. M. Wimperis*	125
In my parent ocean's breast I haste away	,,	127
The golden morn flames up the eastern sky	,,	128
The second day	*S. J. Crispin*	133
The Magi	*Wolf*	137
Holly border	*Hundley*	138
Heartsease border	,,	144
The ancient wood	*Hundley & Wolf*	145
Crown of thorns and nails	*Hundley*	150
Some smiling angel close shall stand	*T. Dalziel*	153
The Bright and Morning Star	*E. M. Wimperis*	164
The Dial	*T. Kennedy*	174
In thy right hand to-morrow thy God shall place the palms	*S. J. Crispin*	177
Patience in affliction	*A. W. Bayes*	179
Thou roll'st the orbs of light	*T. Kennedy*	182
And much have been forgiven	*S. J. Crispin*	184
As those that watch for the day	*R. Barnes*	185
Wrapped in His swaddling bands	*S. J. Crispin*	187
Angels bending near the earth	,,	190
Robin to the bare bough clinging	*R. Moore*	193
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud	*E. M. Wimperis*	198
Go when the moon is bright	*Wilfred Lawson*	199
Thou bid'st me come to Thee	*S. J. Crispin*	203
Nearer home	,,	205
Fair spirit, rest thee now	*W. J. Allen*	208
Have served the Lord as their Master here	*S. J. Crispin*	209
Jerusalem	*E. M. Wimperis*	212
Like Noah's dove, I flit between rough seas and stormy skies	*S. J. Crispin*	215
Finial	,,	219
And wave my palm, and wear my crown	,,	220
All in the worship bending	,,	222
The wild deer hath its lair	*R. Moore*	223

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	PAGE
He had not where to lay his head	*S. J. Crispin*	225
As many as touched were made perfectly whole	*W. J. Allen*	228
Shut my heart up like a flower	*T. Kennedy*	232
Jacob's dream	*W. J. Allen*	235
Patmos	*E. M. Wimperis*	239
Cometh sunshine after rain	,,	241
Deign to fill this temple lowly	*A. W. Bayes*	244
Rose border	*Hundley*	247
Ditto	,,	248
Angels to beckon me	*S. J. Crispin*	249
This well	*Wolf*	251
Sword of Justice	*Hundley*	254
Borders	,,	255
Carnation border	,,	258
Pomegranate border	,,	259
Nor fear to cross e'en Jordan's wave	*S. J. Crispin*	263
In the mid silence of the voiceless night	,,	268
'Tis morning	*W. Brough*	270
The importunate widow	*S. J. Crispin*	274
Sold by them that should have loved thee	*W. J. Allen*	276
The Gothic window-frame	*S. J. Crispin*	279
The dark clouds bring the pleasant rain	*E. M. Wimperis*	282
And dim cathedral aisle	*A. W. Bayes*	284
Wheat, poppies, and corn-flowers border	*Hundley*	286
Hop border	,,	287
Acorn border	,,	288
Lily of the valley border	,,	289
Ivy Border	,,	290
Amaranths	,,	296
Ditto	,,	297
He plants His footsteps in the sea	*E. M. Wimperis*	298
Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother	*Wilfred Lawson*	300
The servant of God is on His way	*W. J. Allen*	306
To the lonely tent where the chief reclines	,,	307
Like a weary bird to her downy nest	*R. Moore*	313
The High Priest	*Hundley*	314
Pomegranate border	,,	316
Self-denial	*A. B. Houghton*	318
Vignette border	,,	320
Sufferer, lift thy weary eye	*H. French*	332
Freely ye have received, freely give	*A. B. Houghton*	356
Pour out thy love like the rush of a river	*E. M Wimperis*	359
God's acre	,,	365
When in the silvery moonlight	*R. P. Leitch*	370
Service	*Hundley*	375
The hours are viewless angels	*S. J. Crispin*	382
The silent frost with mighty hand	*E. M. Wimperis*	384
Amaranth border	*Hundley*	396

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	PAGE
Amaranth border	*Hundley*	397
Wyckliffe	*E. Buckman*	400
Passion flowers	*Hundley*	405
In meditative walk	*A. W. Bayes*	411
As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray	*E. M. Wimperis*	420
Hop border	*Hundley*	423
Wheat and grapes	,,	424
Wheat and cornflowers	,,	425
In the field	*F. Walker*	432
Ivy border	*Hundley*	442
Daisy and Buttercup border	,,	443
Flower border	,,	444
Rose border	,,	446
Ditto	,,	447
Rose, shamrock, and thistle	,,	448
Peace	*Francis Walker*	450
Lily border	*Hundley*	453
Ditto	,,	454
Lily of the Valley border	,,	458
Ditto	,,	459
Border	,,	467
Ditto	,,	468
Ditto	,,	469
Ditto	,,	470
Vignette	*Wolf*	474
Fuschia border	*Hundley*	476
Ere the glorious sun be born	*R. P. Leitch*	489
The last faint pulse of quivering light	,,	493
Watch by the sick	*A. W. Bayes*	495
Holly border	*Hundley*	504
Onward, Christian soldiers	*J. A. Pasquier*	511
Buttercup border	*Hundley*	520
Acorn border	,,	527
Red River voyageurs		542
O how many hours of beauty	*T. Dalziel*	559
Honeysuckle border	*Hundley*	574
Ditto	,,	575
My Home	*A. B. Houghton*	584
Lead me a little in the sun	*H. French*	601

Vignettes by E. BUCKMAN, T. DALZIEL, P. HUNDLEY, T. D. SCOTT, J. WOLF, FRANCIS WALKER, T. W. WOOD, J. B. ZWECKER.

All the Floral Initials are designed by T. Kennedy.

Christian Lyrics.

THE SLEEP.

"*He giveth His beloved sleep.*"—Psalm cxxvii.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His belovèd sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth His belovèd, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
"He giveth His belovèd, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the heavy slumber when
"He giveth His belovèd, sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
"And giveth His belovèd, sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,

Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His belovèd, sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word,
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
"He giveth His belovèd, sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
"Who giveth His belovèd, sleep."

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear o'er her must fall!
'He giveth His belovèd, sleep.'"

E. B. Browning.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

We ask for peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask Thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That care and toil should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should end
In smiling day;—
It is not for such peace that we
should pray.

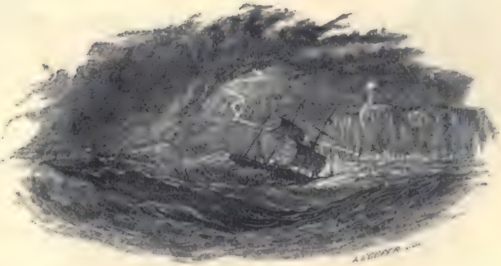
We ask for peace, O Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure:
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joy
Or others' woe;—
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask Thy peace, O Lord!
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long, struggling life:

While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve, what the world calls,
Our wasted might:—
Yet passing through the darkness to the light.

It is Thine own, O Lord,
Who toil while others sleep;
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap:
They lean on Thee entranced,
In calm and perfect rest:
Give us that peace, O Lord,
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

A. A. Procter.



PRAYER.

WHEN prayer delights thee least, then learn to say,
Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst pray.

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain
Straighten myself by Thy right line again.

Oh come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits;
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parchèd roots.

My well is bitter; cast therein the tree,
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.

Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying, who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White heat the iron in the furnace won,
Withdrawn from thence, 'twas cold and hard anon.

Flowers from their stalks divided, presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The greenest leaf divided from its stem,
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river from its fountain head
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live from God their sustenance wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of Thy mantle hold,
When angel-hands from heaven are scattering gold.

Archbishop Trench.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL SINGING IN A CONVENT CHURCH AT ROME.

SWEET voices! seldom mortal ear
Strains of such potency might hear;
My soul that listened seemed quite gone,
Dissolved in sweetness, and anon
I was borne upward, till I trod
Among the hierarchy of God.
And when they ceased, as time must bring
An end to every sweetest thing,
With what reluctancy came back
My spirits to their wonted track,
And how I loathed the common life,
The daily and recurring strife

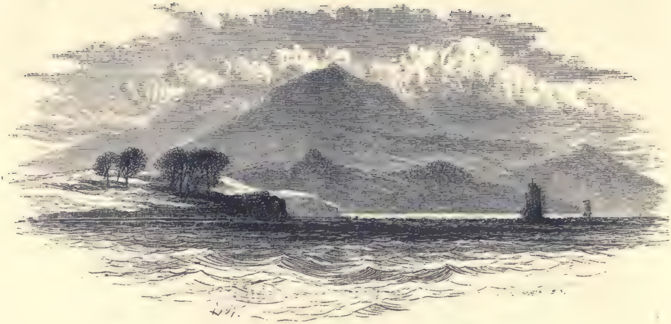
With petty sins, the lowly road,
And being's ordinary load.
Why, after such a solemn mood,
Should any meaner thought intrude?
Why will not Heaven hereafter give,
That we for evermore may live
Thus at our spirit's topmost bent?
So asked I in my discontent.

But give me, Lord, a wiser heart;
These seasons come, and they depart,
These seasons, and those higher still,
When we are given to have our fill
Of strength and life and joy with Thee,
And brightness of Thy face to see.
They come, or we could never guess
Of heaven's sublimer blessedness;
They come, to be our strength and cheer
In other times, in doubt or fear,
Or should our solitary way
Lie through the desert many a day.
They go, they leave us blank and dead,
That we may learn, when they are fled,
We are but vapours which have won
A moment's brightness from the sun,
And which it may at pleasure fill
With splendour, or unclothe at will.
Well for us they do not abide,
Or we should lose ourselves in pride,

And be as angels—but as they
Who on the battlements of day
Walked, gazing on their power and might,
Till they grew giddy in their height.

Then welcome every nobler time,
When out of reach of earth's dull chime
'Tis ours to drink with purgèd ears
The music of the solemn spheres,
Or in the desert to have sight
Of those enchanted cities bright,
Which sensual eye can never see:
Thrice welcome may such seasons be:
But welcome too the common way,
The lowly duties of the day,
And all which makes and keeps us low,
And teaches us ourselves to know,
That we, who do our lineage high
Draw from beyond the starry sky,
Are yet upon the other side,
To earth and to its dust allied.

Archbishop Trench.



THE CLOUD.

A LITTLE cloud was fashioned
  In a summer hour,
By the love impassioned
  Of the sun and shower.
All day it basked in sunlight
  On the heaven's warm blue,
Round lilies through the dun night
  It hung in dew.

Once when dawn was leading
  In the hot young day,
This little cloud, speeding
  Through the ether gray,
Seemed to float and sail
  On the bright sky's bosom,

Like a dew-drop pale,
  On a blue-bell blossom.

So close under heaven
  Did it glide and fleet,
That I thought it riven
  By some angel's feet,
When the breezes parted
  Its veiling screen,
And blue glimpses darted
  Into sight between.

As I gazed came breathings
  On a zephyr's wings,
As of wild-wind wreathings
  Round Æolian strings;
'Twas a lark far hidden
  In the little cloud,
"Singing songs unbidden,"
  Full, and free, and loud.

Oh, it came down-streaming
  The clear air along,
Like rills roused from dreaming,
  Like a shower of song.
It made me glad and bright,
  Brighter every minute,
Till I blessed the cloudlet white,
  And the spirit in it.

Then the sun's noon-splendour
  Filled the cloud with light,
Though a soft and tender
  Yet intensest white;
And the wanderer weary
  Joyed that it was made,
For it gave to him a cheery
  And a grateful shade.

Did the semblance of a shadow
  On the wide sky pass?
It dusked the quiet meadow,
  And the glistening grass;
It dimmed the forest fountain,
  And the clover lea;
It deepened on the mountain,
  Darkened on the sea.

Still though earth was shaded,
  And a gloom was there,
Never dulled or faded
  Was the cloudlet fair;
For it ever sailed
  Up so close to heaven,
That nothing could have failed
  Of the beauty given.

Now a lustre glowing
  In the silent west,

From the sun was flowing
  As he turned to rest;
And the cloud borne sunward,
  Ever nearer, higher,
Ever floated onward
  Towards the sunset fire;

All its being belted
  With a glory bright,
While into heaven it melted
  In a dream of light.
Never more glance crossed it
  In the sky-heart far,
But where I had lost it
  Shone the evening star.

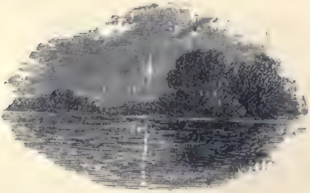
Like the cloud, keep union
  With the pure and high,
Be thy communion
  Beyond the sky;
So all love and graces,
  And a light divine,
Shall have pleasant places
  In that heart of thine.

And from thee will shower,
  Upon all around,
A most precious dower,
  Like the shade and sound,

Like the music blessing
  Of lark's ziraleet,
Like the shadow's refreshing
  In the summer heat.

If trouble and sadness
  Be around, above,
Thou wilt drink deep gladness
  From thy heaven of love;
As when earth was covered
  With a twilight shroud
Richer radiance hovered
  Round the little cloud.

And when life is ending,
  Oh, how dear to die,
Like the cloudlet, blending
  With the glorious sky!
And when unbeholden
  As its beauties are,
To have memories, golden
  As the lovely star!



THE IVY.

THE ivy in a dungeon grew,
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave moistures foul and odours dank.

But through the dungeon grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky:
It slept upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to the root;
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to issue into day.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb,
Long had the darkness been its home;
But well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong;
Its stem expanded firm and long;
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourished fair.

It reached the beam—it thrilled, it curled,
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world;
It rose towards the dungeon bars—
It looked upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting spring,
It heard the happy skylark sing;
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And woo'd the swallow to its leaves.

By rains and dews, and sunshine fed,
Over the outer wall it spread;
And in the day-beam waving free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace,
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

Wouldst know the moral of this rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light and climb!
Look up, O tenant of the cell,
Where man, the prisoner, must dwell.

In every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day,
On every heart a sunbeam falls,
To cheer its lonely prison walls.

The ray is Truth. O soul, aspire
To bask in its celestial fire;
So shalt thou quit the glooms of clay,
So shalt thou flourish into day.

So shalt thou reach the dungeon grate
No longer dark and desolate;
And look around thee, and above,
Upon a world of light and love.

C. Mackay.

ONWARD.

ONWARD! the goal thou seekest
Is worthy the quest of a life,
And love can give to the weakest
Courage and strength for the strife.

High is the prize above thee,
In the light of that golden sky;
The ladder's not all of sunshine,
Whereon thou must climb so high.

Earth's shadows and griefs have darkened,
Earth's sorrows have shaded its light,
But rays from the sunshine of heaven
Each upward step make bright.

Sometimes the glory paleth,
And its brightness disappears;
'Tis only thy eye that faileth,
Or is dimmed by earth-born tears.

Onward! our cry for ever,
Till our glorious goal be won,
Mid the brightness fading never
Of the light-enshrouded sun.

L. R.

"HEAR YE, O MOUNTAINS, THE LORD'S CONTROVERSY."

WHERE is Thy favour'd haunt, eternal
Voice,
The region of Thy choice,
Where, undisturb'd by sin and earth,
the soul
Owns Thy entire control?—
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and
high,
When storms are hurrying by:
'Tis mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.

No sounds of worldly toil ascending there,
Mar the full burst of prayer;
Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
And round us and beneath
Are heard her sacred tones: the fitful sweep
Of winds across the steep,
Through wither'd bents—romantic note and clear,
Meet for a hermit's ear,—

The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,
And, scarcely heard so high,
The dashing waters when the air is still
From many a torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
Track'd by the blue mist well:
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,
For Thought to do her part.

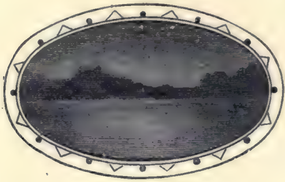
'Tis then we hear the voice of God within,
Pleading with care and sin:
"Child of My love! how have I wearied thee?
Why wilt thou err from Me?
Have I not brought thee from the house of slaves?
Parted the drowning waves,
And set My saints before thee in the way,
Lest thou shouldst faint or stray?

"What! was the promise made to thee alone?
Art thou th' excepted one?
An heir of glory without grief or pain?
O vision false and vain!
There lies thy cross; beneath it meekly bow;
It fits thy stature now:
Who scornful pass it with averted eye,
'Twill crush them by and by.

"Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure
Of thine eternal treasure;

The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought,
The world for thee was bought;
And as this landscape broad—earth, sea, and sky—
All centres in thine eye,
So all God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good."

Christian Year.



THE LOVE OF CHRIST WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

I BORE with thee long weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three-and-thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;
I not My flesh, I not My spirit spared:
Give thou Me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth,
  For thee I trembled in the nightly frost:
Much sweeter thou than honey to My mouth:
  Why wilt thou still be lost?

I bore thee on My shoulders and rejoiced:
  Men only marked upon My shoulders borne
The branding cross; and shouted hungry-voiced,
  Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon My hands, thy name
  Did thorns for frontlets stamp between Mine eyes:
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame;
  I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon My right hand and My left;
  Six hours alone, athirst, in misery:
At length in death one smote My heart and cleft
  A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
  More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep:
So did I win a kingdom,—share My crown;
  A harvest,—come and reap.

Christina Rossetti.

"I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE AFRAID."

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
  And hope in Him whate'er betide,
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
  Thy all-sufficient Strength and Guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost hearts are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

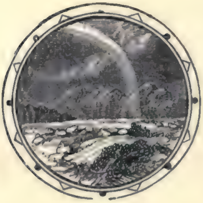
He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God has cast thee off unheard,
And that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred;
Time passes and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before His face;
'Tis easy to our God most high
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy,
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully,
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Lyra Germanica.



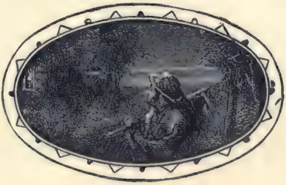
"MAKE THY WAY PLAIN BEFORE MY FACE."

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from
home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,—
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will:—remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.



"THE LORD IS THE PORTION OF MINE INHERITANCE."

THOUGH some good things of lower worth
My heart is called on to resign,
Of all the gifts in heaven and earth,
The best, the very best is mine.
The love of God in Christ made known—
The love that is enough alone,
My Father's love, is all my own.

My soul's Restorer, let me learn
In that deep love to live and rest—
Let me the precious thing discern
Of which I am indeed possessed—
My treasure let me feel and see,
And let my moments as they flee
Unfold my endless life in Thee.

Let me not dwell so much within
My bounded heart, with anxious heed—
Where all my searches meet with sin,
And nothing satisfies my need—
It shuts me from the sound and sight

Of that pure world of life and light
Which has no breadth, or length, or height.

Let me Thy power, Thy beauty see—
  So shall my vain aspirings cease,
And my free heart shall follow Thee
  Through paths of everlasting peace.
My strength Thy gift—my life Thy care,
I shall forget to seek elsewhere
The joy to which my soul is heir.

I was not called to walk alone,
  To clothe *myself* with love and light;
And for Thy glory, not my own,
  My soul is precious in Thy sight,
My evil heart can never be
A home, a heritage for me—
But Thou canst make it fit for Thee.

A. L. Waring.

"MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD."

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share:
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Thro' all its latent mazes there!
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

ALL things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.
The forms of men shall be as they had never been;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender green;
The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,
And the nightingale shall cease to chaunt the evening long.

The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,
And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills.
The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox,
The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois of the rocks,
And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden dust shall lie,
And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty whale, shall die.
And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be no more,
And they shall bow to death who ruled from shore to shore;
And the great globe itself, (so the holy writings tell,)
With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies dwell,
Shall melt with fervent heat, they shall all pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.

From the Provençal—
Translated by Bryant.

"I SAID, THOU ART MY GOD."

O GOD, my God, whom I adore and love,
To say *my* God is joy all joys above;
'Tis heaven to me come down,
And never 'neath her bridal crown
Did queen beside her king more rapture prove.

The lowliest spot whence I can pray to Thee,
My Lord, my Light, is worth all earth to me;
'Neath Thy all-seeing eye,
Like wild flower 'neath the sunny sky,
My soul expands, triumphant, happy, free.

What says my soul, and how dost Thou reply?
What says to flame the flame, to dawn the sky,
What say two streams that meet,
What heavenly converse used to greet
Eve in the garden when the Lord drew nigh?

Eugénie de Guérin.

" NEVER HASTING, NEVER RESTING."

NEVER hasting, never resting,"
  With a firm and joyous heart,
Ever onward slowly tending,
  Acting, aye, a brave man's part.

With a high and holy purpose,
  Doing all thou hast to do ;
Seeking ever man's upraising,
  With the highest end in view.

Undepressed by seeming failure,
  Unelated by success ;
Heights attained, revealing higher,
  Onward, upward, ever press.

Slowly moves the march of ages,
Slowly grows the forest king,
Slowly to perfection cometh
Every great and glorious thing.

Broadest streams from narrowest sources,
Noblest trees from meanest seeds,
Mighty ends from small beginnings,
From lowly promise, lofty deeds.

Acorns which the winds have scattered,
Future navies may provide;
Thoughts at midnight whispered lowly,
Prove a people's future guide.

Such the law enforced by nature
Since the earth her course began;
Such to thee she teacheth daily,
Eager, ardent, restless man.

"Never hasting, never resting,"
Glad in peace and calm in strife;
Quietly thyself preparing
To perform thy part in life.

Earnest, hopeful, and unswerving,
Weary though thou art and faint,
Ne'er despair, there's One above thee,
Listing ever to thy plaint.

Stumbleth he who runneth fast,
  Dieth he who standeth still;
Not by haste or rest can ever
  Man his destiny fulfil.

"Never hasting, never resting,"
  Legend fine, and quaint, and olden,
In our thinking, in our acting,
  Should be writ in letters golden.

"THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT."

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
  Whose presence in my heart sustains
    me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
  Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
  If all they wished might always be,
Accepting what they looked for only,
  They might be glad,—but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love save Thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes, prone to sin,
And, in Thine own exceeding peace,
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,
As air we breathe, as light we see!
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

A. L. Waring.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would not perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

A. A. Procter.

ENOCH.

HAST thou not seen at break of day,
One only star the east adorning,
That never set or paled its ray,
But seemed to sink at once away
Into the light of morning?

From it the sage no portent drew,
It came to light no meteor fires,
But silver shone the whole night through,
On hawthorn hedges steeped in dew,
And quiet village spires.

Like him of old who dwelt beneath
The tents of patriarchal story,
Who passed without the touch of death,
Without dim eye or failing breath,
At once into God's glory—

The Patriarch of one simple spot,
  The sire of sons and daughters lowly,
And this the record of his lot,
"He walked with God and he was not,"
  For the Lord took him wholly.

Like a child's voice in sacred song,
  That trembling rises higher and higher,
Till lost at last, it peals along,
Swelling the anthem sweet and strong
  Of great cathedral choir:—

So year by year, and day by day,
  In pastoral care and household duty—
He walked with God—nor knew decay—
But faded gently, wrapt away,
  Into His glorious beauty.

There's many a household fair to see,
By woodland nook or running river,
Where children climb the parent's knee—
Oh that those homes like his might be,
Filled with God's presence ever!

Oh that our thoughts so heavenly were,
Our hearts to Christ so fully given,
That all our loves, and toils, and care
Might only lead us nearer there,
Where He is set in heaven.

C. F. Alexander.

FOR EVER.

THEY came, they went; of pleasures passed away,
How often this is all that we can say;
They came like dewdrops in the morning hour,
They went like dewdrops 'neath the noontide's power;
Came like the cistus with its purple eye,
Went like the cistus, blooming but to die;
Unheeded in their flight they glided past,
We sighed not, for we knew not 'twas the last!

There's no last time in heaven! the angels pour
A still new song, though chanted evermore;
There's no night following on their daylight hours,
No fading time for amaranthine flowers;
No change, no death, no harp that lies unstrung,
No vacant place those hallowed hills among!

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

NOUGHT see we here as yet in full perfection,
Nought reaching yet unto its true ideal;
Lost to our careless sight is that connection
Which knitted once the perfect to the real.

Each form of loveliness, each fair creation,
Hath yet a type more true and brighter far,
And we must trace in all the dim relation,
And what they might be learn from what they are.

Thus every character, whate'er its sweetness,
  Is but a fruit all blighted and unripe,
Still ever striving towards its own completeness,
  Still ever yearning towards its highest type.

And only as we know and love them duly,
  As buds and promise of a fairer growth,
Shall we learn how to weigh and prize them truly,
  And trace the true unto the highest truth.

Though lost and fallen is our perfect being,
  Its beauty mid its ruins we may see,
And strive we still, the far completeness seeing,
  To reach once more the highest we can be.

And strive we, following in our love and duty
  Him who doth noblest, truest, purest, shine,
Who raised our human to its highest beauty,
  By blending with it His own bright divine.

L. R.

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stampt upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

Longfellow.

THE SUPPLIANT.

ALL night the lonely suppliant prayed,
All night his earnest crying made,
Till, standing by his side at morn,
The tempter said, in bitter scorn,
"O peace: what profit do you gain,
From empty words and babblings vain?
'Come, Lord—O come!' you cry alway,
You pour your heart out night and day;
Yet still no murmur of reply—
No voice that answers, 'Here am I.'"
Then sank that stricken heart in dust,
That word had withered all its trust;
No strength retained it now to pray,
While faith and hope had fled away,
And ill that mourner now had fared,
Thus by the tempter's art ensnared,
But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing angel stood, and said—
"Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above

Thy prayer; that never any more
It knocks at heaven's gate as before?"
"I am cast out—I find no place,
No hearing at the throne of grace;
'Come, Lord—O come!' I cry alway,
I pour my heart out night and day,
Yet never until now have won
The answer—'Here am I, my son.'"
"Oh dull of heart—enclosed doth lie
In each 'Come, Lord!' a 'Here am I:'
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine—
Reflections of a love divine!
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven."

Archbishop Trench.

"LORD, AND WHAT SHALL THIS MAN DO?"

LORD, and what shall this man do?"
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armèd in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate:

Whether in his lonely course
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,
Or with Love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way:
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake

On the lonely mountain rill,
  Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
  Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
  So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
  At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
  Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;
Patient hearts their pain to see,
And Thy grace to follow Thee.

Christian Year.

MORTALITY.

"And we shall be changed."

YE dainty mosses, lichens grey,
  Pressed each to each in tender fold,
And peacefully thus, day by day,
  Returning to your mould;

Brown leaves that with aërial grace
  Slip from your branch like birds a-wing,
Each leaving in the appointed place
  Its bud of future spring;—

If we, God's conscious creatures, knew
  But half your faith in our decay,
We should not tremble as we do
  When summoned clay to clay.

But with an equal patience sweet,
  We should put off this mortal gear,
In whatsoe'er new form is meet
  Content to reappear.

Knowing each germ of life He gives
  Must have in Him its source and rise,
Being that of His being lives
  May change, but never dies.

Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and slow,
  Ye mosses green and lichens fair,
Go to your graves as I will go,
  For God is also there.

Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax."

"WHEREWITH SHALL I COME BEFORE THE LORD?"

GOD asketh gifts; what hast thou wrought?
    What store of treasure earned?
  All kings their richest wealth have brought,
    And peasants blest returned.
Bring virtue, humbleness, and truth;
God will reward thy field's fair growth.

But hast thou nought? has harvest failed?
The vines died in the frost?
Give love and faith, such have availed
When all beside was lost.
God in His mercy will receive
Those who but love Him and believe.

If even such thou canst not bring,
Love garnered, rooted faith,
Nor e'en one palest bud of spring
To cheer this wintry death,
God will receive thy prayer, and give
The faith by which His children live.

But if thy unused lips in vain
Would speak of thy most bitter need,
If sorrow, dumb through sin's long pain,
Now careth not to wish or plead,
God asketh but thy heart laid bare
To fill its emptiness with prayer.

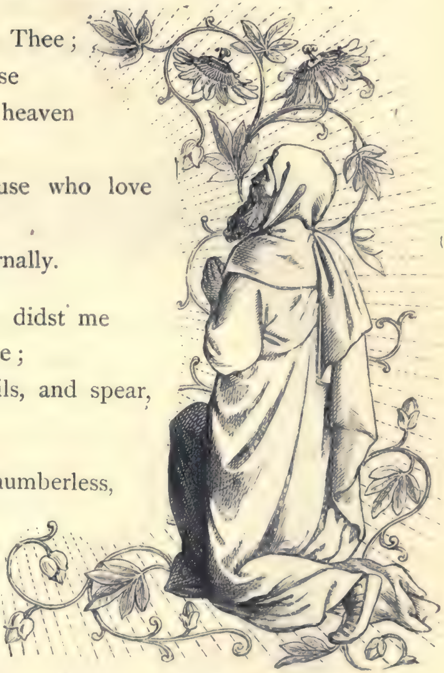
Lucy F. Massey.

"WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US."

MY God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

Thou, O my JESUS, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

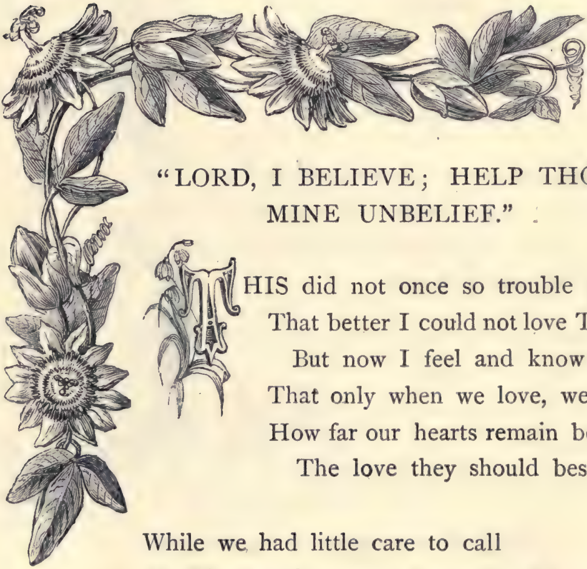


Then why, O blessed JESU CHRIST,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving LORD.

So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King.

Francis Xavier.



"LORD, I BELIEVE; HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF."

THIS did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee;
But now I feel and know
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray:
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to Thy glorious name
Our lips their homage pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,

Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

Archbishop Trench.

DAVID'S SONG TO SAUL.

I HAVE gone the whole round of creation: I saw and I spoke!
I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my brain
And pronounced on the rest of His handiwork—returned Him again
His creation's approval or censure: I spoke as I saw.
I report, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law!
Now I lay down the judgeship He lent me. Each faculty tasked
To perceive Him, has gained an abyss, where a dewdrop was asked.
Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at wisdom laid bare.

Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the
 Infinite Care!
Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?
I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and
 the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it
 too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's All-
 Complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to His feet!
Yet with all this abounding experience, this Deity known,
I shall dare to discover some promise, some gift of my own.
There's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hoodwink,
I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I laugh as I think,)
Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst
E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold! I could love if I
 durst!
But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake
God's own speed in the one way of love: I abstain for
 love's sake.
—What, my soul? see thus far and no farther? when
 doors great and small,
Nine and ninety flew ope to our touch, should the
 hundredth appal?
In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest
 of all?

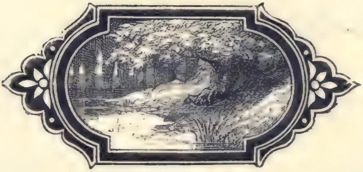
Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with it? here
the parts shift,
Here the creature surpass the Creator, the end, what
began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him,—who yet
alone can?
Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much
less power,
To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous
dower
Of the life he was gifted and filled with? To make such
a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the
whole?
And doth it not enter my mind, (as my warm tears
attest,)
These good things being given, to go on, and give one
more, the best?
Ay, to save, and redeem, and restore him, maintain at
the height
His perfection,—succeed with life's dayspring, death's
minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul, the
mistake,
Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now, and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find
himself set

Clear and safe in new light and new life, a new harmony
yet
To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows?—
or endure
The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to
make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles
in this.

I believe it! 'tis Thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who
receive:
In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to
believe.
All's one gift. Thou canst grant it, moreover, as prompt
to my prayer,
As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to
the air.
From Thy will, stream the worlds, life and nature, Thy
dread Sabaoth:
I will!—the mere atoms despise me! why am I not
loth
To look that, even that, in the face too? why is it I dare
Think lightly of such impuissance? what stops my
despair?
This; 'tis not what man does which exalts him, but
what man would do!
See the king—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes
fall through.

Could I wrestle to save him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou!
So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown,
And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand it! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As Thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with it and for it, of being beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever; a hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!

R. Browning.



PALM SUNDAY.

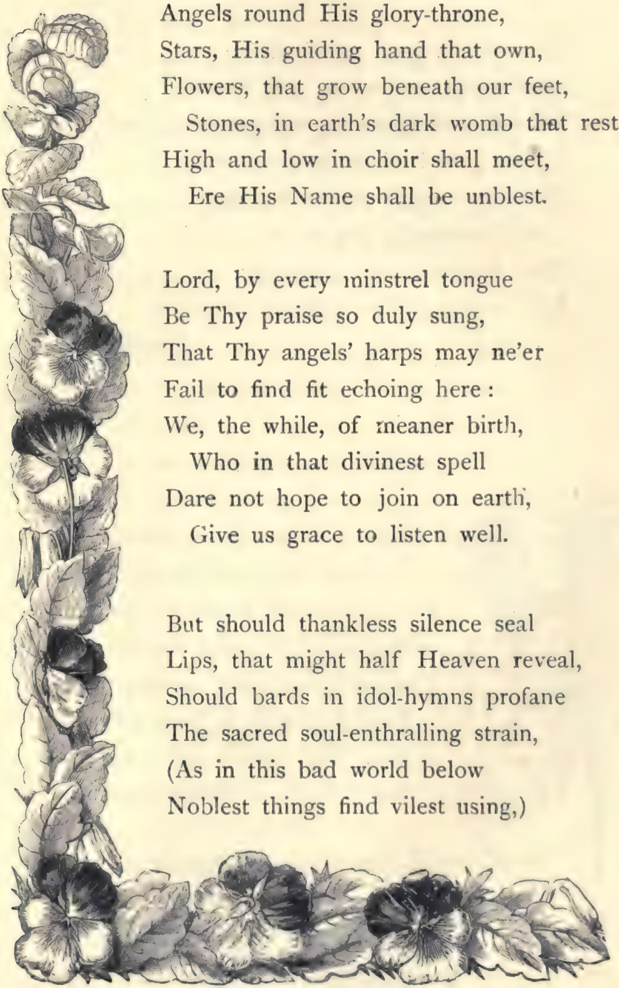
YE whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old—

Sovereign masters of all hearts!
Know ye, who hath set your parts?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you, to lead
His Hosannas here below;—
Mount, and claim your glorious meed;
Linger not with sin and woe.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease—
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own,
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones, in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His Name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be Thy praise so duly sung,
That Thy angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here:
We, the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal
Lips, that might half Heaven reveal,
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthralling strain,
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using,)



Then, Thy power and mercy show,
  In vile things noble breath infusing;

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of Thy shrine,
Till we, like Heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore.
Childlike though the voices be,
  And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
  If it flow from childlike hearts.

Christian Year.

CONFIDENCE.

O LORD, how happy is the time
  When in Thy love I rest!
When from my weariness I climb
  E'en to Thy tender breast!
The night of sorrow endeth there—
  Thou art brighter than the sun;
And in Thy pardon and Thy care
  The heaven of heaven is won.

Let the world call herself my foe,
  Or let the world allure;
I care not for the world,—I go
  To that dear Friend and sure.

And when life's fiercest storms are sent
  Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
  Because it holds by Thee.

When the law threatens awful death
  Upon the dreadful hill,
Straightway from her consuming breath
  My soul goes higher still;—
Goeth to Jesus—wounded, slain,
  And maketh Him her home,
Whence she will not go out again,
  And where death cannot come.

I do not fear the wilderness,
  Where Thou hast been before;
Nay, rather, will I daily press
  After Thee, near Thee, more.
Thou art my food; on Thee I lean;
  Thou makest my heart sing;
And to Thy heavenly pastures green
  All Thy dear flock dost bring.

And if the gate that opens there
  Be dark to other men,
It is not dark to those who share
  The heart of Jesus then.
That is not losing much of life
  Which is not losing Thee,

Who art as present in the strife
  As in the victory.

Therefore how happy is the time
  When in Thy love I rest!
When from my weariness I climb
  E'en to Thy tender breast!
The night of sorrow endeth there—
  Thou art brighter than the sun;
And in Thy pardon and Thy care
  The heaven of heaven is won.

From the German—
Translated by G. Matheson.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH."

COME, thou bright and morning Star,
Light of Light without beginning,
Shine upon us from afar,
That we may be kept from sinning:
Drive away, by Thy clear light,
Our dark night.

As the soft refreshing dew
Falls on drooping herb and flower,
Let Thy Spirit shed anew
Life on every wearied power:
Bless Thy flock from Thy rich store,
Evermore.

Let Thy love's pure fire destroy
All our earthly taint and leaven,
Kindling love and holy joy
With the dawning eastern heaven:
Let us truly rise ere yet
Life has set.

Ah! Thou dayspring from on high,
Grant that at Thy next appearing,

We, who in the grave do lie,
May arise, Thy summons hearing,
And rejoice in our new life,
Far from strife.

Light us to those heavenly spheres,
Sun of grace, in glory shrouded;
Lead us through this vale of tears,
To the land where days unclouded,
Purest joy and perfect peace,
Never cease.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."

THE day is gone,
And, left alone,
I long for that blest morrow
Which shall set me wholly free
From all care and sorrow.

The night is here,
Oh! be Thou near,
With Thy bright lamp, O Jesus;
From the night of sin and death
Speedily release us.

The sweet sunlight
Fades from my sight;
O Glory uncreated,
Shed Thy glowing beams on me
Who so long have waited.

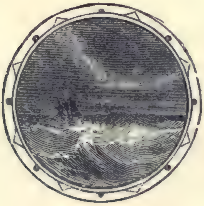
Whate'er doth move,
Below, above,
Now from its work reposes;
Show me, Lord, Thy work in me
Ere mine eyelid closes.

When shall the day
Abide alway,
By night no more succeeded?
When the day of days arise
Where no sun is needed?

To Salem, then,
No more again
Her sunlight shall be missing;
For the Lamb shall be her light,
Her eternal blessing.

Oh! were I there!
Where all the air
With lovely sounds is ringing;
Where the saints are evermore
Holy, Holy, singing!

Jesus, my rest!
Thou ever blest!
Oh! help my poor endeavour;
Let me, in Thy glorious light,
Shine before Thee ever.



A VALEDICTION.

GOD be with thee, my beloved, God be with thee!
Else alone thou goest forth,
Thy face unto the north—
Moor and pleasance, all around thee and beneath thee
Looking equal in one snow!
While I, who try to reach thee,

Vainly follow, vainly follow,
With the farewell and the hollo,
And cannot reach thee so.
Alas! I can but teach thee—
God be with thee, my beloved,—God be with thee!

Can I teach thee, my beloved,—can I teach thee?
If I said go left or right,
The counsel would be light,—
The wisdom poor of all that could enrich thee.
My right would show like left;
My raising would depress thee;
My choice of light would blind thee,—
Of way would lead behind thee,—
Of end would leave bereft.
Alas! I can but bless thee—
May God teach thee, my beloved,—may God teach thee!

Can I bless thee, my beloved, can I bless thee?
What blessing word can I
From my own tears keep dry?
What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress thee?
My good reverts to ill;
My calmnesses would move thee;
My softnesses would prick thee;
My bindings-up would break thee;
My crownings curse and kill.
Alas! I can but love thee—
May God bless thee, my beloved,—may God bless thee!

Can I love thee, my beloved—can I love thee?
And is *this* like love, to stand
With no help in my hand,
When strong as death I fain would watch above thee?
My love-kiss can deny
No tear that falls beneath it:
My oath of love can swear thee
From no ill that comes near thee,—
And thou diest while I breathe it,
And *I*, I can but die!
May God love thee, my beloved,—may God love thee!

E. B. Browning.

DAY BY DAY.

GIVE us this day our daily bread,"
The force to toil, the strength to bear;
By Thee the day-long march is led,
Thy hand the manna will prepare.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
Thyself to be our portion give;
That food of which the Saviour said,
"The man that eateth it shall live."

To Thee have passed our yesterdays,
  Our morrows still are out of sight,
And all our service, all Thy praise,
  Lie here between the dawn and night.

Thou in Thy perfect peace wilt fold
  All those who love this narrow bound,
From fears that bar, regrets that hold,
  The pressure of the time around.

Our hearts are weak, the years are long,
  We could not bear the whole of life ;
God has not made our harness strong
  For more than one day's watch and strife.

Our daily bread thus give us, Lord,
  And teach us not to gather more ;
Poor are we in our narrow hoard,
  Rich only nourished from Thy store.

Lucy F. Massey.

PARTING.

PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise His name for life and light;—
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! so give the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

S. F. Adams.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by.

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content:

And more—though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies.

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

Lord Houghton.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

FATHER, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
  I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a patient mind,
  Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
  And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
  To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
  Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
  And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
  In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
  To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
  For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
  To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
  While keeping at Thy side!
Content to fill a little space,
  If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
  In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
  With grateful love to Thee—
More careful, than to serve Thee *much*,
  To please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
  That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
  And an earnest need for prayer;
But the lowly heart that leans on Thee,
  Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
  There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth,"
  That makes Thy children "free,"
And a life of self-renouncing love
  Is a life of liberty.

A. L. Waring.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

I AM old and blind;
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted by mankind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme! to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is but the shadow of Thy wing:
Beneath it I am almost sacred, here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand,
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
  When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh the brow,
  That earth in darkness lies.

In a pure clime
  My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
  Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
  I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
  Lit by no skill of mine.

E. Lloyd.

TRUST.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

Gerhardt.

STRENGTH, LOVE, AND REST.

STILL evermore for some great strength we pray,
Seeking and yearning for it day by day;
A strength whereon undoubting we may lean,
And find that rest we have but dimly seen.

To lean our heart upon another heart,
In love that neither life nor death can part;
So seek we still to end our life-long quest,
For only in true love we find true rest.

That love which makes another's life our own,
And tunes our jarring natures to one tone;
The filling up of all we sought so long;
For leaning on itself no strength is strong.

No love is perfect here, it leads us on
To love's great source—the uncreated One;
Most true is that through which we learn to see
Most of Thy strength, and most, O Lord, of Thee:

Which sees, in all its happiness and bliss,
The promise of a joy more great than this;
Which seeks its perfectness for evermore,
In the love-light that gilds the happy shore.

O strength, O love and rest, the light that steals
From the pure sunshine of those golden fields!
Faint rays we catch e'en now upon our way,
Lighting our footsteps to the land of day.

Thou art the Light, the sunshine is from Thee;
And in Thy heart is strength and purity;
There lean our weary hearts, there ends our quest,
For there is perfect love and perfect rest.

L. R.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing on Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour,—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. Lyte

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
"Praise God," sang Theocrite:

Then to his poor trade he turned,
By which the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell;

But ever at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God:"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done!
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

This Easter-day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's Dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise Him that great way, and die."

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day, nor night,
Now brings the voice of My delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings, and sank to earth;

Entered in flesh the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue;

The man matured, and fell away
Into the season of decay:

But ever o'er his trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him all one
If on the earth or o'er the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in Mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from My footstool go.

Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss My little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter-day; he flew to Rome,
And passed above St. Peter's Dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well.

Vainly I left my angel's sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

Thy voice's praise seemed weak: it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!

Go back and praise again
The early way while I remain.

With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

Back to the cell and poor employ:
Return the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's Dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

Robert Browning.

"OUR FEET SHALL STAND WITHIN THY GATES."

OPEN now Thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there,
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for Him who answers pray'r;
Oh how blessed is this place,
Fill'd with solace, light, and grace!

Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee
There a heaven on earth must be.

To my heart oh enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
  Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
  Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

Thou my faith increase and quicken,
  Let me keep Thy gift divine
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
  May Thy word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
  Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
  While Thou dost Thy people feed;
Here of life the Fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

"THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE."

THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some enchanted land,
As shades of clustered palm-trees
Mid weary wastes of sand;

As bursts of glorious sunshine
Across a stormy sea,
Revealing to the sailors
That Port where they would be,—
The calm and peaceful Haven,
The dazzling, golden shore,
The home of saints and angels,
Where sin is known no more.

O day when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy,—

When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest,
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast!

Oh we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
At His dear altar kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

And, with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure,—
In His dear Presence finding
The pardon that we need;

And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed!

So be it, Lord, for ever,
Oh may we evermore
In Jesu's holy presence
His blessed Name adore!
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple walls—
Type of the stainless worship
In Sion's golden halls—

So that, in joy and gladness,
We reach that Home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow,
And sin, and strife is past;
When angel hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer!
Most Holy Trinity!

Ada Cambridge.

THE DAY OF REST.

HALLELUJAH! Fairest morning,
Fairer than my words can say,
Down I lay the heavy burden
Of life's toil and care to-day;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigour from above.

Sun-day, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul,
Light upon a darkened world
From thy blessed moments roll,
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm my grief away!

Now, I taste my Father's goodness,
Falling like the morning dew,
While of pastures ever fairer
I would take a distant view;
Where my Shepherd's flock I see,
Where my dwelling soon shall be!

Oh ! be silent, earthly turmoil,
  I have work more sweet and blest,
And each thought would gather homeward
  On this happy day of rest,
Thus with clearer faith to see
All my Lord has done for me.

In the gladness of His worship,
  I will seek my joy to-day:
It is then I learn the fulness
  Of the grace for which I pray;
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

Let the day's sweet hours be ended
  Prayerfully as they're begun;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
  Till earth's days and weeks are done,
That at last Thy servant may
Keep eternal Sabbath day.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last
steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise or sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and the illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will guide my steps aright.

Bryant.

THE ALPINE GENTIAN.

SHE, 'neath ice-mountains vast,
  Long had lain sleeping,
When she looked forth at last
  Timidly peeping.

Trembling she gazed around,—
  All round her slept,
O'er the dead icy ground
  Cold shadows crept.

Wide fields of silent snow,
  Still frozen seas;
What could her young life do
  Mid such as these?

Not a voice came to her,
  Not a warm breath;
What hope lay there for her,
  Living midst death?

Mournfully pondering,
  Gazed she on high;
White clouds were wandering
  Through the blue sky.

There smiled the kindly sun,
  Gentle beams kissed her;
On her the mild moon shone,
  Like a saint sister.

There, twinkling, many a star
  Danced in sweet mirth;
The warm heavens seemed nearer far
  Than the cold earth.

So she gazed stedfastly
  Loving on high,
Till she grew heavenly
  Blue as the sky.

And the cold icicles
  Near her which grew,
Thawed in her skyey bells,
  Fed her with dew:

And the tired traveller
Gazing abroad,
Fixing his eyes on her
Thinketh of God,—

Thinks how mid life's cold snow,
Hearts to God given
Breathe out where'er they go
Summer and heaven.

Excelsior.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."—
Matt. vii. 12.

AH! not alone the murderous blade
This golden rule would sheathe,
Not only rival states be made
The words of peace to breathe.
But were this sacred maxim ours,
How oft life's thorns were changed to flowers,
How many a cloud that round us lowers
Would half its darkness lose.
Love o'er our chequered,changeful way,
Would hold its sweet yet potent sway,
Mighty as noontide's powerful ray,
Yet soft as evening dews.

Not only near the glittering sword
  Doth war's fierce spirit dwell;
The discord of the soul, a word,
  A glance, can speak too well.
A thousand trifles, light as air
To him who can life's tempests dare,
May yet the softer spirit tear
    With wounds not deep, but keen.
And who can thus bid others smart,
Has war as surely in his heart
As he who wings the poisoned dart
    In battle's dreadful scene.

But thoughtless words may bear a sting
  Where malice hath no place,
May wake to pain some secret string
  Beyond thy power to trace.
When quivering lips, and flushing cheek,
The spirit's agony bespeak,
Then, though thou deem thy brother weak,
    Yet soothe his soul to peace.
But if the fierce and kindling eye
Proclaim a storm of passion nigh,
Oh! then with tenfold fervour try
    To bid the tumult cease.

For if those angry passions wake
  Within another's breast,
Thou'lt surely in his guilt partake,
  Its weight on thee will rest.

And though the crime be great in him
To let the tempest rise within,
Yet is not thine the greater sin,
In the just view of heaven?
Whose load, in many an after day,
Upon thy burdened heart may weigh,
And chase thy spirit's calm away,
When he has been forgiven.

Perchance thy well-aimed satire draws
A smile from those around;
But in a heartless throng's applause
Is solid pleasure found?
Can it delight thee? surely, no;
Its brightest smiles thou wouldst forego,
The fame its honour can bestow,
Rather than wound another.
Could thou its worthless praise obtain,
A listening world's approval gain,
Could this atone to thee for pain
Inflicted on a brother?

O thou, whose every nerve vibrates
On feeling's golden chain!
Whose chords each passing breeze awakes
To pleasure or to pain,—
A living harp, whose trembling strings
Now rapture thrills, now anguish wrings,
While every whispering zephyr brings
Some breath to swell the tone,—

Remember, feelings as refined
May round thy brother's heart be twined,
And gently guard his peace of mind,
As if it were thine own.

Thus make this sacred maxim thine,
While life is spared to thee,
The lip that gave it was divine—
A lip of purity.
And He, whose blameless life supplied
Of holy love a boundless tide,
Thy yielded heart would sweetly guide,
Its loveliness to see;
And were its spirit felt aright,
'Twould shed around a hallowed light,
And make this weary world as bright
As aught 'neath heaven can be.

S. A. Storrs.

IT SHALL BE RETURNED TO THEE AGAIN.

Thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life working. A child-kiss,
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;
A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

E. B. Browning.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind!

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain!

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this world as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring! know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently! He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well!
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell!

THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

THINK gently of the erring;
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring;
Oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet;

Heir of the selfsame heritage,
Child of the selfsame God,
He has but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring;
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot,
That sin-stained heart to bear,
And those who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring;
Thou yet may'st lead them back
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track:
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be;
Deal gently with the erring, then,
As God has dealt with thee.

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see:
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain:
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
The love and glory, that may raise
This soul to God in after days.

A. A. Procter.

THE BETTER WILL.

TO have, each day, the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to me;
But not to have the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to Thee.

'Tis hard to say without a sigh,
Lord, let Thy will be done;
'Tis hard to say, my will is Thine,
And Thine is mine alone.

Most truly then Thy will is done,
When mine, O Lord, is cross'd;
'Tis good to see my plan o'erthrown,
My ways in Thine all lost.

Whate'er Thy purpose be, O Lord,
In things or great or small,
Let each minutest part be done,
That Thou mayst still be all.

In all the little things of life
Thyself, Lord, may I see,
In little and in great alike
Reveal Thy love to me.

So shall my undivided life
To Thee, my God, be given;
And all this earthly course below
Be one dear path to heaven.

Rev. H. Bonar.

TO-MORROW.

TIS late at night, and in the realm of sleep
My little lambs are folded like the flocks;
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and steep;
  Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
  And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of to-morrow creep.

To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,
  Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
  And I make answer: "I am satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
  God hath already said what shall betide."

Longfellow.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

FAITH, Hope, and Charity, — these three,
Yet is the greatest—Charity;
Father of lights! these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.

Faith, that in prayer can never fail;
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail;
And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name,—for God is love.

The morning star is lost in light;
Faith vanishes at perfect sight;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And Hope with sorrow's fading form.

But Charity, serene, sublime,
Unlimited by death or time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in one embrace.

J. Montgomery.

LIFE'S LESSON.

UNDER the bowering honeysuckle,
  By purple bells of shaking heather,
 And bramble spines that closely buckle
Thick-leaved chains together,
  As the sunshine plays,
  Where the lily strays.
    On its stream,
  Netting a gaudy maze
    Where the shingles gleam
  Flitting in cressy nook
    Which the forget-me-not,
    King-cup, and hare-bell dot,
  How the glad little brook,

Sparkling along,
Singeth in joyous measure,
Toned by its own sweet pleasure,
Music's song?

Under the night's gloom, black and starless,
When the old forest-beeches near its
Darkling flood, like trees are far less
Than like shadowy spirits;
Though the sunlight's gone
That so sweetly shone,
And the flowers
Died, as the night came on,
With the golden hours;
Though the blossom and beam,
Though the love and the light
From the glamour of night,
Have deserted its stream,
How the lone rill,
Chilled and forsaken—listen!
Makes, though no starlight glisten,
Music still!

Excelsior.

"WORSHIP THE LORD IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS."

FULL rings in every heart and ear
The Sabbath matin-chime,
The while eternity draws near
Adown the aisles of time.
The while, with hands upraised to bless,
She veils in smiles her awfulness.

The day is come, an angel's psalm
With music fills the air,
All tells of peace and breathes of balm
And draws our hearts to prayer;
While Nature's glory lends us wings
For pure and high imaginings.

Sweet day of worship, day of rest,
Heaven's impress on our life,—
May weary heart and brain oppressed
Now cease from care and strife;
And in communion still and sweet
Sit lowly at the Master's feet.

It comes long looked for, weary eyes
Have pined its light to see,
Have waited till the morning rise
As prisoners to be free.
For thus, by sign and shadow known,
Is God's eternal Sabbath shown.

We, gazing up through cloud and mist,
The pearly gates behold,
The jasper and the amethyst,
The streets of shining gold;
Until, without, we yet begin
The thankful song they chant within.

Bright Eastern glow, it lasteth long,
Fair shines the noontide light,
Yet surely comes the even-song
And solemn hush of night,
When anthem sweet, and chanted stave,
Must die from roof and architrave.

Yet may the blessing of the time
Hold every heart in peace;
Echoes of the eternal chime
Linger when songs must cease;
May God who dwelleth everywhere
Make all the world our house of prayer.

Till we abide where perfectly
God's love shall rule our days,
Where all our work a prayer shall be,
And all our prayer be praise.
Till Sabbath light gleam far and wide,
To set no more in eventide.

Lucy F. Massey.

THE STREAMLET'S SONG.

A LITTLE brook went singing,
All through the summer hours,
Ever a low soft murmur
It whispered to the flowers.
The bulrush and the sedge-grass
Its leafy border made,
And the low bending willow
Gave cold and quiet shade.

The young birds loved its shelter,
And listened to its song,
They tried to learn its cadence,
As it carolled it along.
What was the brooklet singing,
What did its murmur say,
Its dreamy tones of music
Through all the summer-day?

A child came to its margin,
  It sang its song to her:
"Fair child," it said, "I'm joyous
  As spring-time's flowerets are.
For life is glad and sunny,
  And who so gay as I?
For flowerets kiss me as I pass
  Beneath the glowing sky."

A maiden watched the brooklet,
  To her its low voice said,
"Calm my life has always been
  In this fair meadow led;
If clouds have dimmed the brightness,
  They quickly passed away,
And when I've reached the river,
  I shall be always gay."

Long years had changed the maiden,
  When there she stood again;
Youth's glee had left her spirit,
  Her eyes were dim with pain.
Was it the song her childhood,
  Or that her girlhood knew,
That reached her world-worn spirit,
  Watching its waters blue?

She heard a sadder murmur
  Than she had heard before;
"Oh never gleams the sunlight
  In brightness as of yore.
I'm weary of the meadow,
  I'm weary of my tune,
The nights are dark and cheerless,
  The winter cometh soon."

An aged woman watched it
  With tear-dimmed anxious eye,
And bent her ear to listen
  To the streamlet's symphony.
But oh, it sang that evening
  A changed, a sadder sound
"I go my weary journey,
  To that great ocean bound.

"My life is sad and restless,
  I water many a grave,
I fear the heaving ocean,
  I fear the mighty wave."—
But still the child and maiden
  And weary woman's heart
Read not aright its lesson,
  Nor what its music taught.

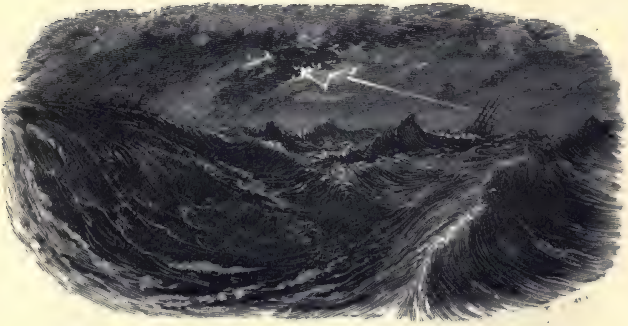
Their own hearts beat too loudly
  The stream's low tones to hear,
Their spirits' voices heard they
  And not its music clear.
I'll tell you what it murmured,
  What were the words it sung,
As bluebells kissed its waters,
  And sedge-grass o'er it hung.

It said, "My life is humble,
  But very tranquil too,
I gaze for ever upwards
  On that deep sky of blue.
After the cloudlets gather,
  The sunshine seems more bright,
I know the morning cometh,
  Though dark may be the night.

"Sometimes the flowerets wither,
  I make them fresh again,
I bathe the thirsty willows
  When falls no gentle rain.
The work my Maker gives me
  It makes me glad to do,
His smile is in the sunshine,
  His blessing in the dew.

"The ocean I am nearing
  Is beautiful and fair:
He leads me through the meadow,
  He'll make me happy there.
And anywhere and everywhere,
  So that I do His will,
And do my life's work bravely,
  I shall be happy still."

L. R.



HYMN OF THE CITY.

NOT in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here I do behold
Thy steps, Almighty, here amidst the crowd,
Through the vast city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies,
And lights their inner homes;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
  Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
  Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest—speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest
  Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
  The quiet of that moment too is Thine,
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

Bryant.

OMNIPRESENCE.

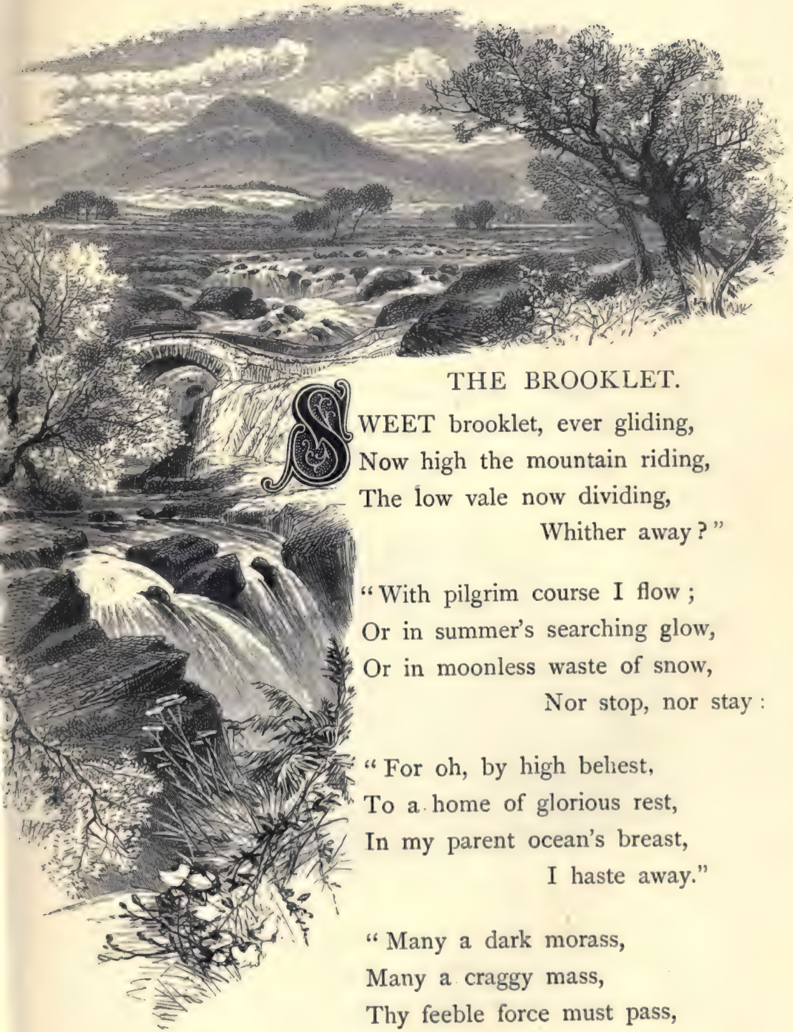
FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy love
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since Thou their God art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

Bowring.



THE BROOKLET.

SWEET brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The low vale now dividing,
Whither away?"

"With pilgrim course I flow;
Or in summer's searching glow,
Or in moonless waste of snow,
Nor stop, nor stay:

"For oh, by high behest,
To a home of glorious rest,
In my parent ocean's breast,
I haste away."

"Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble force must pass,
Yet, yet, delay!"

"Though the marsh be dire and deep,
Though the crag be stern and steep,
On, on, my course must keep,
I may not stay.

"For oh! be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest,
In the bright sea's boundless breast,
I haste away."

"The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay!"

"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
Sweetly they charm the hours
On my winding way.

"But ceaseless still in quest
Of that eternal rest
In my parent's boundless breast,
I haste away."

"Knowest thou the drear abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?
Oh! rather cling to this;
Sweet brooklet, stay!"

"Oh! who shall fitly tell
What wonders there may dwell?
That world of mystery well
Might strike dismay!

"But I know 'tis my parent's breast;
There held, I must needs be blest;
And with joy to my promised rest
I haste away!"

Sir R. Grant.

A MORNING PRAYER.

THE golden morn flames up the eastern sky,
And what dark night had hid from every eye
  All-piercing daylight summons clear to view:
And all the forest, vale, or plain, or hill,
That slept in mist enshrouded, dark and still,
  In gladsome light are glittering now anew.

Shine in my heart and bring me joy and light,
Sun of my darken'd soul, dispel its night,
  And shed in it the truthful day abroad;
And all the many gloomy folds lay bare
Within this heart that fain would learn to wear
  The pure and glorious likeness of its Lord.

Glad with Thy light, and glowing with Thy love,
So let me ever think, and speak, and move,
As fits a soul new-touch'd with life from heaven.
That seeks but so to order all her course,
As most to show the glory of that source,
By whom alone her strength, her life are given.

I ask not, take away this weight of care;
No, for that love I pray that all can bear,
And for the faith that whatsoe'er befall
Must needs be good, and for my profit prove,
Since from my Father's heart, most rich in love,
And from His bounteous hands it cometh all.

I ask not that my course be calm and still;
No, here too, Lord, be done Thy holy will;
I ask but for a quiet, childlike heart;
Though thronging cares and restless toil be mine,
Yet may my heart remain for ever Thine,
Draw it from earth, and fix it where Thou art.

I ask Thee not to finish soon the strife,
The toil, the trouble of this earthly life:
No, be my peace amid its grief and pain.
I pray not grant me *now* Thy realm on high:
No, ere I die let me to evil die,
And through Thy cross my sins be wholly slain.

True Morning Sun of all my life, I pray
That not in vain Thou shine on me to-day,
  Be Thou my light when all around is gloom ;
Thy brightness, hope, and courage on me shed,
That I may joy to see, when life is fled,
  The setting sun that brings the pilgrim home.

Lyra Germanica.

* * *

ADVENT HYMN.

WATCHMAN, will the night of sin
  Be never past?
O watchman, doth the tarrying day begin
To dawn upon thy straining sight at last?
  Will it dispel
Ere long the mists of sense wherein I dwell?

Now all the earth is bright and glad
  With the fresh morn ;

But all my heart is cold, and dark, and sad;
Sun of the soul, let me behold Thy dawn!
Come, Jesus, Lord!
O quickly come, according to Thy word!

Do we not live in those blest days
So long foretold,
When Thou shouldst come to bring us light and grace?
And yet I sit in darkness as of old,
Pining to see
Thy glory; but Thou still art far from me.

Long since Thou camest for the light
Of all men here;
And still in me is nought but blackest night.
Yet am I Thine, O hasten to appear,
Shine forth and bless
My soul with vision of Thy righteousness!

If thus in darkness ever left,
Can I fulfil
The works of light, while yet of light bereft?
Or how discern in love and meekness still
To follow Thee,
And all the sinful works of darkness flee?

The light of reason cannot give
Life to my soul;

Jesus alone can make me truly live,
One glance of His can make my spirit whole.
Arise, and shine,
O Jesus, on this longing heart of mine!

Single and clear, not weak or blind,
The eye must be,
To which Thy glory shall an entrance find;
For if Thy chosen ones would gaze on Thee,
No earthly screen
Between their souls and Thee must intervene.

Jesus, do Thou mine eyes unseal,
And let them grow
Quick to discern whate'er Thou dost reveal,
So shall I be deliver'd from that woe,
Blindly to stray
Through hopeless night, while all around is day.

Lyra Germanica.

THE SECOND DAY.

"And God said, Let there be a firmament."

THIS world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem
Where visions arise,
Giving dim surmise
Of the sights that shall meet our waking eyes,

Arm of the Lord!
Creating Word;
Whose glory the silent skies record,
Where stands Thy name

In scrolls of flame,
On the firmament's high-shadowing frame!

I gaze o'erhead,
Where Thy hand hath spread
For the waters of heaven their crystal bed;
And stored the dew
In its depths of blue,
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine
Beams forth the light,
That was else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

And such I deem
The world will seem
When we waken from life's uncertain dream,
And burst the shell
Where our spirits dwell
In this wondrous ante-natal cell.

I gaze aloof
At the tissued roof
Where time and space are the warp and woof,
Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things?

As a tapestried tent,
To shade us meant
From the bare everlasting firmament;
Where the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see
As in truth they be,
The glories of heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of this marvellous curtain of blue-and-gold.

And soon the whole,
As a parchèd scroll,
Shall to my amazed sight uproll;
And without a screen
At one burst be seen,
The presence in which I have ever been.

Oh! who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the majesty that shall meet us there?
What eye can gaze
On the unveiled blaze
Of the light-gilded throne of the Ancient of days?

Christ us aid!
Himself be our shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismayed.

Whytehead.

THE SHEPHERDS.

WHERE the lambs sleep, there shepherds watch around;
Where shepherds pray, there angels fill the plain;
Where angels sing, heaven comes to earth again
Where Jesus is, there heaven below is found.

The shepherds watch beneath the solemn sky,
Looking above, till terror dims their view:
"These blessed songs, come they, O stars, from you,
Or can a sinner's harp be tuned so high?"

On earth appeared a shining angel-host,
And thus their heavenly message, wondering, told,
"To you the Saviour Christ is born to-day!"
Forsaking all, the watchers sped away
To seek their Shepherd, and to join His fold,—
Sure this glad night no little lamb is lost!

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

As the sages from afar
Did behold the guiding star,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Jesu, to Thy lowly bed;
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly king.

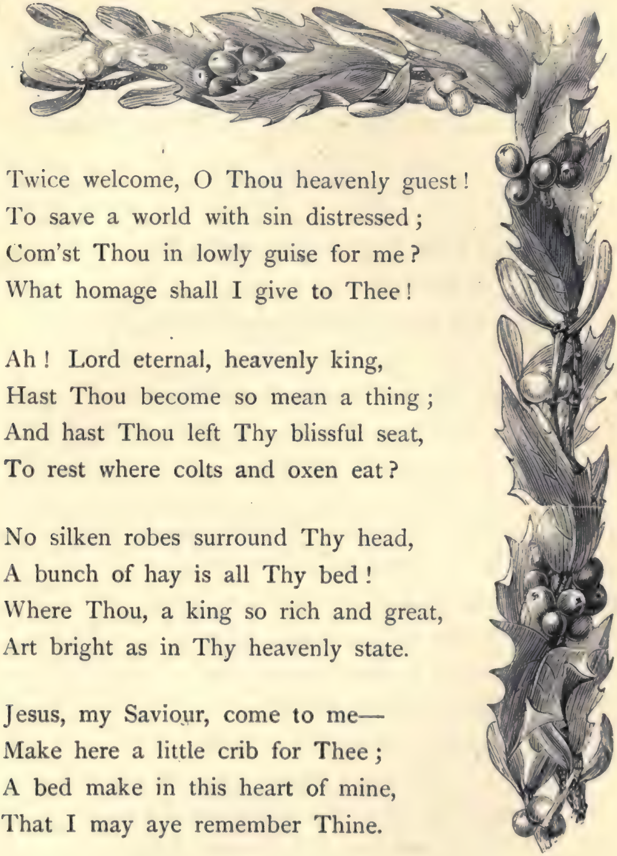
Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earth shall be no more,
Bring us to the heavenly shore,
Where we need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In that heavenly country bright
Need they no created light:
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our king. Amen.

"GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

OH! let us all be glad to-day,
And with the shepherds homage pay;
Come see what God to us hath given,
His only Son, sent down from heaven.

Awake, my soul! from sadness rise,
Come, see what in the manger lies:
Who is this smiling infant child?—
'Tis little Jesus meek and mild.



Twice welcome, O Thou heavenly guest!
To save a world with sin distressed;
Com'st Thou in lowly guise for me?
What homage shall I give to Thee!

Ah! Lord eternal, heavenly king,
Hast Thou become so mean a thing;
And hast Thou left Thy blissful seat,
To rest where colts and oxen eat?

No silken robes surround Thy head,
A bunch of hay is all Thy bed!
Where Thou, a king so rich and great,
Art bright as in Thy heavenly state.

Jesus, my Saviour, come to me—
Make here a little crib for Thee;
A bed make in this heart of mine,
That I may aye remember Thine.

Then from my soul glad songs shall ring—
Of Thee each day I'll gladly sing;
Then glad hosannas will I raise
From heart that loves to sing Thy praise.

Translated from the German, by J. Hunt.

NEW YEAR.

THANK God that toward eternity
Another step is won!
Oh longing turns my heart to Thee
As time flows slowly on,
Thou Fountain whence my life is born,
Whence those rich streams of joy are drawn,
That through my being run!

I count the hours, the days, the years,
That stretch in tedious line,
Until, O Life, that hour appears,
When, at Thy touch divine,
Whate'er is mortal now in me
Shall be consumed for aye in Thee,
And deathless life be mine.

So glows Thy love within this frame,
That, touched with keenest fire,
My whole soul kindles in the flame
Of one intense desire
To be in Thee, and Thou in me,
And e'en while yet on earth to be
Still pressing closer, nigher!

Oh that I soon might Thee behold!
  I count the moments o'er;
Ah come, ere yet my heart grows cold
  And cannot call Thee more!
Come in Thy glory, for Thy Bride
Hath girt her for the holy-tide,
  And waiteth at the door.

And since Thy Spirit sheds abroad
  The oil of grace in me,
And Thou art inly near me, Lord,
  And I am lost in Thee,
So shines in me the Living Light,
And steadfast burns my lamp and bright,
  To greet Thee joyously.

Come! is the voice then of Thy bride;
  She loudly prays Thee, come!
With faithful heart she long hath cried,
  Come quickly, Jesus, come!
Come, O my Bridegroom, Lamb of God,
Thou knowest I am Thine, dear Lord,
  Come down and take me home.

Yet be the hour that none can tell
  Left wholly to Thy choice,
Although I know Thou lov'st it well,
  That I with heart and voice

Should bid Thee come, and from this day
Care but to meet Thee on Thy way,
  And at Thy sight rejoice.

I joy that from Thy love divine
  No power can part me now,
That I may dare to call Thee mine,
  My Friend, My Lord, avow
That I, O Prince of Life, shall be
Made wholly one in heaven with Thee;
  My portion, Lord, art Thou.

And therefore do my thanks o'erflow,
  That one more year is gone,
And of this time, so poor, so slow,
  Another step is won;
And with a heart that may not wait,
Toward yonder distant golden gate
  I journey gladly on.

And when the wearied hands grow weak,
  And wearied knees give way,
To sinking faith, oh quickly speak,
And make Thine arm my stay;
  That so my heart drink in new strength,
And I speed on, nor feel the length
  Nor steepness of the way.

Then on, my soul, with fearless faith,
Let nought thy terror move ;
Nor aught that earthly pleasure saith
E'er tempt thy steps to rove ;
If slow Thy course seem o'er the waste,
Mount upwards with the eagle's haste,
On wings of tireless love.

O Jesus, all my soul hath flown
Already up to Thee,
For Thou, in whom is love alone,
Hast wholly conquered me.
Farewell, ye phantoms, day and year,
Eternity is round me here,
Since, Lord, I live in Thee.

Lyra Germanica. Second Series.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load ;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

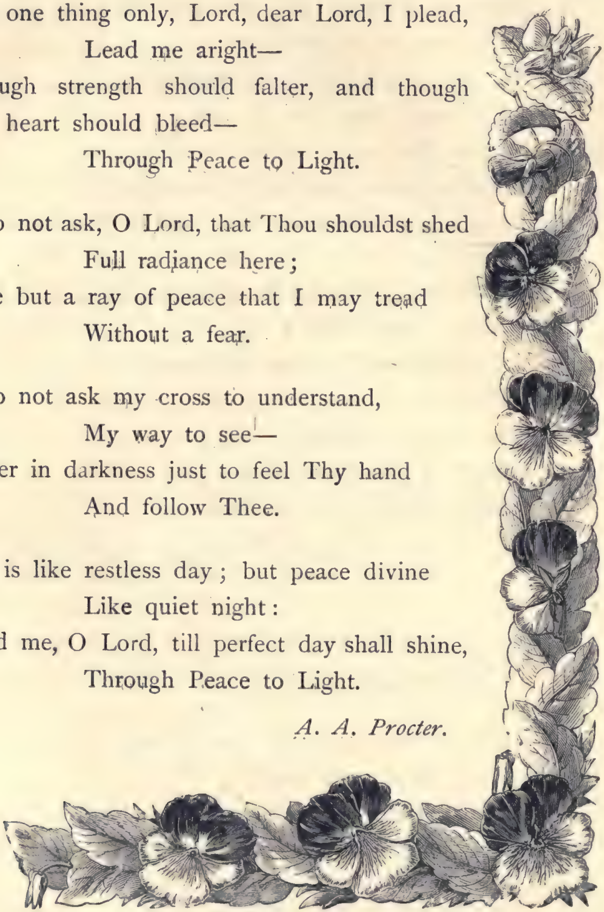
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

A. A. Procter.



THE WINGS OF THE DOVE AND THE EAGLE.

As I lay upon my bed,
Weeping and complaining,
Turning oft my weary head,
Hope and help disdaining;
Lo! before mine eyes there stood,
Vision of an ancient wood,
Full of happy birds pursuing
Each the other with keenest zest;
And I heard the plaintive cooing
Issuing from the turtle's nest,
Till I murmured at the sight,
And forgot God's high behest;
"Had I but your wings, I might
Fly away and be at rest."

Then the low, sweet, plaintive cooing
Of the fond maternal birds,
Seemed itself with thoughts imbuing,
And at length flowed forth in words.

"Plumes of doves and fluttering wings
Are but vain and feeble things,
  Timidly the air they fan;
Scarcely would they serve to raise thee—
Need the truth at all amaze thee?—
  O'er this earth a little span.
Look thou there!" and, lo! an eagle,
  From his nest amid the stars,
Stood before me, with his regal
  Front and venerable scars.
In a moment, wide extending
  His great wings, (so seemed my dream,)
He was in the air ascending
  With a wild, exulting scream.
Fiercest winds and rude blasts blowing
  Could not stop his bold careering,
Higher still and higher going
  He kept ever upwards steering,
Till I lost him in the zenith,
  Far above the mid-day sun,
Where he seemed like one that winneth
  Rest in heaven when work is done.

"Judge thou, then," the voice said, "whether
  This or that's the better thing—
Rainbow tinted dove's soft feather,
  Or the eagle's ruffled wing?"
"That's the better!"—"Rest then still!
  In thy heart of hearts abase thee;

Lose thy will in God's great will.
By and by He will upraise thee,
In His own good time and season,
When 'tis meet that thou shouldst go,
And will show thee fullest reason
Why He kept thee here below.
Wings of doves shall not be given;
But to lift thee up to heaven,
Thou shalt have entire dominion
O'er the eagle's soaring pinion,
Thou shalt mount to God's own eyrie,
And become a crownèd saint,
Thou shalt run and not be weary,
Walk, and never faint;
Therefore utter no complaint."

Now I lie upon my bed
Saying, "Be it even so;
I will wait in faith and hope
Till the eagle's wings shall grow."

G. Wilson.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched
and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children
crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly thro' the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Longfellow.

OUT OF SIGHT.

WHAT! though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry,
It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed
In the air-groves of the sky.

What though our prayers from death
The queen-rose might not save!
With brighter bloom and balmier breath
She springeth from the grave.

What though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim!
In heaven I see her glancing bright—
I hear her angel-hymn.

What though the dark tree smile
  No more—with our dove's calm sleep!
She folds her wing on a sunny isle
  In heaven's untroubled deep.

True that our beauteous doe
  Hath left her still retreat—
But purer now in heavenly snow
  She lies at Jesus' feet.

O star! untimely set!
  Why should we weep for thee?
Thy bright and dewy coronet
  Is rising o'er the sea.

John Wilson.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

Bryant.

A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.

A. A. E. C.

Born July 1848. *Died November* 1849.

OF English blood, of Tuscan birth,
What country should we give her?
Instead of any on the earth,
The civic heavens receive her.

And here, among the English tombs,
In Tuscan ground we lay her,
While the blue Tuscan sky endomes
Our English words of prayer.

A little child! how long she lived
  By months, not years, is reckoned:
Born in one July, she survived
  Alone to see a second.

Bright-featured, as the July sun
  Her little face still played in,
And splendours, with her birth begun,
  Had had no time for fading.

So LILY, from those July hours,
  No wonder we should call her;
She looked such kinship to the flowers,
  Was but a little taller.

A Tuscan lily, only white,
  As Dante, in abhorrence
Of red corruption, wished aright
  The lilies of his Florence.

We could not wish her whiter, her
  Who perfumed with pure blossom
The house! a lovely thing to wear
  Upon a mother's bosom!

This July creature thought perhaps
  Our speech not worth assuming;
She sat upon her parents' laps,
  And mimicked the gnat's humming;

Said, "Father," "Mother"—then, left off,
For tongues celestial, fitter.
Her hair had grown just long enough
To catch heaven's jasper-glitter.

Babes! Love could always hear and see
Behind the cloud that hid them,
"Let little children come to Me,
And do not thou forbid them."

So, unforbidding, have we met,
And gently here have laid her,
Though winter is no time to get
The flowers that should o'erspread her.

We should bring pansies quick with spring,
Rose, violet, daffodilly,
And also above everything,
White lilies for our Lily.

Nay, more than flowers this grave exacts,
Glad, graceful attestations
Of her sweet eyes and pretty acts,
With calm renunciations.

Her very mother with light feet
Should leave the place too earthy,
Saying, "The angels have thee, Sweet,
Because we were not worthy!"

But winter kills the orange buds,
  The gardens in the frost are,
And all the heart dissolves in floods,
  Remembering we have lost her.

Poor earth, poor heart,—too weak, too weak,
  To miss the July shining:
Poor heart! what bitter words we speak
  When God speaks of resigning!

Sustain this heart in us that faints,
  Thou God, the self-existent!
We catch up wild at parting saints
  And feel Thy heaven too distant.

The wind that swept them out of sin
  Has ruffled all our vesture,
On the shut door that let them in
  We beat with frantic gesture,

To us, us also,—open straight!
  The outer life is chilly—
Are *we* too, like the earth, to wait
  Till next year for our Lily?

But God gives patience, love learns strength,
  And faith remembers promise,
And hope itself can smile at length
  On other hopes gone from us.

Love, strong as Death, shall conquer Death,
  Through struggle made more glorious,
This mother stills her sobbing breath,
  Renouncing, yet victorious.

Arms, empty of her child, she lifts,
  With spirit unbereaven,—
"God will not all take back His gifts;
  My Lily's mine in heaven!

"Still mine! maternal rights serene
  Not given to another!
The crystal bars shine faint between
  The souls of child and mother.

"Meanwhile," the mother cries, "content
  Our love was well divided:
Its sweetness following where she went,
  Its anguish stayed where I did.

"Well done of God to halve the lot,
  And give her all the sweetness;
To us, the empty room and cot,—
  To her, the heaven's completeness.

"To us, this grave—to her, the rows
  The mystic palm-trees spring in;
To us, the silence in the house,—
  To her, the choral singing.

"For her, to gladden in God's view,-
For us, to hope and bear on!—
Grow, Lily, in thy garden new,
Beside the Rose of Sharon.

"Grow fast in heaven, sweet Lily clipped,
In love more calm than this is,—
And may the angels, dewy-lipped,
Remind thee of our kisses!

"While none shall tell thee of our tears,
These human tears now falling,
Till after a few patient years,
One home shall take us all in.

"Child, father, mother,—who left out?
Not father, and not mother;
And when, our dying couch about,
The natural mists shall gather,

"Some smiling angel close shall stand
In old Correggio's fashion,
And bear a Lily in his hand,
For death's annunciation."

E. B. Browning.

GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given,
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path which reaches heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the silent land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

And half we deemed she needed not
  The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one
  Who walked an angel here.

The blessing from her quiet life
  Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
  Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
  Were in her very look;
We read her face as one who reads
  A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn
  To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm;
  A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
  And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
  Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day
  Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
  Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
  One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
  Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms
  And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
  Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
  Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
  Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
  Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
  The well-beloved of ours.

Whittier.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eye,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Longfellow.

THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

THE last sand from time's hour-glass
Shall soon disappear,
And like vapour shall vanish
This old rolling sphere.

On the floor like the chaff-stream
In the dark wintry day,
From the fan of destruction
Shall suns drift away.

And the meteors of glory
Which 'wilder the wise,
Only gleam till we open
In true worlds our eyes.

But aloft in God's heaven,
There blazeth a star,
And I live while I'm watching
Its light from afar.

From its lustre immortal
My soul caught the spark,
Which shall beam on undying
When sunshine is dark.

So transforming its radiance,
Its strength so benign,
Dull clay burns a ruby,
And man grows divine.

To the zenith ascended,
From Joseph's dark tomb,
Star of Jesse! so rivet
My gaze through the gloom,

That Thy beauty imbibing,
My dross may refine,
Till in splendour reflected
I burn and I shine.

HEAVENWARD.

HEAVENWARD doth our journey tend,
We are strangers here on earth,
Through the wilderness we wend
Towards the Canaan of our birth.
Here we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our native land.

Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy wings,
Heavenly nature canst thou claim,
There is nought of earthly things
Worthy to be all thine aim;
Every soul that God inspires,
Back to Him, its source, aspires.

Heavenward! doth His Spirit cry,
When I hear Him in His word
Showing thus the rest on high,
Where I shall be with my Lord.
When His word fills all my thought,
Oft to heaven my soul is caught.

Heavenward ever would I haste,
When Thy table, Lord, is spread;
Heavenly strength on earth I taste,
Feeding on the Living Bread;

Such is e'en on earth our fare
Who Thy marriage-feast shall share.

Heavenward! faith discerns the prize,
  That is waiting us afar,
And my heart would swiftly rise,
  High o'er sun, and moon, and star,
To that light behind the veil
Where all earthly splendours pale.

Heavenward death shall lead at last,
  To the home where I would be;
All my sorrows overpast,
  I shall triumph there with Thee,
Jesus, who hast gone before,
That we too might heavenward soar.

Heavenward! heavenward! only this
  Is my watchword on the earth;
For the love of heavenly bliss
  Counting all things little worth,
Heavenward all my being tends
Till in heaven my journey ends.

Lyra Germanica.

* * *

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.

I HAVE a wondrous house to build,
A dwelling humble yet divine;
A lowly cottage to be filled
With all the jewels of the mine.
How shall I build it strong and fair,
This noble house, this lodging rare,
So small and modest, yet so great?
How shall I fill its chambers bare,
With use, with ornament, with state?

My God hath given the stone and clay,
'Tis I must fashion them aright;
'Tis I must mould them day by day,
And make my labour my delight!
This cot, this palace, this fair home,
This pleasure-house, this holy dome
Must be proportions fit,
That heavenly messengers may come
To lodge with him who tenants it.

No fairy bower this house must be,
  To totter at each gale that starts,
But of substantial masonry,
  Symmetrical in all its parts;
Fit in its strength to stand sublime
For seventy years of mortal time,
  Defiant of the storm and rain,
And well attempered to the clime,
  In every cranny, nook, and pane.

I'll build it so that if the blast
  Around it whistle loud and long,
The tempest, when its rage has pass'd,
  Shall leave its rafters doubly strong.
I'll build it so, that travellers by
Shall view it with admiring eye,
  For its commodiousness and grace:
Firm on the ground—straight to the sky,
  A meek but godly dwelling-place.

Thus noble in its outward form,
  Within I'll build it clean and white,
Not cheerless cold, but happy warm,
  And ever open to the light.
No tortuous passages or stair,
No chamber foul or dungeon lair,
  No gloomy attic shall there be,
But wide apartments ordered fair,
  And redolent of purity.

With three compartments furnished well,
The house shall be a home complete;
Wherein, should circumstance rebel,
The humble tenant may retreat.
The first a room wherein to deal
With men for human nature's weal,
A room where he may work or play,
And all his social life reveal
In its pure texture day by day.

The second, for his wisdom sought,
Where, with his chosen book or friend,
He may employ his active thought
To virtuous and exalted end.
A chamber lofty and serene,
With a door-window to the green
Smooth-shaven sward, and arching bowers,
Where lore, or talk, or song between,
May gild his intellectual hours.

The third an oratory dim,
But beautiful: where he may raise,
Unheard of men, his daily hymn
Of love, and gratitude, and praise;
Where he may revel in the light
Of things unseen and infinite,
And learn how little he may be,
And yet how awful in thy sight,
Ineffable eternity.

Such is the house that I must build,
This is the cottage—this the dome—
And this the palace, treasure filled
For an immortal's earthly home.
Oh noble work of toil and care!
Oh task most difficult and rare!
Oh simple but most arduous plan!
To raise a dwelling-place so fair—
The sanctuary of a man.

C. Mackay.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot:
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

Bonar.

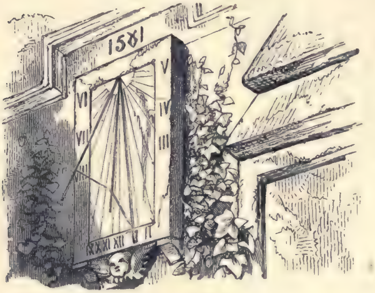
“ HOW OLD ART THOU?”

COUNT not the days that have idly flown,
The years that were vainly spent;
Nor speak of the hours thou must blush to own,
When thy spirit stands before the throne
To account for the talents lent.

But number the hours redeemed from sin,
The moments employed for heaven;
Oh! few and evil thy days have been,
Thy life a toilsome but worthless scene,
For a nobler purpose given.

Will the shade go back on thy dial-plate?
Will thy sun stand still on his way?
Both hasten on; and thy spirit's fate
Rests on the point of life's little date:
Then live while 'tis called to-day.

Life's waning hours, like the Sybil's page,
As they lessen, in value rise:
Oh! rouse thee and live! nor deem man's age
Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,
But in days that are truly wise.



COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

COMMIT thy way to God,
The weight which makes thee faint;
Worlds are to Him no load,
To Him breathe thy complaint.
He who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes, or hostile crowds,
Can make a way for thee.

Thou must in Him be blest,
  Ere bliss can be secure;
On His work must thou rest,
  If thy work shall endure.
To anxious, prying thought,
  And weary, fretting care,
The Highest yieldeth nought;
  He giveth all to prayer!

Father! Thy faithful love,
  Thy mercy, wise and mild,
Sees what will blessing prove,
  Or what will hurt Thy child.
And what Thy wise foreseeing
  Doth for Thy children choose,
Thou bringest into being,
  Nor suff'rest them to lose.

All means always possessing,
  Invincible in might;
Thy doings are all blessing,
  Thy goings are all light.
Nothing Thy work suspending,
  No foe can make Thee pause,
When Thou, Thine own defending,
  Dost undertake their cause.

Hope then, though woes be doubled,
  Hope, and be undismayed;
Let not thy heart be troubled,
  Nor let it be afraid.
This prison where thou art,
  Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart
  In His own blessed noon.

Up, up! the day is breaking,
  Say to thy cares, good night!
Thy troubles from thee shaking,
  Like dreams in day's fresh light.
Thou wearest not the crown,
  Nor the best course canst tell;
God sitteth on the throne,
  And guideth all things well.

Trust Him to govern, then!
  No king can rule like Him;
How wilt thou wonder when
  Thine eyes no more are dim;
To see those paths which vex thee
  How wise they were and meet;
The works which now perplex thee,
  How beautiful complete!

Faithful the love thou sharest,
  All, all is well with thee!
The crown from hence thou bearest
  With shouts of victory.
In thy right hand to-morrow,
  Thy God shall place the palms;
To Him who chased thy sorrow
  How glad will be thy psalms!

Paul Gerhardt.

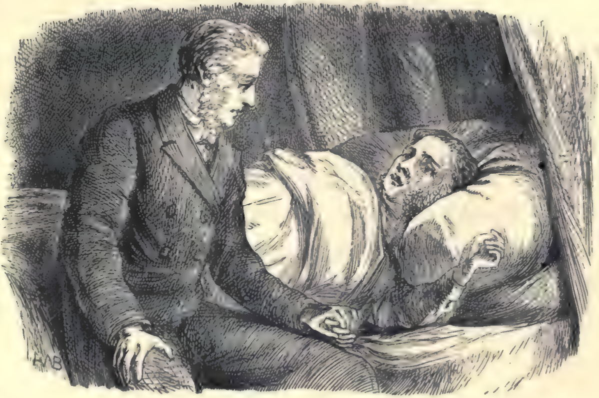
RESIGNATION.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

"Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!"

Steele.



HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

I HOPED that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng
With purpose pure and high:
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well;
I said so with my breaking heart,
When first this anguish fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, tempest-tost—
Can I but turn to Thee;
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee;
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow,
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve Thee now!

Anne Brontë.

THE PROMISED ONE.

(*From "David playing before Saul."*)

SEE! the dull dense clouds are breaking
Slowly, slowly into light away;
And my mental sense is waking,
Dazzled by a brighter ray
Than e'er, the east with glory streaking,
Glanced from the opening eyes of day.

Is it come?—that glimpse of heaven
For which my soul so long hath striven,
Diving for lore obscure and high,
In the darkling depths of prophecy?
Avaunt thee, fiend! the woman's seed shall tread
On the fierce terrors of the serpent's head.

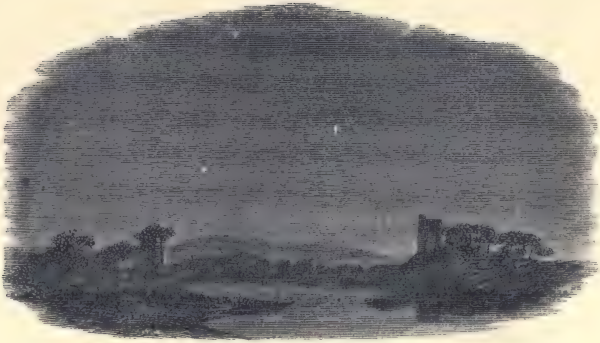
THE PROMISED ONE.

I know Him by the light He giveth;
I know that my Redeemer liveth:
He shall stand upon the earth,
Godlike in His mortal birth;
In Him the sons of sorrow shall find rest
And all the nations of the world be blest.

Yes, I know Him from afar,—
Israel's Sceptre, Jacob's Star;
For, like him on Zophim's brow,
Him of the gifted eye,
I shall see Him, but not now,
Behold Him, but not nigh.

Be it so! on other eyes
Let the promised One arise,
While mine own are curtained deep
In their last and soundest sleep:
Enough for me, what Hope sublime
Can to her humble child allow;
Enough! anticipating time,
She feels Him and adores Him now.

Hankinson.



LOVE TO GOD.

WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land;
Because Thou bidst the sun go forth
Rejoicing in his might,
And kindle earth to glowing life
And beauty with his light.

Because Thou roll'st the orbs of light
Through trackless fields of space,
And giv'st to each low creeping flower
Its fragrance and its grace:
Because in sunshine and in storm
Alike we see Thee near;

In summer gale and rushing wind,
  Alike Thy voice we hear;

'Tis not alone because Thy names
  Of Wisdom, Power, and Love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
  The glorious skies above:
For these, Thy gifts, we praise Thee, Lord;
  Yet not for these alone
The incense of Thy children's love
  Arises to Thy throne.

We love Thee, Lord, because when we
  Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
  Into the heavenward way;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
  In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
  Of Thy benignant light.

Because when we forsook Thy ways,
  Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,
  But gracious Father still;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
  Yet Thou hast not forgot;
Because we have forsaken Thee,
  Yet Thou forsakest not:—

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love:
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That we might live above;
Because when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven:
Yes; much we love, who much have sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

I. A. E.

"UNDERTAKE FOR ME."

As those that watch for the day,
Through the restless night of pain,
When the first fair streaks of grey
Bring rest and ease again—
As they turn their sleepless eyes
The eastern sky to see,
Long hours before sunrise—
So waiteth my soul for Thee.

As those that watch for the day,
Through the long, long night of grief,

When the soul can only pray
  That the day may bring relief,—
When the eyes, with weeping spent,
  No dawn of hope can see,
But the heart keeps watch intent,—
  So waiteth my soul for Thee.

As those that watch for the day,
  Through that deepest night of all,
When trembling and sin have sway,
  And the shades of Thy absence fall:
As they search, through clouds of fear,
  That Morning Star to see,
And the Light of Life appear—
  So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day,
  And know that the day will rise,
Though the weary hours delay,
  As they pass under midnight skies,
Though the Sun of Righteousness
  Only faith's eye can see,
Because Thou hast promised to bless,
  Lord Jesus, I wait for Thee.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

THAT sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven?
In waves of light it thrills along,
The angelic signal given—
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire.

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on for ever:
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

Yet stay, before thou dare
To join that festal throng;
Listen and mark what gentle air
First stirred the tide of song;
'Tis not "the Saviour born in David's home,
To whom for power and health obedient worlds should come:"

'Tis not, "the Christ the Lord:—"
With fix'd adoring look
The choir of angels caught the word,
Nor yet their silence broke:
But when they heard the sign, where Christ should be,
In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands
And in His manger laid,
The hope and glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid;
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be,
Once duly welcomed and adored,
How should I part with Thee?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure-abiding place.

Thee, on the bosom laid
Of a pure virgin mind,
In quiet ever and in shade,
Shepherd and sage may find;
They who had bow'd untaught to nature's sway,
And they who followed Truth along her star-paved way.

The pastoral spirits first
Approach Thee, Babe divine,
For they in lowly thoughts are nursed,
Meet for Thy lowly shrine;
Sooner than they should miss where Thou dost dwell
Angels from heaven will stoop to guide them to Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round
For Thee to be reveal'd,
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,
Abiding in the field;
All through the wintry heaven and chill night air
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their prayer.

Oh faint not ye for fear—
What though your wandering sheep,
Reckless of what they see and hear,
Lie lost in wilful sleep?
High heaven, in mercy to your sad annoy,
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on the eternal home,
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue:
So shall ye tread untired His pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

Christian Year.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth—good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King;"

The world in solemn stillness lay
  To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
  With peaceful wings unfurl'd,
And still their heavenly music floats
  O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
  They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
  The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
  The world has suffered long,
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
  Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
  The love-song which they bring,—
Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
  And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
  Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
  With painful steps and slow;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
  Come swiftly on the wing—
Oh rest beside the weary road
  And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears.

"LORD, THAT I MIGHT RECEIVE MY SIGHT."

LORD! we sit and cry to Thee
Like the blind beside the way:
Make our darken'd souls to see
The glory of Thy perfect day!
Lord, rebuke our sullen night,
And give Thyself unto our sight!

Lord! we do not ask to gaze
On our dim and earthly sun;
But the light that still shall blaze
When every star its course hath run,
The light that gilds Thy blest abode,
The glory of the Lamb of God

Milman.

ROBINS AND THEIR SONGS.

ROBIN, to the bare bough clinging,
What can thy blithe music mean?
Like a hidden fount, thy singing
Seems to clothe the trees with green.

What warm nest for thee hath nature
Where thy soft red breast to lay?
Sing'st thou, little homeless creature,
For the crumbs we strewed to-day?

Other birds have fled this dun light,
Soaring on to regions fair,
Singing in the richest sunlight
Singing in the starlit air;

Hiding 'mid the broad-leaved shadows
  Of the southern woods at noon,
Filling all the flower-starred meadows
  With the melodies of June.

Knowest thou the woods have voices,
  Poet-voices full and clear;
Strains at which the heart rejoices,
  Feeling the unspoken near;

Pouring music like a river,
  Many-toned and deep and strong,
Tones, midst which, like childhood's, quiver
  Thy few notes of simple song?

Then the "crimson-tippèd" thing,
  Like a daisy among birds,
With a quiet glee, did sing
  Strains condensèd thus in words:

"Well I know the joyous mazes
  Of the songs so full and fine;—
Very faint would be God's praises,
  Sounded by no voice but mine!

"Yet the little child's sweet laughter,
  Wakes it no responsive smile,
Though the poet singeth after,
  And the angels all the while?

"What I sing I cannot measure,
Why I sing I cannot say,
But I know a well of pleasure
Springeth in my heart all day."

So I learned that crumbs are able
Lowly hearts to fill with song—
Crumbs from off that festal table
Lowly hearts will join ere long.

He who wintry hours hath given,
With the snows gives snowdrops birth:
And while angels sing in heaven,
God hears robins sing on earth.

Only keep thee on the wing,
Music dieth in the dust,
Nothing that but creeps can sing,
Soaring we can sing and trust.

Excelsior.

"MAKE THY FACE TO SHINE UPON THY SERVANT."

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
  Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
  Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
  Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
  Till Thy mercy's beams I see:
Till they inward life impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
  Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
  Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Toplady.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,—
Wearing the form of frail mortality;
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to Thy home on high.

Man may no longer trace,
In Thy celestial face,
The image of the bright, the viewless One;
Nor may Thy servants hear,
Save with faith's raptured ear,
Thy voice of tenderness, God's only Son!

Our eyes behold Thee not,
Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in Thee;
Before Thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where Thou art, there may they also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,

Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread;
    And shall we, in dismay,
    Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

    O Thou, who art our life,
    Be with us through the strife!
Was not Thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed?
    Raise Thou our eyes above
    To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

    E'en through the awful gloom
    Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
    Our spirits shall not dread
    The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

Christian Examiner.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be:

Then for thyself in meekness
  A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
  Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee
  In solitude to pray,—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
  When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing
  Of thy spirit raised above
Shall reach His throne of glory,
  Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh, not a joy or blessing,
  With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
  To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
  Before His footstool fall:
Remember in thy gladness
  His love who gave thee all.

Lord Morpeth.

LET US PRAY.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will avail to make;
What burdens lighten, what temptations slake,
What parchèd grounds refresh as with a shower.
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear:
We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power:
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong—
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage, are with Thee.

Archbishop Trench.

JUST AS I AM.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Elliott.

“CAST ME NOT AWAY FROM THY PRESENCE.”

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

Heber.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea—

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

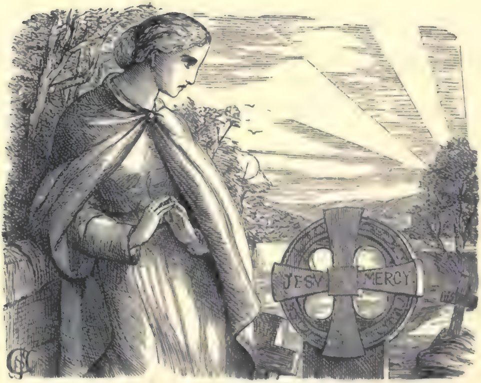
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer, closer my feet
Come to that dark abysm;
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrysm.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
  Strengthen the might of my faith ;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
  On the rock of the shore of death.

Feel as I would when my feet
  Are slipping o'er the brink ;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
  Nearer now than I think.

Carey.



A DEATH-BED HYMN.

WE would see Jesus"—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
"We would see Jesus,"—our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife.

"We would see Jesus"—for life's hand hath rested
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow:
And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

"We would see Jesus"—the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Shall thence remove us, if we see His face.

"We would see Jesus"—other lights are paling
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

"We would see Jesus"—yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long;
And earth to earth can scarce unclose its fingers,
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

"We would see Jesus"—sense is all too blinding,
And heaven appears too dim—too far away;
We would see Thee, to gain a sweet reminding
That Thou hast promised our great debt to pay.

"We would see Jesus"—this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight:
"We would see Jesus"—dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

THE baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain, and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.

Hinds.

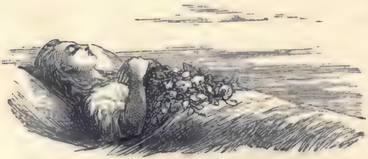
THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They who have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy sweet smile is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

Hemans.



"WHO SHALL ASCEND TO THE HOLY PLACE?"

WHO shall ascend to the holy place,
And stand on the holy hill?
Who shall the boundless realms of space
With shouts of rapture thrill?
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

The servants of the Lord are they
The pure in heart and hand,
For whom the eternal bars give way,
The eternal gates expand!
Hallelujah! &c.

Not to the noble, not to the strong,
To the wealthy or the wise,
Is given a part in that angel-song,
That music of the skies;
Hallelujah! &c.

But those who, in humble and holy fear,
With childlike faith and love
Have served the Lord as their Master here,
Shall praise their Lord above.
Hallelujah! &c.

And chiefly those who in youth to Him
Their morn of life have given,
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And all the host of heaven,
Hallelujah! &c.

Shall stand in robes of purest white;
And to the Lamb shall raise
The song that rests not day or night,
The eternity of praise.
Hallelujah! &c.

Hankinson.

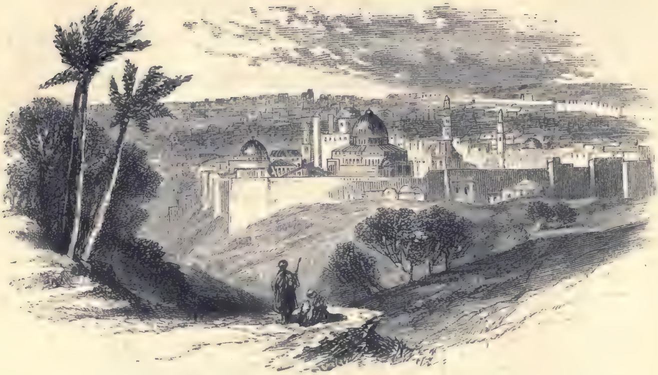
HEAVEN.

OH talk to me of heaven, I love
To hear about my home above,
For there doth many a loved one dwell,
In light and joy ineffable:
Oh tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing;
While every glad and tearless eye
Beams like the bright sun gloriously.
Tell me of that celestial calm
Each face in glory weareth,
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth.

O happy, happy country, where
There enters not a sin,
And death, who keeps the portals fair,
May never once come in;

No grief can change their day to night,
The darkness of that land is light,
Sorrow and sighing God has sent
Far thence to endless banishment.
And never more may one dark tear
  Bedim their burning eyes;
For every one they shed while here,
  In fearful agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadem.

O lovely, blooming country, there
Flourishes all that we deem fair.
For though no fields nor forests green,
Nor bowery gardens there are seen,
Nor perfumes load the breeze,
Nor hears the ear material sound,
Yet joys at God's right hand are found,
The archetypes of these.
This is the home, the land of birth
Of all we highest prize on earth;
The storms that rack this world beneath
Shall there for ever cease,
The only air the blessed breathe
Is purity and peace.
Oh may heaven's gate unclose to me,
Oh may I too its glories see,
And my faint, fighting spirit stand
Within that happy, happy land.



THE CITY OF OUR GOD.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows, their thirst to assuage?

Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Newton.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

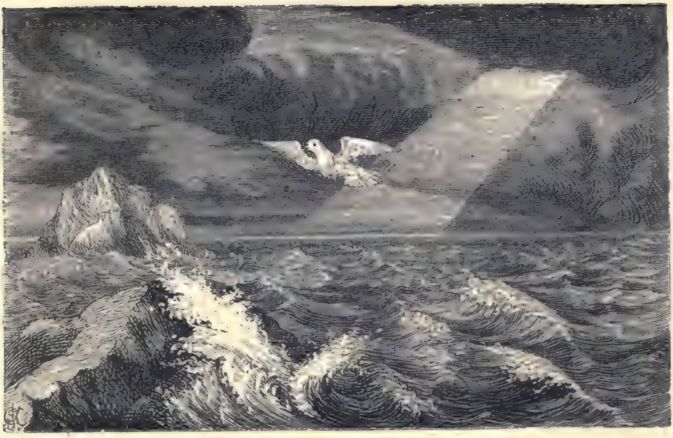
SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet Thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
On which Thy mercy came.

While all Thine own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honour to obey
The word of such a King,—

For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst that glory by,
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

Bought with Thy service and Thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are Thine;
To Thee our lives we would devote,
To Thee our death resign.

Doddridge.



AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
  To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
  Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
  And all my prospect flies!
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
  Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,
  The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
  Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
  Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
  A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
  At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
  Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
  (Remembered or forgot),
The Lord, is never far from me,
  Though I perceive Him not.

In darkness as in light,
  Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake, as in His sight
  Who looks all nature through.

From the dim hour of birth,
  Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
  Till its appointed date.

All that I am, have been,
  All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as He hath seen,
  And shall for ever see.

How can I meet His eyes?
  Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
  Mercy from first to last.

"For ever with the Lord!"
  Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
  E'en here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,
  Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand
  Fight, and I must prevail.

So, when my latest breath
  Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
  And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
  How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
  "For ever with the Lord."

Then, though the soul enjoy
  Communion high and sweet,
While worms this body must destroy,
  Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom
  Will speak the selfsame word,
And Heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
  "For ever with the Lord:"

The tomb shall echo deep
  That death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep
  And answer from the ground.

Then, upward as they fly,
  That resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
  "For ever with the Lord!"

That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!

Montgomery.

Comfort one another with these words

"AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE."

WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of His love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
And all His works of grace explore!
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine!

Well, He has fixed the happy day
  When the last tears will wet our eyes,
And God shall wipe those tears away,
  And fill us with divine surprise
To hear His voice and see His face,
And feel His infinite embrace!

This is the heaven I long to know;
  For this with patience I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth and all below,
  I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

Swain.

"HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM."

WE seek that land whose light e'en now,
Though dim and far, is all our gladness;
Whose hope, in storms, is God's own bow;
Whose peace, the rest from care and woe;
Whose love, our joy in sadness.

There day and night Thy happy saints
In ceaseless work find rest unending,
Where in Thy strength theirs never faints,
Where tears are dried, and hushed complaints,
All in one worship bending.

The service here we strive to pay,
By weakness marred, by darkness clouded;
Strong in Thy strength, bright with Thy day,
We there shall offer perfectly,
In light and love enshrouded.

Our hearts, whose love has taught them this,
Their wants to feel, their own unmeetness,
Shall learn, in that ne'er-ending bliss,
To rise towards Thine own perfectness,
Thine infinite completeness.

The songs, here drownèd in the moan
  Of earth's unrest, which ceaseth never,
Shall rise, in strains of joy unknown,
To Him who sitteth on the throne,
  And to the Lamb for ever.

And for our feet, to earth which cling,
  Feeble and slow, too oft unwilling,
Thou there shalt give an angel's wing
To serve, as angels do, our King,
  Thy high behests fulfilling.

So let us strive, with earnest soul,
  Thy work to do, though small the measure,
Knowing it part of one great whole,
All tending to our highest goal,
  Thy perfect will and pleasure.

L. R.

HE HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD.

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves, to slumber on the voiceless deep:
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flock the shelter of their shed;
All have their rest from care,—
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest;
To bid the sinner live
And soothe my griefs to slumber on His breast.

What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread?
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

I, who once made Him grieve,
I, who once made His gentle spirit mourn
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn:—

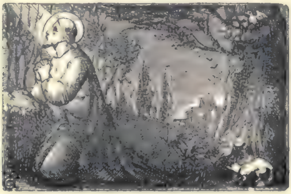
O why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head!

On earth Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin!
O come and take Thy rest,
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

J. S. Monsell.



THE
RIGHTEOUS ADVOCATE.

FATHER, I bring this worthless child to Thee,
To claim Thy pardon, once, yet once again.
Receive him at my hand, for he is mine.
He is a worthless child; he owns his fault;
Look not on him, he will not bear the glance;
Look but on me, I'll hide his filthy garments.
He pleads not for himself, he dares not plead:
His cause is mine, I am his Intercessor.

By that unchanged, unchanging love of Thine,
By each pure drop of blood I shed for him,
By all the sorrows graven on my soul,
By every wound I bear, I claim it true,
Father divine! I would not have him lost;
He is a worthless child, but he is mine!
Sin hath destroyed him—sin hath died in me;
Satan hath bound him—Satan is my slave;
Death hath desired him—I have conquered death.
My Father, hear him now, not him, but me!
I would not have him lost for all the worlds
Which Thou hast long created for my glory,
Because he is a poor, a worthless child,
And all his every hope on me it lies.
I know my children, and I know him mine,
By all the sighs he pours o'er outcast Israel,
By all the prayers he breathes o'er Judah's sins;
I know him by the sign my children bear,
That trusting love, by which he cleaves to me.
I could not bear to see him cast away,
Vile as he is! the weakest of my flock,
The one that grieves me most and loves me least.
Yes! though his sins dim every spark of love,
I measure not my love by his returns;
And though the stripes I send to bring him home
Should seem to drive him further from my arms,
Still he is mine! I lured him from the world:
He has no right, no home, but in my love.
Though earth and hell combined against him rise,

I'm bound to rescue him, for we are one.—
—O sinner! what an Advocate is thine;
Methinks I see Him lead the captive in,
Poor, sorrowful, ashamed, trembling with fear,
Shrinking behind his Lord, accused, condemned,
Well pleased to hide the form himself abhors
With that all spotless garment of his Friend.
But look! some secret impulse lifts his eye,
To see if love be mingled now with wrath,
If mercy beams upon the Father's face.
Poor sinner! read thy welcome in that smile,
And hear the Father's word to Him for thee:
"Take thy poor worthless child! I have forgiven."

E. Birrell.

"AS MANY AS TOUCHED WERE MADE PERFECTLY WHOLE."

SAVIOUR divine, we bend before Thee
lowly,
Sadly we bring into Thy presence holy
Our hearts, so sin-oppressed;
Touching the border of Thy garment
pure,
Whose touch all sorrow and all sin can
cure,
We ask Thee for Thy rest.

And in so stooping, higher shall we reach
Than e'en the highest point our hearts can teach,

Even, dear Lord, to Thee,
Whose lowliness hath raised us to such height,
That we may dare to touch Thy garment white,
Of matchless purity.

Thy gentleness, O Christ, hath made us great,
Thy uncrowned majesty our lost estate
Redeemed by bitter woe;
And though our trembling fingers feebly hold,
Yea, scarcely touch Thy holy garment's fold,
Thou wilt not let us go.

Thy love, the source of ours, shall still abide,
Shall draw us, wandering, closer to Thy side,
And make us wholly pure;
Led ever higher by its light divine,
Wrapped in its heavenly beauty shall we shine,
In love and rest secure.

L. R.

"CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART."

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

A lowly and believing heart,
Abhorring every sin;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of LOVE.

"RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN ME."

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell within me,
I myself would gracious be;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the Sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would quiet be;
Quiet as the growing blade
That through earth its way has made,

Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail
Where, unaided, man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him, who gave me Thee.

Lynch.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

LOVEST thou Me?" I hear my Saviour say:
Would that my heart had power to answer, "Yea,
Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above
And earth beneath; Thou knowest that I love."

But 'tis not so; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, cannot, love Thee as I ought;
Thy love must give that power, Thy love alone;
There's nothing worthy of Thee but Thine own;
Lord, with the love wherewith Thou lovest me,
Reflected on Thyself, I would love Thee.

J. Montgomery.

"HIDE ME UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS."

STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand;
Show forth in me Thy saving power:
Still be Thine arm my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

In suffering be Thy love my peace!
In weakness be Thy love my power!
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

"*Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.*"
Gen. xxviii. 16.

ONCE slow and sad the evening fell
On desert path, on lonely dell,
As, sad and desolate,
One laid him down to sleep alone,
His couch the sand, his pillow stone,
The morning-tide to wait.

But gleamed before his dazzled sight
A radiance more than morning light,
From opened portals given;
And on his charmèd ear there rung
A sound more sweet than matin song—
The choral hymns of heaven.

He saw the glory of that place
Whose light is God the Saviour's face,
He saw its dwellers fair;
And learnt that—desolate, alone,
A wanderer from his father's home—
God's presence still was there.

So we, (though often worn, oppress,
We wander, seeking home and rest,)
  In sorrow's darkest hour,
May see, as Jacob saw of old,
God's sunbeams, bright and manifold,
  The shades of night o'erpower.

For not in temple hoar alone,
In cloistered shade, 'neath sculptured stone,
  Stands now God's house below;
But wheresoe'er His radiance bright
Gleams on our darkness and 'tis light,
  His presence we may know.

Transfigured in His glory fair
The whole earth stands, one house of prayer,
  One ante-room of heaven;
For surely, though we know it not,
God's presence is in every spot,
  To those who seek it given.

Then let us strive, and work, and wait,
As those who see that opened gate,
  That glory in our night;
So that at last, through Christ the way,
We too may tread that land of day,
  Where God, the Lord, is light.

L. R.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM LXXXIV.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints;
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls, their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me!

H. F. Lyte.

THE EXILE'S VISION.

THE blue Egean's countless waves in Sabbath sunlight smiled,
And murmuring washed the rocky shore of that lone island wild,
Where unto him, "whom Jesus loved," such views sublime were given,
That e'en the land of exile shone "the very gate of heaven!"

He saw the radiant form of Him, upon whose sorrowing breast,
At the Last Supper's solemn feast, his weary head found rest;
One "like unto the Son of man," all glorious to behold,
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light, and girt with purest gold.

His head and hair were white as wool; His eyes a fiery flame,
Not tearful now as when He trod this world of sin and shame;
His countenance was as the sun, His voice was as the sound
Of many waters, murmuring deep in harmony profound.

But when before His feet, as dead, the loved disciple fell,
How gently deigned the Prince of life His servant's fears to quell!
And give Him strength to see his face, whom highest heavens adore,
The Lord, who "liveth, and was dead," and lives for evermore!

Oh! then upon his raptured gaze what floods of glory streamed;
He saw the land of love and light—the home of the redeemed;
He stood by life's resplendent stream, whose tide in music rolled
Throughout the holy city's length among its streets of gold.

He heard the mighty new-made song, to angel-hosts unknown,
Go up like incense unto Him that sat upon the throne;
And the pure strains by seraphs sung in that celestial sphere,
In sweetest cadence rose and fell upon his listening ear.

Within the flashing walls of heaven, with jewelled splendour bright,
He saw the countless multitudes arrayed in saintly white:
He marked them with their waving palms, in worship bending low
Before the feet of Him who smiled beneath the emerald bow.

The pearly gates, the crystal sea, the universal hymn,
The sun-bright forms, the brilliant eyes, which tears may never dim,
The healing trees, the fadeless flowers, the harpings of the blest,
In splendid vision to his soul revealed the promised rest.

Long since that aged saint hath reached the fair celestial shore,
And gained the martyr's crown, for he the martyr's suffering bore;
Long since his happy feet have stood within his Father's home,
Yet *still* the mighty voice he heard, with ceaseless cry, saith, "Come!"

And life's bright fountain springeth yet, as free, and fresh, and fair,
As when in Patmos' dreary isle it cheered the exile there!
And hark! the Spirit and the Bride repeat in mercy still,
That he who is athirst may drink—yea, *whosoever will*

O blessed voices! be it ours your loving call to hear,
And so obey that when, at last, from yonder radiant sphere
The heavenly Bridegroom shall descend to claim His own again,
We may lift up our heads and say, "Lord, even so, Amen!"

Sunday at Home.

PRAY, PRAY, THOU WHO ALSO WEEPEST.

PRAY, pray, thou who also weepest,
And the drops will slacken so.
Weep, weep, and the watch thou keepest
With a quicker count will go.
Think: the shadow on the dial,
For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun.

Look, look up, in starry passion,
To the throne above the spheres:
Learn: the spirit's gravitation
Still must differ from the tear's.

Hope: with all the strength thou usest
In embracing thy despair.
Love: the earthly love thou losest
Shall return to thee more fair.

Work: make clear the forest-tangles
Of the wildest stranger-land.
Trust: the blessed deathly angels
Whisper, "Sabbath hours at hand!"
By the heart's wound when most gory,
By the longest agony,
Smile!—Behold in sudden glory
The TRANSFIGURED smiles on *thee!*

E. B. Browning.

SABBATH MORNING.

LIGHT of light, enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning.
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me,
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

Kindle Thou the sacrifice
  That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
  That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

Let me, with my heart to-day,
  Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
  All my soul to Thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship Thee in heaven.

Rest in me and I in Thee,
  Build a paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
  Blessed Love, who diedst to win me;
Fed by Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence all care, all vanity,
  For the day to God is holy:
Come, Thou glorious majesty,
  Deign to fill this temple lowly.
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Lyra Germanica.

THE GAIN OF GRIEF.

LOVE'S very grief is gain;
Thereby each holier grows, and heaven is nigher;
Souls that their idols may not here detain,
Will follow and aspire.

Potent is sorrow's breath
To quench wrath's fever; and the hungry will
That clutches fame, looks in the face of death,
And the wild mien is still.

No path of sense may wile
arning heart. It asks not if the road
Have bays to crown, or odours to beguile,
But—does it lead to God?

Love, purity, repose,
Faith cherished, duty done, and wrong forgiven;—
Be these the garland and the staff of those
Who have a child in heaven.

Athenæum.

* * *

"THY WILL BE DONE."

FATHER! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid
Strengthen Thy Son;

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Oh, to the chastened, let Thy might
Hallow this grief.

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begin,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done!"

By Thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourned, the chief—
Thou Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief.

Hemans.

A DEATH IN WINTER.

IN other wise came summer's death
Through sunsets long ago,
With tender smile, with shortened breath,
With autumn's deepening glow.
Then softly fell the crimson leaves,
And starry jasmine drooped,
Then corn prepared for golden sheaves
In ripened fulness stooped.

Now, sudden dies the year and swift
In gasps of bitter pain,
Dark morning clouds in tempests drift
To evening's sullen rain.
A mournful time with time to part,
A death-hour scant of cheer,
The sun and summer of my heart
Fails with the failing year.

On the old ash-tree's spreading root
Long since the moss is brown;
Long since the last o'er-ripened fruit
In withered grass dropped down;

Not yet the golden aconite
O'er meadow lands is gay,
Not yet the swelling buds are white
On leafless bough and spray.

Storms on my love's new grave must beat,
Snow for her pall be given,
Who should have passed when daylights meet,
And earth is likest heaven;
When parted clouds and gentle shower
Bring life from out the dust,
Till hope in every opening flower
Should blossom into trust.

Who reads the mystery of death?
Who dares to question life?
What voice hath pain and parting breath,
Or the year's closing strife?
Fade, dying days, wail, anguished wind,
And feed your grief in vain,
I mourn the loss your hours must find,
I weep a lifelong pain.

Yet love undying still abides
When life is waning low,
As sap in withered branches hides,
As moss beneath the snow.

Not mine, O year, your hopeless woes;
  My heart is taught to guess
Beyond the prospect that you close
  Spring's growing perfectness.

The blossom from love's buried seed
  Shall show more fair in heaven,
The withered leaves that mock my need
  For roses shall be given.
Hope waits not for the budding corn
  To know the spring begun,
Trust through the darkness feels the morn
  And sees the ascending sun.

Lucy F. Massey.

IT IS WELL.

NEVER more!
Like a dream when one awaketh
Vanishing away;
Like a billow when it breaketh
Scattered into spray;
Like a meteor's paling ray,
Such is man, do all he can;—
Nothing that is fair can stay.
Sorrow staineth, man complaineth,
Sin remaineth ever more;
Like a wave upon the shore
Soundeth ever from the chorus
Of the spirits gone before us,
"Ye shall meet us, ye shall greet us
In the sweet homes of earth, in the places of our birth,
Never more again, never more!"
So they sing, and sweetly dying
Faints the message of their voices,
Dying like the distant murmur, when a mighty host rejoices,
But the echoes are replying with a melancholy sighing,
Never more again, never more!

Nothing that is fair can stay;
But while death's sharp scythe is sweeping,

We remember mid our weeping,
That a Father-hand is keeping
Every vernal bloom that falleth underneath its chilly sway;
And though earthly flowers may perish,
There are buds His hand will cherish.
And the things unseen eternal,—these can never pass away;
Where the angels shout, "Hosanna,"
Where the ground is dewed with manna,
These remain and these await us in the homes of heaven for aye!

Far away,
Far, far away are the homes wherein they dwell;
We have lost them, and it cost them
Many a tear, and many a fear
When God forbade their stay:
But their sorrow on the morrow
Ceased in the dawning of a lighter, brighter day;
And our bliss shall be as certain, when death's awful curtain,
Drawn from the darkness of mortal life away,
To happy souls revealeth what it darkly now concealeth,
Yielding to the glory of heaven's eternal ray.
Far, far away are the homes wherein they dwell,
But we know that they are blest, and ever more at rest,
And we utter from our hearts, "It is well."

E. W. Farrar.

ONE ARMY OF THE LIVING GOD.

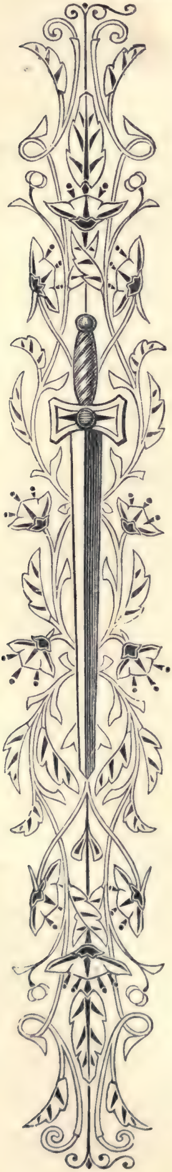
LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

One family, we dwell in Him;
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die!

O Jesus! be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.



AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT.

As eager home-bound traveller to the goal,
Or steadfast seeker on an unsearched main,
Or martyr panting for an aureole,
My fellow-pilgrims pass me, and attain
That hidden mansion of perpetual peace
Where keen desire and hope dwell free from pain:
That gate stands open of perennial ease;
I view the glory till I partly long,
Yet lack the fire of love which quickens these.
O passing angel, speed me with a song,
A melody of heaven to reach my heart
And rouse me to the race and make me strong;
Till in such music I take up my part,
Swelling those hallelujahs full of rest,
One, tenfold, hundredfold, with heavenly art,
Fulfilling north, and south, and east, and west,
Thousand, ten thousandfold, innumerable,
All blent in one, yet each one manifest;
Each one distinguished and beloved as well

As if no second voice in earth or heaven
Were lifted up the Love of God to tell.
Ah, Love of God, which Thine Own Self hast given
To me most poor, and made me rich in love,
Love that dost pass the tenfold seven times seven,
Draw Thou mine eyes, draw Thou my heart above,
My treasure and my heart store Thou in Thee,
Brood over me with yearnings of a dove;
Be Husband, Brother, closest Friend to me;
Love me as very mother loves her son,
Her suckling firstborn fondled on her knee;
Yea, more than mother loves her little one;
For, earthly, even a mother may forget
And feel no pity for its piteous moan:
But Thou, O Love of God, remember yet,
Through the dry desert, through the water-flood
(Life, death), until the Great White Throne is set.

If now I am sick in chewing the bitter cud
  Of sweet past sin, though solaced by Thy
And ofttimes strengthened by Thy flesh and blood,
  How shall I then stand up before Thy face
When from Thine eyes repentance shall be hid
  And utmost Justice stand in Mercy's place:
When every sin I thought, or spoke, or did
  Shall meet me at the inexorable bar,
And there be no man standing in the mid
  To plead for me; while star fallen after star
With heaven and earth are like a ripened shock,
  And all time's mighty works and wonders are
Consumed as in a moment; when no rock
  Remains to fall on me, no tree to hide,
But I stand all creation's gazing-stock
  Exposed and comfortless on every side,
Placed trembling in the final balances
  Whose poise this hour, this moment, must be tried?—
Ah Love of God, if greater love than this
  Hath no man, that a man die for his friend,
And if such love of love Thine own Love is,
  Plead with Thyself, with me, before the end;
Redeem me from the irrevocable past;
  Pitch Thou Thy presence round me to defend;
Yea, seek with piercèd feet, yea, hold me fast,
  With piercèd hands whose wounds were made by love.
Not what I am, remember what Thou wast
  When darkness hid from Thee Thy heavens above,
And sin Thy Father's face, whilst Thou didst drink

The bitter cup of death, didst taste thereof
For every man; while Thou wast nigh to sink
Beneath the intense intolerable rod,
Grown sick of love; not what I am, but think
Thy life then ransomed mine, my God, my God!

Christina Rossetti.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life;

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

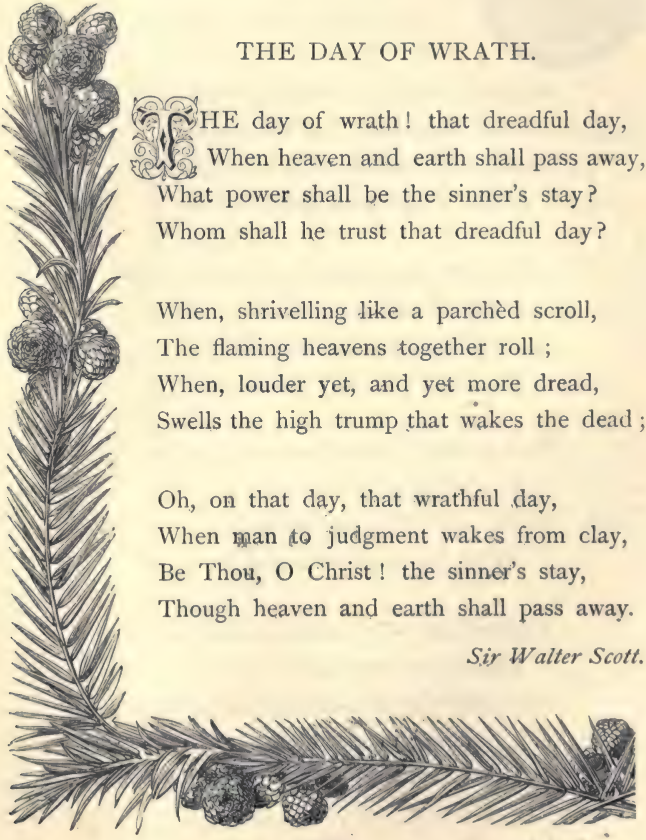
With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

Longfellow.



THE DAY OF WRATH.

THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Sir Walter Scott.

LOVED AND LOST.

TIS not when the death-prayer is said
The life of life departs:
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight voices sweet
Like fragrance fill the room,
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
Come brightening from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came!
We veil our eyes before Thy light,
We bless our Saviour's name!

Dim is the light of vanished years
In the glory yet to come;
O idle grief! O foolish tears!
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
That weep themselves to rest,
We part with life—awake! and there
The jewel in our breast.

John Wilson.

TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE.

AS the harp-strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound,
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck or tightly bound;

So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain,
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed their pungence yield,
Trodden scents their sweets respire;
Would you have its strength revealed,
Cast the incense in the fire.

Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield;
And through suffering, toil, and shame,
From the martyr's keenest flame,
Heavenly incense is distilled!

The Voice of Christian Life in Song.

CLINGING TO THEE.

HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine,
E'en as the branches to the vine
My soul would cling to Thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found her place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee!

Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to cling to Thee!

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee!

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not Satan or the grave,
They feel Thee near and strong to save,
Nor fear to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, what appal,
Whilst as my Rock, my Strength, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee!

"CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED."

MUCH have I borne, but not as I should bear;
The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,
Tell me Thou yet wilt chide, Thou canst not spare,
O Lord, Thy chastening rod!
O help me, Father, for my sinful heart
Back from this discipline of grief would start,
Unmindful of His sorer, deeper smart,
Who died for me, my God!

Yet if each wish denied, each woe and pain,
Break but some link of that oppressive chain
Which binds us still to earth, and leaves a stain
Thou only canst remove—
Then am I blest—O bliss from man concealed!
If here to Christ, the weak one's tower and shield,
My heart through sorrow be set free to yield
A service of deep love.

F. F.

THANKFULNESS.

MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see gleaming on high
Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
    The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
    To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
    Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
    Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
    A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
    On Jesu's breast.

A. A. Procter.

CONTENTMENT.

SOME murmur, when the sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue:
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

Archbishop Trench.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

IN the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is I fly to Thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill—
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis Thy will.

For oh! in spite of past and present care—
Or anything beside—how joyfully
Passes that silent solitary, hour,
My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?

MORNING HYMN.

COME, my soul, awake, ’tis morning,
Day is dawning
O’er the earth; arise and pray.
Come to Him who made this splendour,
Thou must render
All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars now learn thy duty,
See their beauty
Paling in the golden air:
So God’s light Thy mists should banish,
Thus should vanish
What to darkened sense seemed fair.

See how everything that liveth,
Gladly striveth
On the pleasant light to gaze;

Stirs with joy each thing that groweth,
As it knoweth
Darkness smitten by these rays.

Soul, thy incense also proffer;
Thou shouldst offer
Praise to Him, who from thy head
Kept afar the storms of sorrow,
And the morrow
Finds the night in peace hath fled.

Bid Him bless what thou art doing,
If pursuing
Some good end! but if there lurks
Ill intent in thine endeavour,
May He ever
Thwart and turn thee from thy works.

Think that He, the All-discerning,
Knows each turning
Of thy path, each sinful stain;
Nay, what shame would fain gloss over
Can discover;
All thou dost to Him is plain.

Bound unto the flying hours
Are our powers;
Earth's vain good floats down their wave,
That thy ship, my soul, is hasting,
Never resting,
To its haven in the grave.

Pray that when thy life is closing,
Calm reposing,
Thou may'st die, and not in pain:
That, the night of death departed,
Thou, glad-hearted,
May'st behold the sun again.

From God's glances shrink thou never,
Meet them ever;
Who submits him to His grace,
Finds that earth no sunshine knoweth
Such as gloweth
O'er his pathway all his days.

Wakenest thou again to sorrow,
Oh! then borrow
Strength from Him, whose sunlight might,
On the mountain-summit tarries,
And yet carries
To the vales their mirth and light.

Round the gifts He on thee showers,
Fiery towers
Will He set; be not afraid,
Thou shalt dwell mid angel-legions,
In the regions
Satan's self dares not invade.

Lyra Germanica.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

"And he spake a parable unto this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

TWAS long ago in olden time,
Christ spake a parable divine,
To teach the waiting throng
That men ought evermore to pray,
And God would hear and help alway.
Although they waited long.

That human voice we may not hear,
That music breaks not on our ear,
Yet still the words are sure:
And many hearts with grief opprest,
Have found them light, and hope, and rest,
And trusted there secure.

And rises, Lord, this cry to Thee,
From weary hearts unceasingly,
"How long, O Lord, how long!
O Thou, the True, the Good, the Great,
Have mercy on us desolate!
Is not Thy sceptre strong?"

So prayed they, bowed with sorrow down;
While we, whom love and gladness crown,
Bend lower still in prayer,
With hearts so full we need to pray,
"O make us worthy, Lord, alway
This weight of love to bear.

"O help us mid these beams divine,
To think of Thee from whom they shine,
By whom all love is given;
To know them but reflections bright
Of glory true and infinite,
Which floods the fields of heaven."

And thus, in happiness or care,
Still, Lord, to Thee ascends our prayer,
For strength we cry from far;
And learn, as Jesus taught of old,
In toils and troubles manifold,
To trust Thy guiding star.

So lead us, Thou to whom we pray,
That ever nearer day by day
Unto the Christ we come;
And where we see the star abide,
There—surely trusting in our Guide—
May find our rest and home.

L. R.

THY FACE, LORD, WILL I SEEK.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, poor weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast;"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live;"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my radiant Sun;
So in the light of Light I live,
And glory is begun!

Bonar.

JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.

SOLD by them that should have loved thee,
Prisoner in the heathen's land,
Given by him that best had proved thee
To the dungeon and the band:—
From the land of flowers and rain,
Borne to Egypt's dewless plain,
Leaving tent and pastoral dell,
And the sire that loved thee well,
And the airs on upland breezy,
Where the scented cedars grow,
For the servant's toil uneasy,
And the captive's weary woe;—

Out of grief to honour risen,
Winning rapture for thy pain,
And a palace for thy prison,
And a sceptre for thy chain ;—
Ruling with a gentle art
Over many a grateful heart,
Melting with a brother's love
Those thine anguish could not move—
Wearing graciously thy glory
Through the land thy wisdom won—
How should Christians read thy story,
Aged Israel's favoured son?

As the little sapling tender
Shows the great oak waving proud;
As the cold lake burns with splendour
From the crimson sunset-cloud;
So in sufferings of thine
Trace we out a gift divine,
And thy sorrows throb and glow
With a pulse of heavenly woe!
Type thou art of One more holy
Who His glory laid aside,
Took the form of servant lowly,
Stooped to suffering man, and died.

He was scorned, and sold, and hated
By the men He came to save,

With a cruel wrath unsated,
Followed to His three days' grave,—
Not one pitying thought for Him,
When His failing eye waxed dim,
Not one note in sympathy
With that love so full and free,
When His tender spirit, yearning,
Wept those tears of God-like grief
O'er the lawless city spurning
Help, and safety, and relief.

Now He reigneth high exalted
Where the white-robed elders stand,
By the great throne rainbow-vaulted,
Each with golden harp in hand.
Thousand thousand harps adoring,
Thousand thousand vials pouring
Odours sweet of saintly prayers,
That embalm those heavenly airs,
Round the Lamb once slain and wounded
Breathing till that awful hour,
When, by heaven's high host surrounded,
He shall come again in power.

For behind each image saintly
Burns the light of Jesus' name—
As the lines lie dim and faintly
In the Gothic window-frame,

Till the sunlight touch the pane
Rising o'er the fretted fane,
And each form and gorgeous hue
Starts to sight distinct and true,
So doth many a sin-stained creature
Catch a glory from Christ's face,
And a light is on His feature,
That our eye should love to trace.

C. F. A.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST

GLORIOUS was that primeval light
Which poured its golden flood
O'er the young earth, when fresh and bright
In its first bloom it stood.

But, lo! another light, that shines
O'er Bethlehem's midnight sky,
On man with richer promise beams,
And lovelier scenes draw nigh.

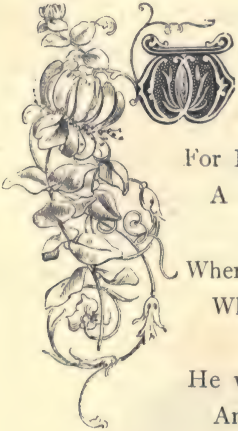
Glad tidings of Immanuel's birth
The angelic heralds bring;
"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good will towards men," they sing.

Rise, then, my soul, and greet the morn
Thus sung by hosts of heaven;
For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given.

C. E.

AN ADVENT HYMN.

"*Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.*"—Matt. xxi. 9.



WHEN first our Lord came down on earth,
He did not scorn like us to be,
For He was born of mortal birth,
A simple child of low degree.

Where Syrian waves are bright and clear,
Where Judah's grapes grow large and red,
He walked below, and men drew near
And heard the holy words He said.

But when the Lord shall come again,
With angel-hosts encircled round,
All earth and heaven shall hail Him then
With thunder-peal and trumpet-sound.

And, some in joy and some in dread,
The sons of men His eye shall meet;
For all the living and the dead
Must stand before His judgment-seat.

His voice on earth we did not hear,
His steps below we could not trace,
But when His glory shall appear,
We too shall meet Him face to face.

For surely as the leaves and flowers
In summer time come back again,
So surely, as in sultry hours
The dark clouds bring the pleasant rain,

Shall He who in His lowly love
Came down that we might be forgiven,
Break glorious through the clouds above,
And take His children home to heaven.

C. F. H.

WHEN HEART AND FLESH FAIL.

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou.

By Him who loved to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God.

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine;
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

Hemans.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

"*I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.*"—Ephes. iii. 15.

THE quiet Sabbath sunshine played,
With soft and loving smile,
On those in lowly church who prayed,
And dim cathedral aisle.

There some in joy, in sorrow some,
Beneath that sunshine knelt;
Each with his own request had come,
Each heart its burden felt.

Yet named they all one sacred name,
And saw one presence fair;
"For Christ our Saviour's sake,"—the name
To each far different prayer.

While every joy, and grief, and need,
Swelled one united cry,
Blending in Him whose name we plead,
Our Advocate on high.

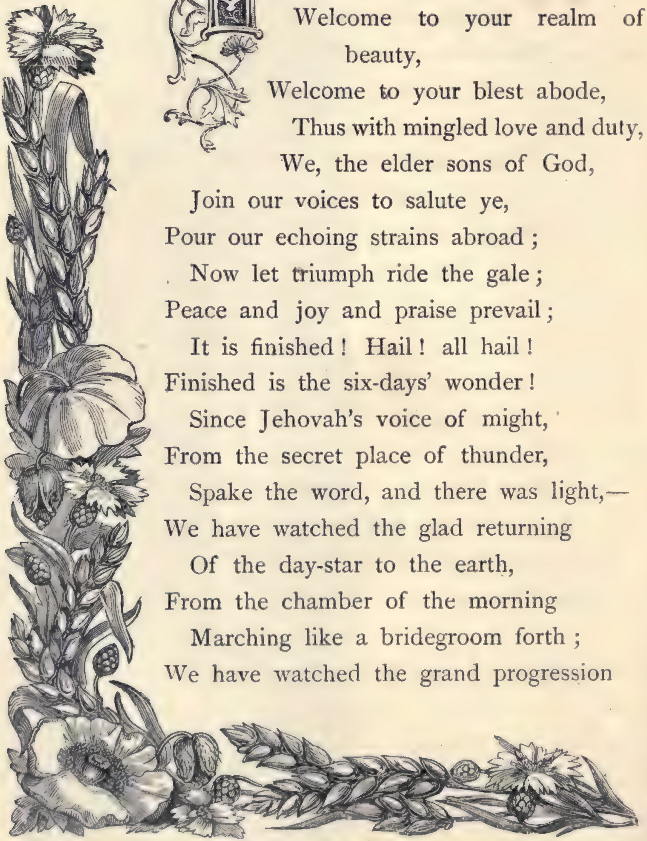
Until the soft "My God," which came
  From every praying heart,
Rose but as one "Our Father,"—name
  Which joins those far apart.

So ever, as we nearer rise
  Towards Him we all would find,
We draw more closely still the ties
  Which heart to heart can bind.

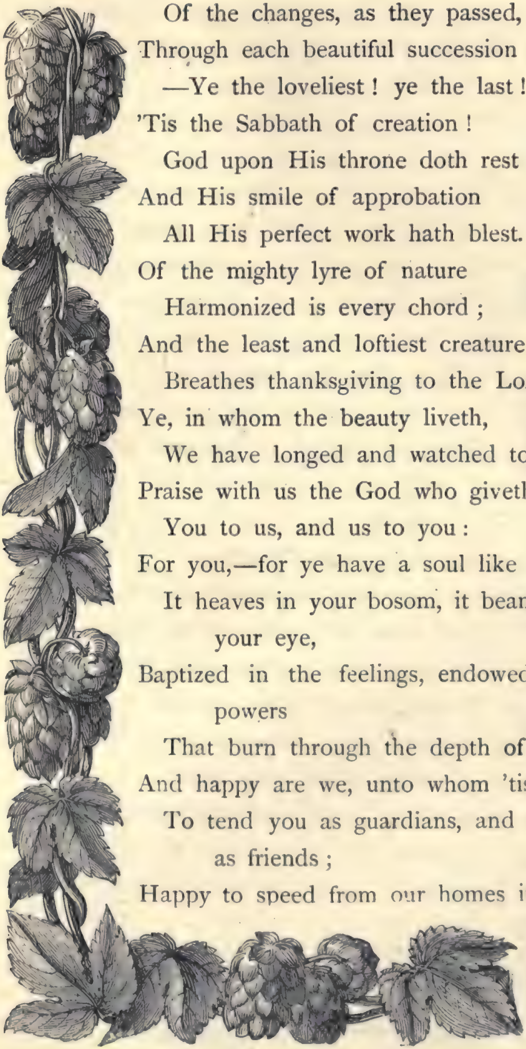
That like the union none may know,
  Of Father and of Son,
We all who trust in Him below,
  In Him may all be one.

L. R.

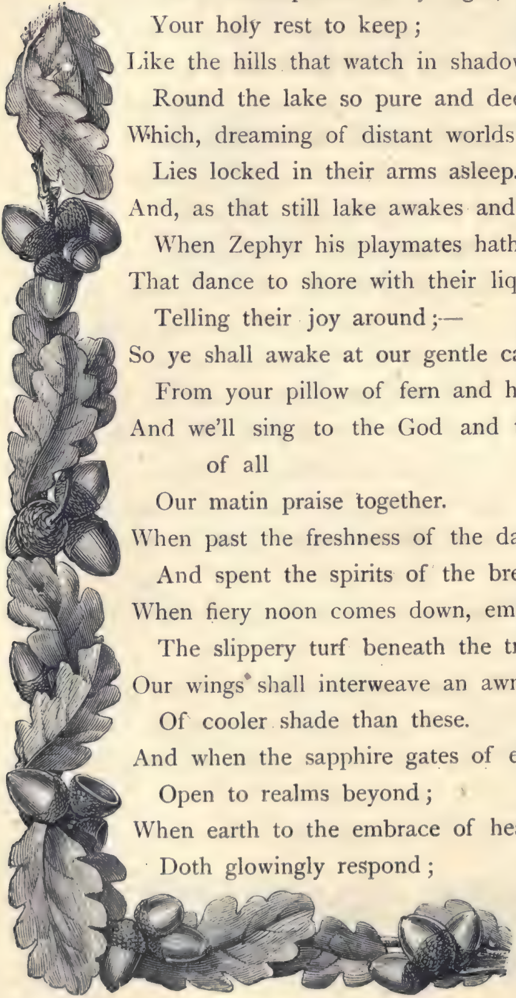
SONG OF THE ANGELS TO ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.



HAIL! Hail! Hail!
Welcome to your realm of beauty,
Welcome to your blest abode,
Thus with mingled love and duty,
We, the elder sons of God,
Join our voices to salute ye,
Pour our echoing strains abroad;
Now let triumph ride the gale;
Peace and joy and praise prevail;
It is finished! Hail! all hail!
Finished is the six-days' wonder!
Since Jehovah's voice of might,
From the secret place of thunder,
Spake the word, and there was light,—
We have watched the glad returning
Of the day-star to the earth,
From the chamber of the morning
Marching like a bridegroom forth;
We have watched the grand progression



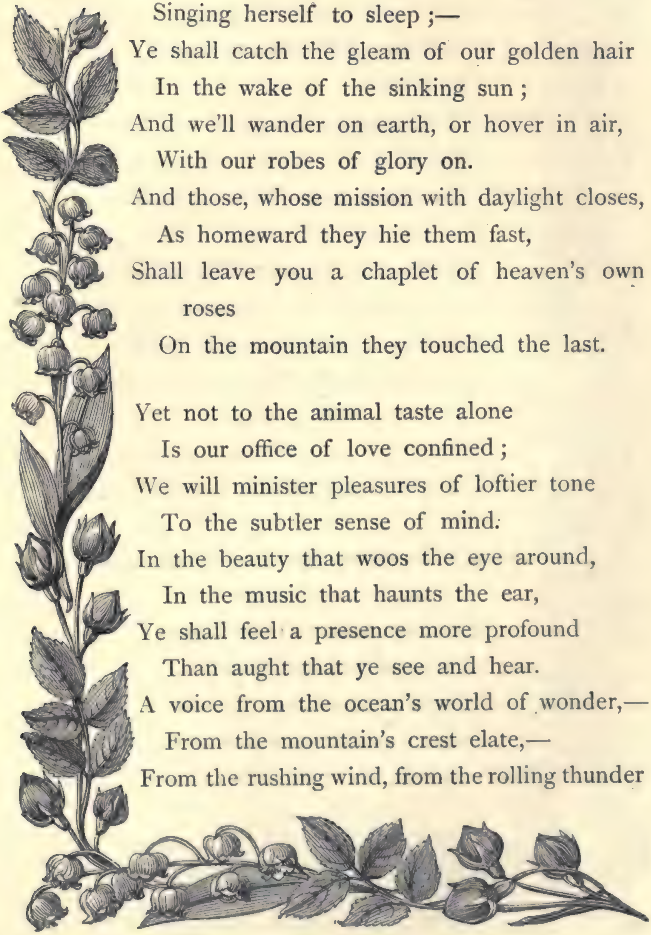
Of the changes, as they passed,
Through each beautiful succession:
—Ye the loveliest! ye the last!
'Tis the Sabbath of creation!
God upon His throne doth rest;
And His smile of approbation
All His perfect work hath blest.
Of the mighty lyre of nature
Harmonized is every chord;
And the least and loftiest creature
Breathes thanksgiving to the Lord.
Ye, in whom the beauty liveth,
We have longed and watched to view,
Praise with us the God who giveth
You to us, and us to you:
For you,—for ye have a soul like ours;
It heaves in your bosom, it beams through your eye,
Baptized in the feelings, endowed with the powers
That burn through the depth of eternity.
And happy are we, unto whom 'tis given
To tend you as guardians, and cheer you as friends;
Happy to speed from our homes in heaven,



And carry the blessings your Father sends.
We will encamp around by night,
Your holy rest to keep;
Like the hills that watch in shadowy might,
Round the lake so pure and deep,
Which, dreaming of distant worlds of light,
Lies locked in their arms asleep.
And, as that still lake awakes and rejoices,
When Zephyr his playmates hath found,
That dance to shore with their liquid voices
Telling their joy around;—
So ye shall awake at our gentle call,
From your pillow of fern and heather;
And we'll sing to the God and the Father of all
Our matin praise together.
When past the freshness of the dawning,
And spent the spirits of the breeze;
When fiery noon comes down, embrowning
The slippery turf beneath the trees,
Our wings shall interweave an awning
Of cooler shade than these.
And when the sapphire gates of even
Open to realms beyond;
When earth to the embrace of heaven
Doth glowingly respond;

When sweet and slumbrous melodies
  O'er land and water creep,
As Nature sits, with half-shut eyes,
  Singing herself to sleep ;—
Ye shall catch the gleam of our golden hair
  In the wake of the sinking sun ;
And we'll wander on earth, or hover in air,
  With our robes of glory on.
And those, whose mission with daylight closes,
  As homeward they hie them fast,
Shall leave you a chaplet of heaven's own roses
  On the mountain they touched the last.

Yet not to the animal taste alone
  Is our office of love confined ;
We will minister pleasures of loftier tone
  To the subtler sense of mind:
In the beauty that woos the eye around,
  In the music that haunts the ear,
Ye shall feel a presence more profound
  Than aught that ye see and hear.
A voice from the ocean's world of wonder,—
  From the mountain's crest elate,—
From the rushing wind, from the rolling thunder



Announces "God is great."
Where, in the forest's lonely place,
The fountain dwells secure,
With smiles upon its dimpled face,
It tells you "God is pure."
The humblest flower, the tiniest creature
That creeps, or swims, or flies,
Joins with the mightier forms of nature
To attest that "God is wise."
The blessing with the sunshine given
Wakes joy in field and grove;
Heaven speaks to earth, and earth to heaven
Makes answer "God is love!"
Thus, borrowing from material things
A token and a tone,
We'll teach of love, whose secret springs
God sees,—and God alone.

And would ye know what deeds are done
In other worlds afar,
And call down teachers many a one
From planet and from star;
Delightful task to single out
Some twinkling point of light
From all the diamonds wreathed about

The coronal of night;
And draw you of its scenery
A landscape grand and strange;
And trace through all its history
The wondrous path of change!

Yet there be vast and dim dominions,—
Ocean without a shore,—
Which not the boldest angel-pinions
Have ventured to explore:
And there be mysteries fathomless,
Wrought in a realm of fire,
Whereat the Cherubim may guess,
But have not dared inquire.
One thing we know, that, ages back,
Before your earth was made,
There rose a cloud so densely black,
It cast e'en heaven in shade:
That darkness passed, and light on high
Again serenely shone;
But, when we looked along the sky,
Ten thousand stars were gone!
Again the angel-watch was set
The eternal gates before,
But many a face we there had met,
We met again no more!
God o'er their fate a veil hath spread,
Nor further may we win,
Save of its cause a rumour dread,

That sighed the name of *sin*.
God guard us safe from aught of ill
In knowledge or in deed!
To know His love, to do His will,—
We ask no higher meed.
May nought avert the blessing given
His creatures at their birth;
Disturb the harmonies of heaven,
Or mar the peace of earth!

From "Ministry of Angels,"
by T. E. Hankinson.

JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found;
No grief, no care, no toil.

No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
No gloom, nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem,
Would God I were with thee!
O that my sorrows had an end:
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond square;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl;
O God, if I were there!

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on the throne,
And thy felicity?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and lovely flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my griefs,
And take me home to Thee.

O, in my forehead plant Thy name,
And take me hence away;
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praise for aye.

O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded,
In the height of heaven above,
And, with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move;

From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;

All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
  Of pure gold are fashionèd.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
  They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
  Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name in this world
  Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
  Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
  By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
  That His palace should be decked.

Praise and honour to the FATHER,
  Praise and honour to the SON,
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT,
  Ever Three and ever One,
One in might and One in glory,
  While eternal ages run. Amen.

LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

REGION of life and light!
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er!
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore!

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the good Shepherd; blossoms white and red
Round His meek temples cling;
To the sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath His eye is fed.

He guides, and near Him they
Follow delighted, for He makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought good,
And fountains of delight;
And where His feet have stood
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as He lies,
With all His flock around,
He 'witches the still air with murmurous sound.

From His sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath of that high melody,
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love! in Thee.

Ah! then my soul should know,
Beloved! where Thou liest at noon of day,
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with Thy flock and never stray.

From the Spanish—
Translated by W. C. Bryant.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

"*Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.*"—Psalm xcvii. 2.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Cowper.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned
may feel the heart's decaying;
It is a place where happy saints
may weep amid their praying;
Yet let the grief and humbleness
as low as silence languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm
to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
was poured the deathless singing;
O Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was
clinging!

O men! this man in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while you were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when one by one sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, of wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

* * * * * *

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending
o'er him ;
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love
she bore him !—
Thus woke the poet from the dream the life-long fever
gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in death
to save him !—

Thus ! oh not thus ! no type of earth could image that
awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round
him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt *those eyes* alone, and knew " my Saviour, not
deserted ! "

Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when the cross in
darkness rested
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested ?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning
drops averted ?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that one
should be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate from His own essence
rather ;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son
and Father ;

Yea, once Immanuel's orphan cry His universe hath shaken ;
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken !"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of
desolation ;
That earth's worst phrensies, marring hope, should mar
not hope's fruition,
And I on Cowper's grave might see his rapture in a
vision.

E. B. Browning.

THE PRODIGAL.

WHY feedest thou on husks so coarse and
rude ?
I could not be content with angels'
food.

How camest thou companion to the swine ?
I loathed the courts of heaven, the choir
divine.

Who bade thee crouch in hovel dark and drear ?
I left a palace wide to sojourn here.

Harsh tyrant's slave who made thee, once so free?
A father's rule too heavy seemed to me.

What sordid rags hang round thee on the breeze?
I laid immortal robes aside for these.

An exile through the world who bade thee roam?
None, but I wearied of a happy home.

Why must thou dweller in a desert be?
A garden seemed not fair enough for me.

Why sue a beggar at the mean world's door?
To live on God's large bounty seemed so poor.

What has thy forehead so to earthward brought?
To lift it higher than the stars I thought.

Archbishop Trench.

LOVE.

FOR the love of the true-hearted,
  Thanks we give Thee, Lord of love;
Truest treasure Thou hast given,
Fairest link 'twixt earth and heaven,
  Sunshine from above.

May this love that Thou hast given,
  Light, and hope, and joy to be;
Filling all our lives with meaning,
Teaching truest strength in leaning;
  Draw us nearer Thee.

For the love Thou sendest shows us
  How that stronger love must glow,
By its very depth revealing
Other depths of deeper feeling
  God alone can know.

Teaching us of love unuttered,
  Ever springing, ever new,
Whose unfathomed depth and beauty
Cheer our sorrows, gild our duty,
  Perfect, constant, true.

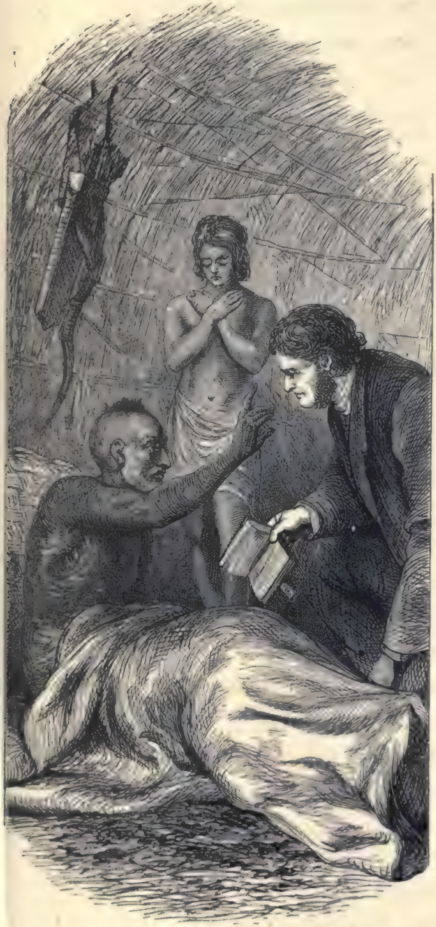
L. R.

THE DEATH OF THE SAGAMORE.

THE servant of God is on his way
From Boston's beautiful shore;
The boat skims light o'er the silvery bay,
The sleeping waters awake and play
At the touch of the splashing oar.

The boat is fast, and over the sod
Of the neighbouring wood he hies,
Through moor and thicket his path is trod,
For he hastens to speak of the living God
In the ear of the man who dies.

The purpose that fills his soul is great
As the heart of man may know;



Vast as eternity, strong as the gate
Which the spirit must pass to a changeless state,
To enter on bliss or woe.

Where Romney's forest is high and dark
The eagle lowers her wing
O'er him who once had made her his mark,
For the Sagamore, on his bed of bark,
Is a perishing, powerless thing.

On the door of the wigwam hang the bow,
The antlers, and beaver's skin,
But he who bore them is faint and low,
For death hath given the fatal blow,
And a monarch expires within.

The eye that glanced, and the eagle fled
Away to the fields of air

The hand that drew, and the deer was dead;
The hunter's foot, and the chieftain's tread,
And the conqueror's arm, are there.

But each his powerful work has done,
His triumph at length is past;
The final conflict is now begun,
And, weeping, the mother hangs over her son,
As the Sagamore breathes his last.

The queen of Massachusetts grieves
That the life of her child must end;
And that is a noble heart which heaves
With a mortal pang on the bed of leaves
Of the white man's Indian friend.

That stately form that lies prostrate there,
On those feet that are cold as snow,
Hath often sped through the midnight air,
A word to the Christian's ear to bear,
Of the plot of his heathen foe.

And often, while roaming those wilds alone,
His generous heart would melt
At the touch of a ray of light which shone
From the white man's God, till before His throne
Almost has the Indian knelt.

But the fatal fear, the fear of man,
That bringeth to man a snare,
Has braced his knee, as it just began
To bend ; and the fear of a heathen clan
Has stifled the Christian's prayer.

But now, like a flood, to his trembling heart
Has the fear of a God rushed in ;
And keener far than the icy dart
That rends the flesh and spirit apart,
Is the thought of his heathen sin.

To the lonely tent where the chief reclines,
As the herald of love draws nigh,
The Indian shrinks as he marks the signs
Of a soul at peace, and the light which shines
Alone from the Christian's eye.

"Alas !" he cries, in the strange, deep tone
Of one in the grasp of death,
"No God have I, I have lost my own,
And I go to the presence of thine alone,
To scorch in His fiery breath.

"That Spirit who made the sky so bright,
With the touch of His shining feet,

Who rules the waters, enkindles the light,
Imprisons the winds and gives them their flight,
I tremble His eye to meet.

"When oh, if I openly had confessed,
And followed and loved Him here,
I now might fly to His arms for rest,
Like a weary bird to her downy nest,
When the evening shades draw near.

"But grant me this one great boon I crave
In a dread and an awful hour—
When I am gone to my lonely grave,
Oh take my son to thy home, and save
This beautiful forest-flower.

"To the God of thy people, the Holy One,
To the path that shall reach the skies;
Say, say, that to these thou wilt lead my son,
That he may not second the race I have run,
Nor die as his father dies."

"As his father dies."—With the breath that bore
That sorrowful sound hath fled
The soul of a king, for the strife is o'er
Of the spirit and flesh, and the Sagamore
Is numbered with the dead.

But hath he not, by his high bequest,
Like the penitent on the tree,
The Saviour of dying man confessed,
And found the promise to him addrest,
"To-day thou shalt be with Me?"

* * *

"HE BEHELD THE CITY, AND WEPT OVER IT."

WHY doth my Saviour weep
At sight of Sion's bowers?
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
Her gorgeous crown of towers?
Mark well His holy pains:
'Tis not in pride or scorn,
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal morn.

It is not that His soul
Is wandering sadly on,
In thought how soon at death's dark goal
Their course will all be run,
Who now are shouting round

Hosanna to their chief;
No thought like this in Him is found,
This were a Conqueror's grief.

Or doth He feel the Cross
Already in His heart,
The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss?
Feel e'en His God depart?
No: though He knew full well
The grief that then shall be—
The grief that angels cannot tell—
Our God in agony.

It is not thus He mourns;
Such might be martyr's tears,
When his last lingering look he turns
On human hopes and fears;
But hero ne'er or saint
The secret load might know,
With which His spirit waxeth faint;
His is a Saviour's woe.

"If thou hadst known, e'en thou,
At least in this thy day,
The message of thy peace! but now
'Tis passed for aye away:

Now foes shall trench thee round,
And lay thee even with earth,
And dash thy children to the ground,
Thy glory and thy mirth."

And doth the Saviour weep
Over His people's sin,
Because we will not let Him keep
The souls He died to win?
Ye hearts, that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn.

Christian Year.

“HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.”

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!”
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Thou alone art Holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

“Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!”
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

Bishop Heber.

A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.

HERE in Thy royal presence, Lord, I stand;
I give myself, my all, to Thee;
Thou hast redeemed me by Thy precious blood;
Thine only will I be.
No love but Thine, but Thine, can me relieve,
No light but Thine, but Thine, will I receive,
No light, no love, but Thine!

Take, take me as I am! Thou need'st me not,
I know Thou need'st me not at all.
All heaven is Thine, all earth, each morning star;
High angels wait Thy call.
I am the poorest of Thy creatures, I
The child of evil and dark misery;
Yet take me as I am!

Perhaps Thou overlookest me; too small
A mote of being for Thine eye
To rest on, or to care for; far beneath
Thine awful majesty.
But still I am a thing of life, I know,

And made for everlasting joy and woe;—
Turn not Thine eye away.

Perhaps Thou dost repent of making me?
And yet, this, O my God, I know,
That I am made, made by Thine own great hand,
Though least of all below;
Myself I cannot alter or unmake,
Oh wilt Thou not this soul of mine new make?
New-make me, O my God.

Perhaps for aught of good I am unfit,
Most worthless and most useless all;
Yet make me but the meanest thing that lives,
Within Thy Salem's wall.
I shall be well content, my God, to be,
To do, or suffer aught that pleaseth Thee:—
Oh cast me not away.

It would not cost Thee dear to bless me, Lord:
A word would do it, or a sign;
It needs no more from Thee, no more, my God;
Thy words have power divine.
And oh, the boundless blessedness to me,
Loved, saved, forgiven, renewed and blessed by Thee!
Oh speak, oh speak the word!

Life ebbs apace, my night is coming fast;
My cheek is wan, my hair is grey;
I am not what I was when on me blazed
The noon of youth's bright day.
Make haste to do for me what thus I plead,
O Thou the succourer of my great need,
O love and comfort me!

I know the blood of Thine eternal Son
Has power to cleanse even me;
O wash me now in that all-precious blood;
Give my soul purity;
Scatter the darkness, bid the day-star shine,
Light up the midnight of this soul of mine;
Let all be song and joy!

Rev. H. Bonar.

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

ALONE, alone, ah! weary soul,
In all the world alone I stand,
With none to wed their hearts to mine,
Or link in mine a loving hand.

Ah! tell me not that I have those
Who own the ties of blood and name;
Or pitying friends who love me well,
And dear returns of friendship claim.

I have, I have! but none can heal,
  And none shall see my inward woe,
And the deep thoughts within me veiled
  No other heart but mine shall know.

And yet amid my sins and shames
  The shield of God is o'er me thrown;
And 'neath its awful shade I feel
  Alone,—yet, ah, not all alone!

Not all alone! and though my life
  Be dragged along the stainèd earth,
O God! I feel Thee near me still,
  And thank Thee for my birth.

E. W. Farrar.

THE RETURN.

MORE than midway toward the west
The low sun approached his rest;
Mists upon the pastures lay,
On the slopes a shadow grey,
All the bare and sunless trees
Drooped forsaken by the breeze.

A worn woman, weak and bent,
Toward the town in slow descent
By the farms and scattered homes
Wearily and sadly comes
On some purpose fixed and stayed
Though with pain each step is made.

Sees she any hope of pity
In the full heart of the city?
Dreams she that a fire is lit
Where she soon may hope to sit?
At her step will any rise
With a welcome in their eyes?

Nay, though round her soul there press
Ghosts of vanished happiness,
Though where'er her steps are bent
Once she wandered innocent;
Alien through the streets she moves,
One who neither fears nor loves.

In the city's very heart
There abideth, set apart
From its tumults manifold,
A cathedral grey and old;
Prayer and chaunt within the door,
And without a city's roar.

See, she presses on to gain
This near goal of all her pain;
Stands within the columned nave,
Watches on each lettered grave
On each tablet-covered wall
Coloured sunlights glance and fall.

The great organ swells and dies
In beseeching harmonies;
Silence falls, until again
Sounds the distant sweet "Amen,"
And the prayers and praises cease
With the parting words of peace.

The last sun-rays slip between
Scroll and knot of carvèd screen;
Up the silent aisle she steals,
Low before the altar kneels,
The unfrequent tears at last
Gathering hotly, falling fast.

And she speaks, "Will He endure,
He the Holy and the Pure,
That a sinner such as I,
Crushed with wilful misery
And the guilt of my own loss,
Thus should bow before His cross?

"I would pray, but know not how;
For my spirit even now,
From this hope too late pursued,
From these comforts that elude
Bids me turn again to sin;
And can I a pardon win?"

The last accents die away,
And the evening's shadowy grey
Folds her, as she croucheth there
On the lowest altar-stair;
In the awful silence known,
Comes an answer to her moan.

"Child, with weary feet and worn,
Through paths bitter and forlorn
Thou hast sought escape from Me,
I have loved and followed thee;
Fainting not, I onward went
To thy land of banishment.

"Thee I sought with pleading voice
Through each winding of thy choice,
Calling thee who would not turn,
Giving comfort thou didst spurn;
Blows thou to thyself hast dealt
In My bosom first were felt.

"Wilt thou yet another space
Hide thee from My pitying grace?
Wilt thou do a further wrong
To the mercy slighted long?
Still misdeeming of My love,
Wilt thou fail its depths to prove?"

Wordless sobs were all her prayer
From the depth of her despair,
Clasping arms that hugged the stone
To the heart whence warmth had flown,
Agony of contrite grief
Humbled to its high relief.

"By the sin Thou, sinless, bore,
Save me that I sin no more;
By Thy glory laid aside
Strip me of my hardened pride;
Take the heart I cannot give,
Let me die in Thee to live."

Dim through stainèd windows drawn
Fell the sunbeams of the morn,
Where, on stony pillar prest,
The sad heart had throbbed to rest,
And with outstretched arms of faith
Passed to Paradise through death.

Lucy F. Massey.

❧

MARY MAGDALENE.

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted;
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
In wonder and in scorn!
Thou weepest days of innocence departed;
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and to love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged briar shall change; the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh!
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their tops with roses: come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree;
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
For ever, towards the skies.

From the Spanish—
Translated by W. C. Bryant.

“A BRUISED REED SHALL HE NOT BREAK.”

I WILL accept Thy will to do and be,
Thy hatred and intolerance of sin,
Thy will at least to love, that burns within
And thirsteth after Me:
So will I render fruitful, blessing still,
The germs and small beginnings in thy heart,
Because thy will cleaves to the better part.—
Alas! I cannot will.

Dost not thou will, poor soul? Yet I receive
The inner unseen longings of the soul,
I guide them turning towards Me; I control
And charm hearts till they grieve.
If thou desire, it yet shall come to pass,
Though thou but wish indeed to choose My love;
For I have power in earth and heaven above.—
I cannot wish, alas!

What, neither choose nor wish to choose? and yet
I still must strive to win thee and constrain:
For thee I hung upon the cross in pain,
How then can I forget?
If thou as yet dost neither love, nor hate,
Nor choose, nor wish,—resign thyself, be still
Till I infuse love, hatred, longing, will.—
I do not deprecate.

Christina Rossetti.

THE MEDIATOR.

HOW high Thou art! our songs can own
No music Thou couldst stoop to hear!
But still the Son's expiring groan
Is vocal in the Father's ear.

How pure Thou art! our hands are dyed
With curses, red with murder's hue.—
But He hath stretched His hands to hide
The sins that pierced them from Thy view.

How strong thou art! we tremble lest
The thunders of Thine arm be moved;
But He is lying on Thy breast,
And Thou must clasp Thy best-beloved.

How kind Thou art! Thou didst not choose
To joy in Him for ever so;
Thou that embrace Thou wilt not lose
For vengeance, didst for love forego.

High God, and pure, and strong, and kind,
The low, the foul, the feeble, spare!
Thy brightness in His face we find,
Behold our darkness only there.

E. B. Browning.

LITANY.

SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh! by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of wants and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread permitted hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, oh turn a pitying eye—
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished words that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er that dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,

By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

Lord Glenelg.

HEREAFTER.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
In life we run the onward race,

And reach the goal;
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes;—the glad Messenger of love
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

From Coplas de Manrique—
Translated by Longfellow.

A HYMN FOR THE SICK ROOM.

SUFFERER, lift thy weary eye!
Help is with thee, Christ is nigh;
God regards thee from on high.

All thy groans go up as prayers,
Through the Spirit's interceding;
Each unworded murmur wears,
At God's throne, the air of pleading:
And in all thy woes He shares,
Who was once the Victim bleeding.

Though He is, and was, all sinless,
He remembers mortal pain;
Holy though He is, and stainless,
On His form the scars remain,
And He looketh now, though painless,
Like a Lamb that hath been slain.

He is not a great High Priest
In all sympathy deficient,
From all human things released,
For Himself in all sufficient;
To be man He hath not ceased,
Though He is, as God, omniscient.

All thy bed in all thy sickness,
He will make with His kind hands;
All thy fainting, fears, and weakness,
Anxious thoughts, and fond demands,
All thy patience, faith, and meekness,
Reach Him where on high He stands.

Faint not, then! God ever listeneth,
Answereth ere the cry is sent;
Whom He loveth, those He chasteneth,
Taketh what He only lent;
For Himself our ripening hasteneth
By His sorest punishment.

Need of patience have we all:
Only through much tribulation
Shall the holiest God doth call
Pass through their ordained probation,
And no longer dread to fall,
Certain of their soul's salvation.

Professor G. Wilson.

BEHOLD THE MAN!

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,

By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

"ALL THINGS ARE YOURS."

JESUS, I Thy cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own!

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure!
With Thy favour loss is gain!

I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee!
What a Father's smile is thine!
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven, couldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

LORD, I am come alone with Thee!
Thy voice to hear, Thy face to see,
And feel Thy presence near;
It is not fancy's lovely dream,
Though wondrous e'en to faith it seem,
That Thou dost wait me here.

A moment from this outward life,
Its service, self-denial, strife,
I joyfully retreat;
My soul, through intercourse with Thee,
Strengthened, refreshed, and calmed shall be,
Its scenes again to meet.

How can it be that one so mean,
A sinner, selfish, dark, unclean,
Thus in the holiest stands:
And in that light divinely pure,
Which may no stain of sin endure,
Lifts up rejoicing hands?

Jesus! the answer Thou hast given!
Thy death, Thy life, hath opened heaven,
And all its joy to me;
Washed in Thy blood—oh wondrous grace!
I'm holy as the holy place
In which I worship Thee.

How sweet, how solemn, thus to lie
And feel Jehovah's searching eye
  On me well pleased can rest!
Because with His beloved Son
The Father's grace has made me one,
  I must be always blest.

The secret pangs I could not tell
To dearest friend,—*Thou* knowest well,
  They claim Thy gracious heart;
Thou dost remove with tender care,
Or sweetly give me strength to bear
  The sanctifying smart.

Thy presence has a wondrous power;
The sharpest thorn becomes a flower,
  And breathes a sweet perfume;
Whate'er looked dark and sad before,
With happy light shines silvered o'er,—
  There's no such thing as gloom!

Thou know'st I have a cross to bear;
The needful stroke Thou dost not spare,
  To keep me near Thy side;
But when I see the chastening rod
In Thy pierced hand, my Lord, my God,
  I feel so satisfied!

Charlotte Wilkins.

IN SUFFERING.

FATHER, Thy will, not mine, be done;
So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son;
So in His name I pray.
The spirit faints, the flesh is weak,
Thy help in agony I seek,
Oh! take this cup away.

If such be not Thy sovereign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfil;
My wishes I resign;
Into Thy hands my soul commend,
On Thee for life or death depend;
Thy will be done, not mine.

CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.

COMETH sunshine after rain,
After mourning joy again,
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief!
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

None was ever left a prey,
None was ever turned away,
Who had given himself to God,
And on Him had cast his load.
Who in God his hope hath placed
Shall not life in pain out-waste,
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still,
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun;
  As God willeth march the hours,
  Bringeth joy at last in showers,
  When whate'er we asked is ours.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
  As my life flows on I'll take
  Calmly, gladly, for His sake,
  No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave;
  Whom the Strongest doth defend,
  Whom the Highest counts His friend,
  Cannot perish in the end.

Lyra Germanica.

* * *

SONGS OF PRAISE.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth.
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No:—the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Montgomery.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

Translated from the German.

THROUGHOUT this earth in stillness
An angel walks abroad,
For consoling in our weakness,
He is strengthened of the Lord!
Peace in his look abideth,
With a mild and quiet grace,
Oh! follow where he guideth,
Follow patience in thy race.

He ever truly leads thee
Through suffering here below,
And, speaking oft to cheer thee,
A brighter time he'll show.
Does thy heart sink despairing?
Thy hope he doth recall,
He helps thee in cross-bearing,
To good he turneth all.

He calms to quiet sadness
  The anguish of thy breast;
The heart that was so restless,
  In humility hath rest.
Thy darkest hour of weeping
  He bringeth by degrees,
Though thy wound be slow in healing,
  He gives thee certain ease.

Thy tears no anger cause him,
  He waiteth to console,
He chides not thy desiring,
  With grace he stills thy soul.
When troubles round are raging,
  Murm'ring thou askest, "Why?"
Voiceless—thy grief assuaging—
  He smiles and points on high.

Not for all anxious questions
  Doth he replies prepare,
The sum of his monitions,
  "Endure—soon ends thy care."
Thus with thy footsteps blending,
  His words are few and plain,
And his thoughts are only tending
  To the great, the glorious aim.

M. S. M.

INCOMPLETENESS.

NOTHING resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty: but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper, than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours;
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair because the mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light:
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy,
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow
From strife, that in a far-off future lies:
And angel-glances (veiled now by life's sorrow)
Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Learn the mystery of progression duly,
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they had passed away;

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness;
In that want their beauty lies; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onwards man's reluctant soul.

A. A. Procter.

THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

GOD doth not leave His own;
The night of weeping for a time may last,
Then, tears all past,
His going forth shall as the morning shine,
The sunrise of His favour shall be thine:
God doth not leave His own.

God doth not leave His own;
Though few and evil all their days appear,
Though grief and fear
Come in the train of earth and hell's dark crowd,
The trusting heart says, even in the cloud,
God doth not leave His own.

God doth not leave His own;
This sorrow in their life He doth permit,
Yea, chooseth it
To speed His children on their heavenward way,
He guides the winds.—Faith, hope, and love all say,
God doth not leave His own.

NEARER TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Christ alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine:
Joint-heir He maketh me
Of the divine!
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

S. F. Adams.

"UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN."

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
For those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be fearèd
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, reverèd,
For He shall judge the poor,

Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,

Far as the eagle's pinion
  Or dove's light wing can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing
  And daily vows ascend;
His wisdom still increasing,—
  A kingdom without end.
The mountain-dew shall nourish
  A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
  And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
  He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
  All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove:
His name shall stand for ever;
  His new, best name of Love.

Montgomery.

"WALK IN THE LIGHT."

WALK in the light—and thou shalt own
Thy darkness past away,
Because on thee the light hath shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light—and sin abhorred
Shall not defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light—and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined;
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light—so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light—and follow on
Till faith be turned to sight,
Where, in divine communion,
God is Himself the light.

ADORATION.

ALWAY imploring palms we raise towards heaven
As though we drew the consecration down:
And miss the holy wells that gush hard by.
So men mistakenly look up for dew,
The while its blessed mist imbathes their feet.
Therefore if any flower shall breathe for thee
A fragrant message from its pencilled urn;
If spring airs glad thee; if the sunset bring
Into thine eyes the tears of solemn joy;
If any radiant passion come to make
Existence beautiful and pure to thee;
If noblest music sway thee, like a dream;
If sorrow to a mournful midnight turn
Thy noon; if something deepest in thee wake
To a dim sentiment of mystery;
If musing warm to worship; if the stars
Earnestly beckon to immortal life;
Ponder such ministrations, and be sure
Thou hast been touched by God, O human heart.

Truman.

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

"*The day is Thine, the night also is Thine: Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.*"—Ps. lxxiv. 16.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye,—
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Moore.

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven,
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven,
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given,
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give:
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from thy June roses blowing,
Give as He gave thee who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters for ever and ever,

Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver,
  Silent or songful thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the summer-showers pouring;
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring!
What if no blossom look upward adoring!
  Look to the life that was lavished for thee.

Give! though thy heart be all wasted and weary,
Laid on an altar all ashy and dreary;
Though from its pulses a faint *miserere*
  Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate;
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion;
Smile at the song of its trembling emotion;
'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean;
  Hear! and thy future in silence await.

So the wild wind spreads its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses;
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
  Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing,
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweeter is music with minor-keyed closes,
  Fairest the vines that on ruins will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover

Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover:
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give! as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

FORGIVEN.

KIND hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy: God has none.
And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only heaven
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says "Forgiven."

A. A. Procter.

REDEEMED.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke xv. 10.

REDEEMED, redeemed,
The word went forth from the Father's throne
And a flood of light from His blessed Son
Upon the suppliant streamed;
And the angel-host, with one accord,
Sent forth a shout and song,
For another soul by their blessed Lord
Was promised to their throng.

Forgiven, forgiven,
The words went up as the thunder's roll,
And on the humble, trembling soul
The echoes fell from heaven;
And the angels touched the silver strings
Of their harps and caught the word,

Veiled their glad faces with their wings,
And bowed before the Lord.

Rejoice, rejoice,
Great was the sound of joy above,
And brighter seemed the realms of love.
Sweeter the angels' voice,
And all because one weary heart
Had courage to be blest,
Had taken up the better part,
And bathed its wings in rest.

HERE AND THERE.

WHAT no human eye hath seen,
What no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought hath never been
In its noblest flights conferred—
This hath God prepared in store
For His people evermore.

When the shaded pilgrim-land
Fades before my closing eye,
Then, revealed on either hand
Heaven's own scenery shall lie:
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
Now concealing, darkening all.

Heavenly landscapes, calmly bright,
Life's pure river murmuring low,
Forms of loveliness and light,
Lost to earth long time ago,—
Yes, mine own, lamented long,
Shine amid the angel-throng!

Many a joyful sight was given,
Many a lovely vision here,
Hill, and vale, and starry even,
Friendship's smile, affection's tear,
These were shadows, sent in love,
Of realities above!

When upon my wearied ear
Earth's last echoes faintly die;
Then shall angel-harps draw near,
All the chorus of the sky;
Long-hushed voices blend again,
Sweetly in that welcome strain.

Here were sweet and varied tones,
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall,
Yet creation's travail-groans
Ever sadly sighed through all;
There no discord jars the air,
Harmony is perfect there.

When this aching heart shall rest,
All its busy pulses o'er,
From its mortal robes undrest
Shall my spirit upward soar.
Then shall unimagined joy
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here devotion's healing balm
Often came to soothe my breast,
Hours of deep and holy calm,
Earnests of eternal rest.
But the bliss was here unknown,
Which shall there be all my own!

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun
Of that wondrous world above;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is light and all is love.
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day!

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

* * *

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I SHINE in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow,
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now!

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel-band;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand!

I have learnt the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath set free;
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home!
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.

O friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true!
Ye are walking still in the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget?—Oh no!
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from a glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die?

Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
Another soul in heaven?

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just!
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life; alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

Longfellow.

THE DREAM.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares,
I yielded to repose,
And soon, before my raptured sight, a glorious vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled the room.

A gentle touch awakened me,—a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went,—my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.
I know not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there!
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory His alone."

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.

Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes, that earth at length
was past.

And then, in solemn tones, He said, "Where is the diadem
That should be sparkling on thy brow, adorned with
many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me
is thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown
should shine?

"Thou seest now yonder glorious throng, the stars on
every brow!
For every soul they led to Me, they wear a jewel now!
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been
thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in path of
peace to lead.

"I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life
alone,
But that the clear and shining light, which round thy
footsteps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home
of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself
been blest."

* * * * *

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to break;
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy, that yet I dwelt below;
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me;"
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall shine."

S. S. Treasury.

* * *

SLEEP.

WHEN in the silvery moonlight
The lengthened shadows fall,
And the silence of night is dropping
Like gentle dew on all;

When the river's tranquil murmur
Doth lulling cadence keep,
And blossoms close their weary eyes,
He giveth all things sleep.

From the little bud of the daisy,
And the young bird in the nest,
To the humble bed of a peasant-child,
All share that quiet rest.

It comes to the poor man's garret,
  And the captive's lonely cell:
On the sick man's tossing, feverish couch,
  It lays a blessed spell.

And the Holy One who sends it down,
  For a healing and a balm,
Doth bless it with a mighty power
  Of peacefulness and calm.

He counts the buds that fade and droop,
  And marks all those who weep;
And closes weary, aching eyes,
  With the holy kiss of sleep:

The truest comfort he has given
  For all earth's pain and woe,
Until that glorious life beyond
  Nor tears nor sleep shall know.

Mrs. Broderip.

BLESS US TO-NIGHT.

FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening-hour,
Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.

Jesus Emmanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe,
Bless us to-night.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light;
Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart,
Bless us to-night.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Longfellow.

SERVICE.

BEHOLD, O Lord! these unhewn stones
Piled rudely for Thy mighty towers,
And I, condemned to work alone,
Possessor of few fleeting hours;
Not on the carven cornices
Shall ever mark of mine belong,
But I might place the lowest range—
Then for my labour make me strong!

I shall not live when this dear race
Shall widen to its nobler scope;
Nor dare I say I know my soul
Will see fulfilment of its hope;
But if I fail this faith to win,
Nor think the crown reserved for me,
If these few days be all Thou giv'st,
Help them to pass in serving Thee.

I know not of myself, my soul
Is stranger to me than the smile
On some beloved face; no lights
In future days these days beguile;
I only know I live to learn,
To love, to struggle, to endure—
When all my sight is swathed in mist,
Thou and my work alone are sure!

But art Thou not enough? unseen,
Unproved, unknown, but ever near:
The days are interfused with Thee,
And every day in Thee is dear.
Lord of my life! I dare to live
Where thousands of Thy children be,
Living to live by Thy dear power,
And if I sleep to sleep in Thee!

B. R. Parkes.

CONFIDO ET CONQUIESCO.

"*Scit; potest; vult: quid est quod timeamus.*"—S. Ignatius.

FRET not, poor soul: while doubt
and fear
Disturb thy breast,
The pitying angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, Trust and Rest.

Plan not, nor scheme,—but calmly
wait;
His choice is best.
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So Trust and Rest.

Strive not, nor struggle: thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will;
All power is His alone: be still,
And Trust and Rest.

Desire not: self-love is strong
Within thy breast;
And yet He loves thee better still,
So let Him do His loving will,
And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns
Supreme confessed;
His power is infinite; His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above—
So Trust and Rest.

"HE WENT ON HIS WAY REJOICING."

WHEN we seek with loving heart,
Each to act a childlike part,
Daily duty, daily care,
For our Lord to do or bear;—

All His pleasure to fulfil,
Do or suffer all His will,—
Serve Him here with earnest love,
Till we dwell with Him above,—

When the ransomed look before,
View by faith the heavenly shore,
Catch the echo of the song
They shall join in there, ere long,—

Then, of small account appear
Every mortal toil or tear;
Homeward hasting day by day,
What are trials by the way?

He, the Great High Priest, draws nigh,
Brings for every want supply;
Healing oil, and cheering wine,
Living water, bread divine.

Then together all rejoice,
Singing praise with heart and voice;
Finding, ere our work be done,
Present heaven on earth begun.

Often by our Saviour blest
With a sweet sabbatic rest,
Every burden we can bear
To His heart, and leave it there.

And arising, onward haste,
When that blessed hour is past,
Ready, with uplifted hands,
For the Master's next commands.

Ready, at His midnight call,
Joyfully to part from all,—
Then, with Him, the festal door
Enter, to go out no more!

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers,
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction peace. Amen.

THE HOURS.

THE hours are viewless angels,
  That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
  To Him who sits on high;
And we, who walk among them,
  As one by one departs,
See not that they are hovering
  For ever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees that hover
  Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
  Those viewless angel-hours;
The poison or the nectar
  The heart's deep flowercups yield,
A sample still they gather swift
  And leave us in the field.

And some flit by on pinions
Of joyous gold-and-blue,
And some flag on with drooping wings
Of sorrow's darker hue;
But still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission-flight, by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne,
The tale is told in heaven.
Those bee-like hours we see not,
Nor hear their noiseless wings;
We often feel, too oft, when flown,
That they have left their stings.

So teach me, heavenly Father,
To meet each flying hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poison flower!
So when death brings its shadows,
The hours that linger last
Shall bear my hopes on angel wings,
Unfettered by the past.

C. P. Cranch.

SILENCE.

In silence mighty things are wrought—
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And like a citadel with towers,
The soul, with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow
The saplings of the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth;
Each nightly star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the rivers and the land
With universal chain;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

O Source unseen of life and light,
Thy secrecy of silent might
If we in bondage know,
Our hearts, like seeds beneath the ground,
By silent force of life unbound,
Move upward from below.

T. T. Lynch

OPEN THOU OUR EYES.

"*Jesus Himself drew near, and wept with them.*"—Luke xxiv. 15.

AND He drew near and talked with them,
But they perceived Him not,
And mourned, unconscious of that light—
The gloom, the darkness, and the night
That wrapt His burial-spot.

Wearied with doubt, perplexed, and sad,
They knew nor help, nor guide,
While He who bore the secret key
To open every mystery,
Unknown was by their side.

Thus often when we feel alone,
Nor help nor comfort near,
'Tis only that our eyes are dim,
Doubting and sad we see not Him
Who waiteth still to hear.

" The darkness gathers overhead,
The morn will never come."
Did we but raise our downcast eyes,
In the white-flushing eastern skies
Appears the glowing sun.

In all our daily joys and griefs,
In daily work and rest,
To those who seek Him, Christ is near,
Our bliss to calm, to soothe our care,
In leaning on His breast.

Open our eyes, O Lord, we pray,
To see our way—our Guide,
hat by the path that here we tread,
We, following on, may still be led
In Thy light to abide.

L. R.

DISCOURAGED BECAUSE OF THE WAY.

THE way seems dark about me—overhead
The clouds have long since met in gloomy spread,
And, when I looked to see the day break through,
Cloud after cloud came up with volume new.

And in that shadow I have passed along,
Feeling myself grow weak as it grew strong,
Walking in doubt, and searching for the way,
And often at a stand—as now to-day.

And if before me on the path there lies
A spot of brightness from imagined skies,
Imagined shadows fall across it too,
And the far future takes the present's hue.

Perplexities do throng upon my sight,
Like scudding fog-banks, to obscure the light;
Some new dilemma rises every day,
And I can only shut my eyes and pray.

Lord, I am not sufficient for these things,
Give me the light that Thy sweet presence brings;
Give me Thy grace, give me Thy constant strength;
Lord, for my comfort now appear at length.

It may be that my way doth seem confused,
Because my heart of Thy way is afraid;
Because my eyes have constantly refused
To see the only opening Thou hast made.

Because my will would cross some flowery plain
Where Thou hast thrown a hedge from side to side;
And turneth from the stony walk of pain,
Its trouble or its ease not even tried.

If thus I try to force my way along—
The smoothest road encumbered is for me;
For were I as an angel, swift and strong,
I could not go unless allowed by Thee.

And now I pray Thee, Lord, to lead Thy child—
Poor wretched wanderer from Thy grace and love;
Whatever way Thou pleasest through the wild,
So it but take her to Thy home above.

◆

"WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG."

HALF feeling our own weakness,
We place our hands in Thine,—
Knowing but half our darkness,
We ask for light divine.

Then, when Thy strong arm holds us,
Our weakness most we feel,
And Thy love-light around us
Our darkness doth reveal.

Too oft, when faithless doubtings
Around our spirits press,
We cry, "Can hands so feeble
Grasp such almightiness?"

While thus we doubt and tremble,
Our hold still looser grows;
While on our darkness gazing
Vainly Thy radiance glows.

Oh cheer us with Thy brightness,
  And guide us by Thy hand,
In Thy light teach us light to see,
  In Thy strength strong to stand.

Then though our hands be feeble,
  If they but touch Thine arm,
Thy light and power shall lead us
  And keep us strong and calm.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Toplady.

FAITH IN CHRIST.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Dear Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove,
And bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

LOOK TO JESUS.

JESUS in thy memory keep,
Wouldst thou be God's child and friend;
Jesus in thy heart shrined deep,
Still thy gaze on Jesus bend;
In thy toiling, in thy resting,
Look to Him with every breath,
Look to Jesus' life and death.

Look to Jesus, till, reviving,
Faith and love thy life-springs swell,
Strength for all good things deriving
From Him who did all things well:
Work, as He did, in thy season,
Works which shall not fade away,
Work while it is called to-day.

Look to Jesus, prayerful, waking,
When thy feet on roses tread;
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
With thy cross where He hath led.
Look to Jesus in temptation;
Baffled shall the tempter flee,
And God's angels come to thee.

Look to Jesus when dark lowering
Perils thy horizon dim;
By that band in terror cowering,
Calm midst tempests look to Him.
Trust in Him who still rebuketh
Wind and billow, fire and flood;
Forward! brave by trusting God.

Look to Jesus when distressèd;
See what He, the Holy, bore;
Is thy heart with conflict pressèd?
Is thy soul still harassed sore?
See His sweat of blood, His conflict,
Watch His agony increase,
Hear His prayer, and feel His peace!

Franzén.

* * *

A CLOUD FOR A COVERING AND FIRE TO GIVE LIGHT.

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved,
  Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
  An awful Guide in smoke and flame:
By day along the astonished lands
  The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
  Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
  When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
  To temper the deceitful ray!
And oh! when gathers on our path
  In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering—slow to wrath,
  A burning and a shining light.

Sir W. Scott.

"KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

King of kings! and Lord of lords!”
Thus we move, our sad steps timing
To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,
Where Thy house its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds are we,
Through the dark air fled to Thee;
To the shadow of Thy wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

Behold! O Lord! the heathen tread
The branches of Thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,
That, drinking of Thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of Thine hand,
Thou still wilt save Thy chosen land!
By all Thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown;
By the Egyptian's car-borne host
Scattered on the Red Sea coast;
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress—
On the sand and sea-weed lying,
Israel poured her doleful sighing;
While before the deep sea flowed,
And behind fierce Egypt rode—
To their fathers' God they prayed,
To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the Prophet stood;
And the summoned east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gathered waves, that took their stand
Like crystal rocks on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-pavèd way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their waves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chaunted words,
"King of kings! and Lord of lords!"

Then, with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out His cloud,
He looked down upon the proud;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.
With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows rolled.
As the level waters spread,
Down they sank, they sank like lead,
Down without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

Then did Israel's maidens sing,
Then did Israel's timbrels ring,

To Him, the King of kings! that in the sea,
The Lord of Hosts! had triumphed gloriously.

And our timbrels' flashing chords,
"King of kings! and Lord of lords!"
Shall they not attunèd be
Once again to victory?
Lo! a glorious triumph now!
  Lo! against Thy people come
A mightier Pharaoh! wilt not Thou
  Craze the chariot wheels of Rome?
Wilt not, like the Red Sea wave,
  Thy stern anger overthrow?
And from worse than bondage save,
  From sadder than Egyptian woe,
  Those whose silver cymbals glance,
  Those who lead the suppliant dance,
  Thy race, the only race that sings
  "Lord of lords, and King of kings."

Fall of Jerusalem.—Dean Milman.

MARTYRS' SONG.

WE meet in joy, though we part in sorrow;
We part to-night, but we meet to-morrow;
Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,
All the same it leads home to God:
Be it furnace-fire voluminous,
One like God's Son will walk with us.

What are these that glow from afar,
These that lean over the golden bar,
Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,
With open arms and hearts of love?
They the blessed ones gone before,
They the blessed for evermore.
Out of great tribulation they went
Home to their home of Heaven content;
Through flood, or blood, or furnace-fire,
To the rest that fulfils desire.

What are these that fly as a cloud,
With flashing heads and faces bowed,
In their mouths a victorious psalm,
In their hands a robe and a palm?
Welcoming angels these that shine,
Your own angel, and yours, and mine;
Who have hedged us both day and night
On the left hand and on the right,
Who have watched us both night and day
Because the devil keeps watch to slay.

Light above light, and Bliss beyond bliss,
Whom words cannot utter, lo, Who is This?
As a King with many crowns He stands,
And our names are graven upon His hands;
As a Priest, with God-uplifted eyes,
He offers for us His Sacrifice;

As the Lamb of God for sinners slain,
That we too may live He lives again;
As our Champion behold Him stand,
Strong to save us, at God's Right Hand.

God the Father give us grace
To walk in the light of Jesus' face,
God the Son give us a part
In the hiding-place of Jesus' heart:
God the Spirit so hold us up
That we may drink of Jesus' cup.

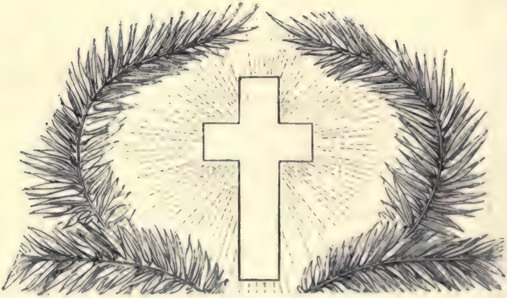
Death is short and life is long;
Satan is strong, but Christ more strong.
At His word, Who hath led us hither,
The Red Sea must part hither and thither;
At His word, Who goes before us too,
Jordan must cleave to let us through.

Yet one pang, searching and sore,
And then Heaven for evermore;
Yet one moment, awful and dark,
Then safety within the Veil and the Ark;
Yet one effort by Christ His grace,
Then Christ for ever face to face.

God the Father we will adore,
In Jesus' Name, now and evermore:

God the Son we will love and thank
In this flood and on the further bank:
God the Holy Ghost we will praise,
In Jesus' Name, through endless days:
God Almighty, God Three in One,
God Almighty, God alone.

Christina Rossetti.



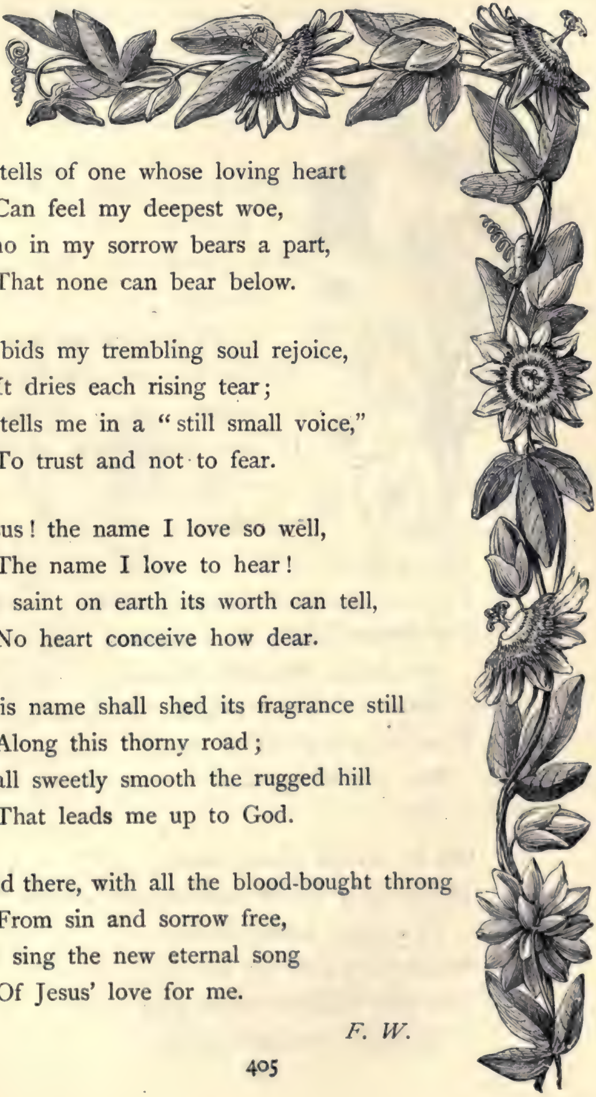
JESUS.

THERE is a name I love to hear,
  I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
  The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
  Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
  The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile
  Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
  Through desert, waste, and wild.

It tells me what my Father hath
  In store for every day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
  Yields sunshine all the way.



It tells of one whose loving heart
  Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part,
  That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
  It dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
  To trust and not to fear.

Jesus! the name I love so well,
  The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
  No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
  Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
  That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bought throng
  From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
  Of Jesus' love for me.

F. W.

A CITY THAT HATH FOUNDATIONS.

BEYOND the dark and stormy bound
That guards our dull horizon round,
  A lovelier landscape swells;
Resplendent seat of light and peace,
In thee the sounds of conflict cease,
  And glory ever dwells.

For thee the early patriarch sighed,
Thy distant beauty faint descried,
  And hailed the blest abode;
A stranger here, he sought a home
Fixed in a city yet to come,
  The city of his God.

Oft by Siloa's sacred stream,
In heavenly trance and raptured dream,
  To faithful Israel shown,
Triumphant over all our foes,
The true celestial Salem rose,
  Jehovah's promised throne.

We too, O Lord, would seek that land,
Follow the tribes that crowd its strand,
From every peril saved;
And wake as when, in elder time,
Were marshalled all Thy hosts sublime,
And high Thy banner waved.

QUIET FROM GOD.

QUIET from God, it cometh not still
The vast and high aspirings of the soul,
The deep emotions that the spirit fill,
And speed its purpose onward to the goal.
It dims not youth's bright eye,
Bends not joy's lofty brow;
No guileless ecstasy
Need in its presence bow.

It comes not in a sullen form to place
Life's greatest good in an inglorious rest,
Through a dull beaten track its way to trace,
And to lethargic slumber lull the breast.

Action may be its sphere,
Mountain paths, boundless fields,
O'er billows its career;
This is the strength it yields.

To sojourn in the world and yet apart,
To dwell with God, and yet with man to feel,
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness that His Spirit doth reveal.
Not to deem evil gone
From every earthly scene,
To see the storm come on,
But feel His shield between.

It giveth not a power to human kind
To lay all suffering powerless at His feet,
But keeps within the temple of the mind
A golden altar and a mercy seat,
A spiritual ark,
Bearing the peace of God
Above the waters dark
And o'er the desert-sod.

How beautiful within our souls to keep
This treasure the All-merciful hath given,
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us like a breath from heaven.

Quiet at heart and home,
Where the heart's joys begin,
Quiet where'er we roam,
Quiet around, within.

What shall make trouble? not the adverse minds
That like a shadow o'er creation lower;
The spirit peace hath so attunèd, finds
There feelings that may own the Calmer's power.
What may she not confer,
E'en whilst she must condemn?
They take not peace from her,
She may speak peace to them.

What shall make trouble? not an adverse fate,
Not chilling poverty or worldly care;
They who are tending to a better state
Want but that peace to make them feel they are;
Care o'er life's little day
The tempest-clouds may roll,
Peace o'er its eve shall play,
The moonlight of the soul.

What shall make trouble? not the holy thought
Of the departed—that shall be a part
Of the undying things that peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart:

Not the forms passed away
That life's strong current bore;
Though the stream might not stay,
The ocean shall restore.

What shall make trouble? not slow-wasting pain,
Not the impending, certain stroke of death;
These do but wear away, then snap, the chain
That binds the spirit down to things beneath:
The quiet of the grave
No trouble can destroy,
He who is strong to save
Shall break it but with joy.

SABBATH.

AFTER long days of storm and showers,
Of sighing winds and dripping bowers,
How sweet at morn to ope our eyes
On newly swept and garnished skies.

To miss the cloud and driving rain,
And see that all is bright again,
So bright we cannot choose but say,
"Is this the world of yesterday?"

E'en so, methinks, the Sabbath brings
A change o'er all familiar things;
A change we know not whence it came,
They are, and they are not the same.

There is a spell within, around,
On eye and ear, on sight and sound,
And, loth or willing, they and we
Must own this day a mystery.

Sure all things wear a heavenly dress,
Which sanctifies their loveliness;
Types of that endless resting-day,
When we shall all be changed as they.

To-day our peaceful ordered home
Foreshadoweth mansions yet to come;
We foretaste, in domestic love,
The faultless charities above.

And as, at yester-eventide,
Our tasks and toys were laid aside,
So here, we're training for the day
When we shall lay them down for aye.

But not alone for musing deep,
Our souls this "day of days" would keep,
Yet other glorious things than these
The Christian in his Sabbath sees.

His eyes by faith his Lord behold,
How on the week's "first day" of old
From hell He rose, on earth He trod,
Was seen of men, and went to God.

And as we fondly pause to look,
When in some daily-handled book
Approval's well-known tokens stand,
Traced by some dear and thoughtful hand;

E'en so there shines one day in seven,
Bright with the special mark of heaven,
That we with love and praise may dwell
On Him who loveth us so well.

Whether in meditative walk
Alone with God and heaven we talk,
Catching the simple chime which calls
Our feet to some old church's walls,—

Or, passed within the church's door,
Where poor are rich, and rich are poor,
We pray the prayers, and hear the word,
Which there our fathers prayed and heard.

Or represent, in solemn wise,
Our all-prevailing Sacrifice,
Feeding, in communion high,
The life of faith which cannot die.

And surely, in a world like this,
So rife with woe, so scant of bliss,
Where fondest hopes are often crossed,
And fondest hearts are severed most,—

'Tis something that we kneel and pray,
With loved ones near and far away,
One God, one faith, one hope, one care,
One form of words, one hour of prayer.

'Tis past, yet pause till ear and heart,
In one brief silence ere we part,
Something of that high strain have caught—
The peace of God which passeth aught.

Then turn we to our earthly homes,
Not doubting but that Jesus comes,
Breathing His peace on hall and hut,
"At even when the doors are shut,"—

Then speeds us on our earthly way,
And hallows every common day;
Without Him Sunday's self were dim,
And all are bright if spent with Him.

"BEYOND."

WE must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that love for life is only given,
And that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold in heaven :
Oh ! love were poor and vain indeed, based on so harsh and stern a creed.

True that this earth must pass away, with all the starry worlds of light,
With all the glory of the day, and calmer tenderness of night;
For in that radiant home can shine alone the immortal and divine.

Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her science, learning, wealth, and power,
Slow growths, that through long ages came, or fruits of some convulsive hour,
Whose very memory must decay—heaven is too pure for such as they.

They are complete: their work is done. So let them
sleep in endless rest;
Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be, fully
blest;
It has no room to spread its wings, amid this crowd of
meaner things.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here
below,
The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism
of woe,
Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that
it shall rise again.

So if its flame burn pure and bright, here, where our air
is dark and dense,
And nothing in this world of night lives with a living so
intense;
When it shall reach its home at length—how bright its
light! how strong its strength!

And while the vain weak loves of earth (for such base
counterfeits abound)
Shall perish with what gave them birth, their graves are
green and fresh around,
No funeral song shall need to rise, for the true love
that never dies.

If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we should not know
What was our life of life when here—the hearts we loved so much below;
I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.

But love is no such soulless clod: living, perfected, it shall rise
Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies:
And that which makes this life so sweet, shall render heaven's joy complete.

A. A. Procter.

LIVING.

AFTER A DEATH.

"*That friend of mine who lives in God.*"

OH live!
(Thus seems it we should say to our beloved,
Each held by such slight links so oft removed:)
And I can let thee go to the world's end;
All precious names, companion, love, spouse, friend,
Seal up in an eternal silence grey,
Like a closed grave, till resurrection-day,
All sweet remembrances, hopes, dreams, desires,

Heap, as one heaps up sacrificial fires;
Then turning, consecrate by loss, and proud
Of penury—go back into the loud
Tumultuous world again with never a moan,
Save that which whispers still "My own, my own,"
Under the same broad sky whose arch immense
Enfolds us both like the arm of Providence:
And thus contented I could live or die,
With never clasp of hand or meeting eye
On this side Paradise.—While thee I see
Living to God, thou art alive to me.

Oh live!
And I, methinks, can let all dear rights go,
Fond duties melt away like April snow,
And sweet, sweet hopes, that took a life to weave,
Vanish like gossamers of autumn eve.
Nay, sometimes seems it I could even bear
To lay down humbly the love-crown I wear,
Steal from my palace, helpless, hopeless, poor,
And see another queen it at the door—
If only that the king had done no wrong,
If this my palace, where I dwelt so long,
Were not defiled by falsehood entering in:
There is no loss but change, no death but sin,
No parting, save the slow corrupting pain
Of murdered faith that never lives again.

Oh live!
(So endeth faint the low pathetic cry

Of love, whom death hath taught, love cannot die,)
And I can stand above the daisy bed,
The only pillow for thy dearest head,
There cover up for ever from my sight
My own, my own, my all of earth-delight;
And enter the sea-cave of widowed years.
Where far, far off, the trembling gleam appears
Through which thy heavenly image slipped away,
And waits to meet me at the open day.
Only to me, my love, only to me
This cavern underneath the moaning sea;
This long, long life that I alone must tread;
To whom the living seem most like the dead.
Thou wilt be safe out on the happy shore;
He who in God lives, liveth evermore.

Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax."

"FOR EVER WITH THE LORD."

O SWEET home-echo on the pilgrim's way,
Thrice welcome message from a land of light,
As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray,
So on eternity's deep shrouded night
Streams a mild radiance, from that cheering word,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

At home with Jesus! He who went before,
For His own people mansions to prepare;

The soul's deep longings stilled, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there,—
What home like this can the wide earth afford?
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

With Him all gathered! to that blessed home,
Through all its windings, still the pathway tends;
While ever and anon bright glimpses come
Of that fair city where the journey ends;
Where all of bliss is centred in one word,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Here kindred hearts are severed far and wide,
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all varied cares, and paths divide;
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,
The broken links repaired, the loss restored,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

And is there ever perfect union here?
Oh! daily sins lamented and confessed,
They come between us and the friends most dear,
They mar our blessedness and break our rest,
With life we have the evils long deplored,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

All prone to error—none set wholly free
From the old Serpent's soul-ensnaring chain,
The truths one child of God can plainly see
He seeks to make his brother feel in vain;
But all shall harmonize in heaven's full chord,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

O precious promise, mercifully given,
Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe;
Oh let the dark passage to the gates of heaven
The light of hope and resurrection throw!
Thanks for the blessed life-inspiring word,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

O LORD my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
I will lie still—
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me beguile
With thy false smile :
I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways
Be silent, Praise,
Blind guide with syren voice, and blinding all
That hear thy call.

Come, Self-devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing, who by faith can wean

Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,
That by each golden crown on high,
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeemed is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,
All gemmed with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepared for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,
Must win their way through blood and fire,
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in Life's stillest shade reclining,
In Desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an Angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget,
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er He go,
By purest pleasures unbeguiled
To idolize or wife or child;
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round His throne.

Thus everywhere we find our suffering God,
And where He trod
May set our steps: the Cross on Calvary
Uplifted high
Beams on the martyr host, a beacon light
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, who did once from heaven to hell descend
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

"O Father! not My will, but Thine be done"—
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys:
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest!

Christian Year.

AS THOU WILT.

AS Thou wilt, my God! I ever say;
What Thou wilt is ever best for me;
What have I to do with earthly care,
Since to-morrow I may leave with Thee?
Lord, Thou knowest, I am not my own,
All my hope and help depend on Thee alone.

As Thou wilt! still I can believe;
Never did the word of promise fail;
Faith can hold it fast, and feel it sure,
Though temptations, clouds, and fears assail.
Why art Thou disquieted, O my soul!
When thy Father knows, and rules the whole?

As Thou wilt! still I can endure;
Patiently my daily cross can bear;
Why should I complain, a pardoned child,
If the children's portion here I share?
As Thou wilt, my Father and my God!
I can drink the cup, and kiss the rod.

As Thou wilt! still I can hope on;
Sunshine may return when storms have past;

Thine All-seeing eye of sleepless love
Watches o'er my path from first to last.
When Thou wilt, upon the desert plain
Springs may rise anew, and rivers flow again.

As Thou wilt! all life's journey through,
To Thy will my own I would resign;
If on earth I have but little store,
Be it so! all heaven shall be mine;
Or if but Thyself, my God, art given,
Nothing more I need, or ask in earth or heaven.

As Thou wilt! when Thine hour has come,
Let Thy servant, Lord, in peace depart;
Good it is to love and serve Thee here,
Better to be with Thee where Thou art,
When or where or how the call may be,
It will not come too early or too late for me.

As Thou wilt, O Lord! I ask no more.
With the promise Faith pursues her way;
Patience can endure through sorrow's night,
Hope can look beyond to heaven's own day,
Love can wait, and trust, and labour still;—
Life and death shall be according to Thy will!

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

RABIA.

ROUND holy Rabia's suffering bed
The wise men gathered, gazing gravely—
"Daughter of God!" the youngest said,
"Endure thy Father's chastening bravely;
They who have steeped their souls in prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear."

She answered not, and turned aside,
Though not reproachfully nor sadly:
"Daughter of God!" the eldest cried,
"Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly,
They who have learnt to pray aright,
From pain's dark well draw up delight."

Then she spoke out,—"Your words are fair;
But, oh! the truth lies deeper still;
I know not, when absorbed in prayer,
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill;
They who God's face can understand
Feel not the motions of His hand."

Lord Houghton.

THE KNIGHT'S VALOUR.

HIS harness he hath watched all night alone,
Hath spoke the morning's vow and heard the rite:
He rises from before the altar-stone
A consecrated knight.

Slow moves he forth, his hand on his sword's hilt,
With dintless shield and armour's clashing sound,
Eager to fight where richest blood is spilt
And noblest foes are found.

"I have," he saith, "a heritage of deeds,
The long traditions of a stainless line;
Noble the past, but in life's greater needs
Be greater valour mine.

"Else wherefore, with my father's name and brow,
Bind I his falchion in my knightly belt!
Else why have spoken deep this solemn vow
Where all my race have knelt!"

He rides where armies gather on the plain.
"Sir knight, I charge thee stay thy headlong course;
'Tis thine to guard this outpost, draw thy rein
And rest thy bleeding horse."

Now, backward borne, the banners of the host
Toss like torn sails when all the sea is white:
"And must I watch from safe, inglorious post
My brethren's fall or flight?"

"Loose, if thou wilt, thy casque, and sheathe thy sword;
Look to thy post, but strike no blow to-day;
A knight's true honour is to serve his lord,
His valour to obey."

Again they charge and meet: what means this cry?
The foes' strong line gives way, their might is spent;
Now guard thy gallant breast, for as they fly
Their random shafts are sent.

He falls beside his post, for battle girt
In mail no other blood than his hath stained.
God rest thy soul, a valiant knight thou wert,
Thy victory is gained.

Lucy F. Massey.

IN THE FIELD.

FIGHTING the battle of life !
With a weary heart and head,
For in the midst of the strife
The banners of joy are fled.

Fighting the whole day long—
With a very tired hand ;
With only my armour strong,
The shelter in which I stand.

There is nothing left of *me*
  If all *my* strength were shown,
So small the amount would be,
  Its presence would scarcely be known.

Fighting alone to-night,
  With not even a stander-by
To cheer me on in the fight,
  Or to hear me when I cry.

Only the Lord can hear,
  Only the Lord can see
The struggle within, how dark and drear,
  Though quiet the outside be.

Lord, I would fain be still
  And quiet behind my shield;
But make me to love Thy will
  For fear I should ever yield.

Nothing but perfect trust
  And love of Thy perfect will
Can raise me out of the dust,
  And bid my fears be still.

Even as now my hands,
  So doth my folded will
Lie waiting Thy commands
  Without one anxious thrill.

Lord, fix my eyes upon Thee
And fill my heart with Thy love;
And keep my soul till the shadows flee,
And the light breaks forth above.

THE GOOD FIGHT.

I CAME and saw, and hoped to conquer,
As the great Roman once had done:
His was the one hour's torrent-shock of battle;
My field was harder to be won.

I came and saw, but did not conquer,
The foes were fierce, their weapons strong;
came, I saw, but yet I did not conquer,
For me the fight was sore and long.

They said the war was brief and easy,
A word, a look, would crush the throng;
To some it may have been a moment's conflict,
To me it has been sore and long.

They said the threats were coward bluster,
To brave men they could work no wrong;
So some may boast of swift and easy battle,
To me it has been sore and long.

And yet I know that I shall conquer,
Though sore and hard the fight may be:
I know, I know I shall be more than victor,
Through Him who won the fight for me.

I fight, not fearful of the issue,
My victory is sure and near;
Yet, not the less, with hand and eye all watchful,
Grasp I my buckler and my spear.

For I must fight if I would conquer,
'Tis not by fight that fields are won;
And I must conquer if I would inherit
The victor's joy, and crown, and throne.

H. Bonar, D.D.

THE CHURCH ON EARTH.

TIS one vast united army,
Ruled and governed by Thy hand;
Drawn up ever, watching, waiting,
Where the hosts of evil stand.

And the battle-cry is sounding,
Daily sounding o'er the plain;
And the soft, dim twilight deepens
But to wake it up again.

Thou hast placed Thyself each soldier,
In the rank where he should be,
Thou hast sealed him with Thy signet—
Made him strong, O Lord, in Thee.

Thou hast clothed him in the armour
Of Thine own celestial might;
Gleaming softly in the sunshine,
In the silent stars of night.

O'er his head the snow-white banner,
With its shining symbol, waves;
And its sweet and holy shadow
Every faltering footstep saves.

Thou art guiding and directing
In Thy wisdom day by day;
Thou dost rule this mighty army
With a tender, loving sway.

One vast host of one great Ruler!
Though each soul alone must face
All the special strife and danger
Of his own appointed place.

Ay, though none may shun the warfare,
Nor his daily cross lay down;
And though each must win his laurels,
Each his own immediate crown;

'Tis one Church—redeemed, united
In the person of our Lord;
'Tis one Church—His Bride beloved—
To her first estate restored.

We are members of that Body,
We are branches of that Vine,
We are shafts of that great Temple—
With its corner-stone divine.

Many sheep in one fold sheltered,
Many links of one great chain,
Many soldiers—but one army,
On the one great battle-plain.

One, and only one, for ever,
In this time of earthly strife;
One, and only one, hereafter,
In the bright and endless life.

Help us, O Thou mighty Saviour,
To be fruitful unto Thee,
That we keep our place within it
Throughout all eternity.

Ada Cambridge.

A SONG OF THE NIGHT DURING SICKNESS.

HELMET of the hope of rest!
Helmet of salvation!
Nobly has thy towering crest
Pointed to this exaltation.
Yet I will not thee resume,
Helmet of the nodding plume;
Where I go no foeman fighteth,
Sword or other weapon smiteth;
All content, I lay thee down,
I shall gird my brows with an immortal crown.

Sword at my side! Sword of the Spirit!
Word of God! Thou goodly blade!
Often have I tried thy merit;
Never hast thou me betrayed.
Yet I will no further use thee,
Here for ever I unloose thee;
Branch of peaceful palm shall be
Sword sufficient now for me;

"Fought the fight, the victory won,"
Rest thou here, thy work is done.

Shield of faith! my trembling heart
  Well thy battered front has guarded;
Many a fierce and fiery dart
  From my bosom thou hast warded.
But I shall no longer need thee,
Never more will hold or heed thee.
Fare thee well! the foe's defeated,
Of his wished-for victim cheated;
In the realms of peace and light
Faith shall be exchanged for sight.

Girdle of the truth of God!
  Breastplate of His righteousness!
By the Lord Himself bestowed
  On His faithful witnesses,
Never have I dared unclasp thee,
Lest the subtle foe should grasp me;
Now I may at length unbind ye,
Leave you here at rest behind me;
Nought shall harm my soul equipped
In a robe in Christ's blood dipped.

Sandals of the preparation
  Of the news of peace!

There must now be separation,
Here your uses cease.
Gladly shall my naked feet
Go my blessed Lord to meet;
I shall wander at His side
Where the living waters glide;
And these feet shall need no guard
On the unbroken heavenly sward.

Here I stand of all unclothèd,
Waiting to be clothed upon
By the Church's great Betrothèd,
By the Everlasting One.
Hark! He turns the admitting key,
Smiles in love, and welcomes me;
Glorious forms of angels bright
Clothe me in the raiment white,
Whilst their sweet-toned voices say,
"For the rest, wait thou till the Judgment Day."

Professor G. Wilson.

THE STRENGTH OF MY LIFE.

GO not far from me, O my strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away,—
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress:
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathising hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear—
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path,
No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood,
That casts my soul on Thee?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
And darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see,
Though silent anguish show,
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go;
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn, in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech—
Peace that no presence from without,
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified;
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be—
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see;

And oh, it is not hard to bear
  What must be borne in Thee !

It is not hard to bear by faith,
  In Thine own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
  For Thy rejoicing made.
Well may the heart in patience rest,
  That none can make afraid.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
  Almighty to restore—
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
  And love and life before—
Oh let my soul abound in hope,
  And praise Thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call, but I
  With peaceful heart will say—
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
  No waves can take away ;
And let the storm that speeds me home,
  Deal with me as it may.

A. L. Waring.

MY DOVES.

MY little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
Or motion from the sea;
For, ever there the sea-winds go
With sunlit paces to and fro.

The tropic flowers looked up to it,
The tropic stars looked down,
And there my little doves did sit
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes that showed their right
To general nature's deep delight.

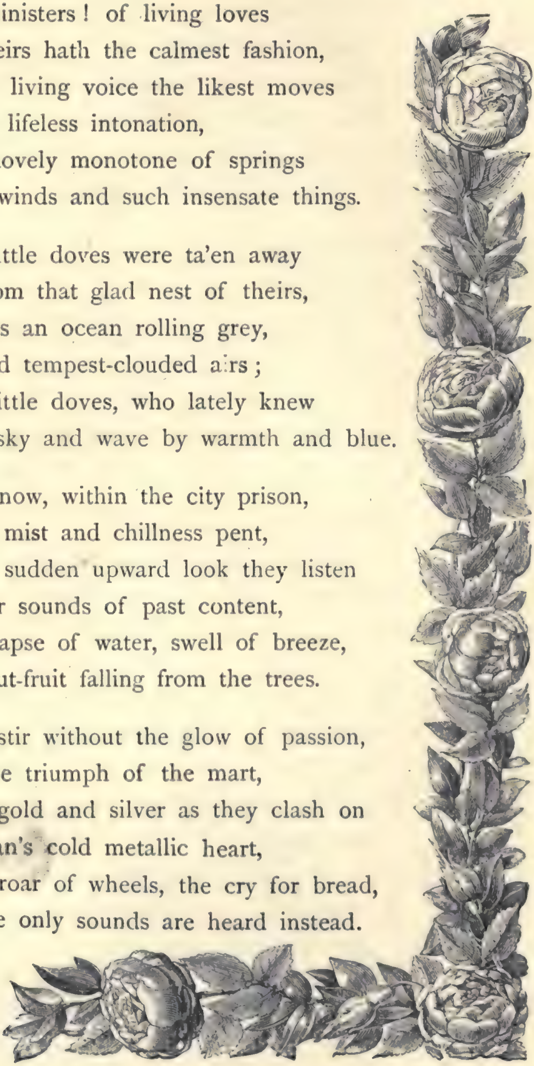
And God them taught, at every close
Of murmuring waves beyond
And green leaves round, to interpose
Their choral voices fond,
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

Fit ministers! of living loves
  Theirs hath the calmest fashion,
Their living voice the likest moves
  To lifeless intonation,
The lovely monotone of springs
And winds and such insensate things.

My little doves were ta'en away
  From that glad nest of theirs,
Across an ocean rolling grey,
  And tempest-clouded airs;
My little doves, who lately knew
The sky and wave by warmth and blue.

And now, within the city prison,
  In mist and chillness pent,
With sudden upward look they listen
  For sounds of past content,
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

The stir without the glow of passion,
  The triumph of the mart,
The gold and silver as they clash on
  Man's cold metallic heart,
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,
These only sounds are heard instead.



Yet still, as on my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean,
(Their eyes with such a plaintive shine
Are fastened upwardly to mine!)

Soft falls their chant as on the nest
Beneath the sunny zone;
For love that stirred it in their breast
Has not aweary grown,
And 'neath the city's shade can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

And love that keeps the music, fills
With pastoral memories;
All echoings from out the hills,
All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave and wind
Remembered in their chant, I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
My little doves! to move
Along the city-ways with heart
Assured by holy love,
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream—
More hard in Babel's street:
But if the soulless creatures deem
Their music not unmeet
For sunless walls—let *us* begin,
Who wear immortal wings within!

To me, fair memories belong
Of scenes that used to bless,
For no regret, but present song
And lasting thankfulness,
And very soon to break away
Like types, in purer things than they.

I will have hopes that cannot fade,
For flowers the valley yields;
I will have humble thoughts instead
Of silent dewy fields:
My spirit and my God shall be
My sea-ward hill, my boundless sea.

E. B. Browning.

PEACE.

OH leave me to my reveries,
My own pure sky, my valleys fair,
My streamlets running where they please,
My flowery hills, my forest trees,
My blue-waved river flowing there.

And let my life that stream beside,
Like it pursue its onward way,
Far from the loud world's pomp and pride,
Not deep, but ever clear its tide,
And careless of the future day.

Thus let it glide on, sweet and slow,
Bordered with flowers, the hills between,
Playing with moss-shreds in its flow,
With grasses waving to and fro,
With willow branches dropping in.

My hours, rocked by each wind that blows,
Linked hand in hand steal soft away,
In their light track my thoughts unclose,
As fast and fresh as grass that grows
Beside the trodden public way.

They say that life is hard to bear;
My God! it is not so to me:
Two angels—poetry and prayer—
Like sister's love, like mother's care—
Cradle and keep it pure for Thee.

Childlike, it still pursues a dream,
A hope, a wish, a memory,
Like butterfly beside a stream;
And in each morning's sunny gleam
It seeks its own futurity.

Drop upon drop, but honey-sweet,
Thus to its share the days are given;
There is not one it fears to meet:
O God! thus doubtless at Thy feet
The angels live in heaven.

And when this happy life is run,
  Death must draw very gently nigh,
Like flowers half-faded by the sun,
When the long summer day is done,—
  We only bend our heads and die.

And if but Faith and Hope be there,
  Why what is death? To close our eyes,
To concentrate ourselves in prayer,
To yield our souls to angels' care,
  And sleep, to waken in the skies.

Journal of Eugénie de Guérin.

MY PSALM.

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold;
And knoweth more of all our needs
Than all our prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,
That wheresoe'er my footsteps swerved
His chastenings turned me back.

That death seems but a covered way
Which leadeth into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair.

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in one psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart
And so the west winds play,
And every window of my heart
I open to the day.

Whittier.

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

BUT how shall we be glad?
We that are journeying through a vale of tears,
Encompassed with a thousand woes and fears,
How should we not be sad?

Angels, that ever stand
Within the presence-chamber, and there raise
The never-interrupted hymn of praise,
May welcome this command.

Or they whose strife is o'er,
Who all their weary length of life have trod,
As pillars now within the temple of God,
That shall go out no more.

But we who wander here,
We that are exiled in this gloomy place,
Still doomed to water earth's unthankful face
With many a bitter tear—

Bid us lament and mourn,
Bid us that we go mourning all the day,
And we will find it easy to obey,
Of our best things forlorn;

But not that we be glad;
If it be true the mourners are the blest,
Oh leave us in a world of sin, unrest,
And trouble, to be sad.

I spake, and thought to weep,—
For sin and sorrow, suffering and crime,
That fill the world, all mine appointed time
A settled grief to keep.

When lo! as day from night,
As day from out the womb of night forlorn,
So from that sorrow was that gladness born,
Even in mine own despite.

Yet was not that by this
Excluded, at the coming of that joy
Fled not that grief, nor did that grief destroy
The newly risen bliss:

But side by side they flow,
Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart,
And ofttimes scarcely to be known apart—
That gladness and that woe;

Two fountains from one source,
Or which from two such neighbouring sources run,
That aye for him who shall unseal the one,
The other flows perforce.

And both are sweet and calm,
Fair flowers upon the banks of either blow,
Both fertilize the soil, and where they flow
Shed round them holy balm.

Archbishop Trench.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

THERE is a song now singing,
Catch but its sweet beginning
And you will still its notes prolong:
For ever, ever learning,
Yet never quite discerning
The deep, full meaning of the song!

It tells of love undying,
Before which grief is flying,
Like mists swept by the sun along!
Oh! how earth's sorrow leaveth
The heart that here receiveth
The holy music of the song.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

JERUSALEM the Golden,
I languish for one gleam
Of all thy glory folden
In distance, and in dream!
My thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray

For a glimpse of that dear country
That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the Golden,
Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a-singing,
Of thee some secret knows!
I know not what the flowers
Can feel, or singers see,
But all these summer raptures
Are prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden,
When sunset's in the west,
It seems thy gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches,
Through intermediate gloom,
Are waving with their welcome
To thy eternal home.

Jerusalem the Golden!
Where loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrows olden
For ever triumphing!

Lowly may be thy portal,
And dark may be the door,
The mansion is immortal—
God's palace for His poor.

Jerusalem the Golden!
There all our birds that flew,—
Our flowers but half-unfolden,
Our pearls that turned to dew,—
And all the glad life-music,
Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us
As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden!
I toil on day by day;
Heart-sore each night, with longing
I stretch my hands and pray
That midst thy leaves of healing
My soul may find her nest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,—
The weary are at rest.

Gerald Massey.

O FAIR! O PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

O FAIR! O purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear
Reflects him ere he reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.
Be thou this dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray;
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly.
Be thou that dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

T. Moore.

OH TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

OH teach me to love Thee, to feel what Thou art,
Till, filled with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

In joy and sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living or dying the same,
In *Thy* service bloom and decay,
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doomed by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and death,
On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fixed on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.

TOO LATE!

LATE, late, so late! and dark the night and chill;
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we, for that we do repent;
And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light, so late, and dark and chill the night;
Oh let us in that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet
Oh let us in, though late, to kiss His feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Tennyson.

STAR OF MORN AND EVEN.

STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven;
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the Tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home.

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from heaven,
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

F. T. Palgrave.

THE COVERT OF THY WINGS.

WHAT within me and without
Hourly on my spirit weighs,
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,
Darkening all my weary days?
In it I behold Thy will,
God, Who giveth rest and peace,
And my heart is calm and still,
Waiting till Thou send release.

God! Thou art my rock of strength,
And my home is in Thine arms,
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.
Sin nor death can pierce the shield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
Up to Thee myself I yield,
And my sorrows are Thine own.

Thou my shelter from the blast,
Thou my strong defence art ever;
Though my sorrows thicken fast,
Yet I know Thou leav'st me never
When my foe puts forth his might,
And would tread me in the dust,

To this rock I take my flight,
And I conquer him through trust.

When my trials tarry long,
Unto Thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my faith in Thee abate.
And this faith I long have nurst
Comes alone, O God, from Thee;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

Christians! cast on Him your load,
To your tower of refuge fly;
Know He is the living God,
Ever to His creatures nigh.
Seek His ever-open door
In your hours of utmost need;
All your hearts before Him pour,
He will send you help with speed.

But hast thou some darling plan,
Cleaving to the things of earth?
Leanest thou for aid on man?
Thou wilt find him nothing worth.
Rather trust the One alone
Whose is endless power and love,
And the help He gives His own
Thou in very deed shalt prove.

Yea, on Thee, my God, I rest,
  Letting life float calmly on,
For I know the last is best,
  When the crown of joy is won.
In Thy might all things I bear,
  In Thy love find bitters sweet,
And with all my grief and care
  Sit in patience at Thy feet.

O my soul, why art thou vexed?
  Let things go as e'en they will;
Though to thee they seem perplexed,
  Yet His order they fulfil.
Here He is thy strength and guard,
  Power to harm thee here has none;
Yonder will He each reward
  For the works he here has done.

Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
  O'er me, keep me close to Thee;
In the peace Thy love doth shed,
  Let me dwell eternally.
Be my all; in all I do
  Let me only seek Thy will,
Where the heart to Thee is true
  All is peaceful, calm, and still.

Lyra Germanica.

"I WILL PLEAD WITH YOU FACE TO FACE."

IT is so—ope thine eyes, and see—
  What view'st thou all around?
A desert, where iniquity
  And knowledge both abound.

In the waste howling wilderness
  The Church is wandering still,
Because we would not onward press
  When close to Sion's hill.

Back to the world we faithless turned,
  And far along the wild,
With labour lost and sorrow earned,
  Our steps have been beguiled.

Yet full before us all the while,
  The shadowing pillar stays,
The living waters brightly smile,
  Th' eternal turrets blaze.

Yet heaven is raining angels' bread
  To be our daily food,
And fresh, as when it first was shed,
  Springs forth the Saviour's blood.

From every region, race, and speech,
  Believing myriads throng,
Till, far as sin and sorrow reach,
  Thy grace is spread along;

Till sweetest nature, brightest art,
Their votive incense bring,
And every voice and every heart
Own Thee their God and King.

All own; but few, alas! will love;
Too like the recreant band
That with Thy patient Spirit strove
Upon the Red-sea strand.

O Father of long-suffering grace,
Thou who hast sworn to stay
eading with sinners face to face
Through all their devious way:

How shall we speak to Thee, O Lord,
Or how in silence lie?
Look on us, and we are abhorred;
Turn from us, and we die.

Thy guardian fire, thy guiding cloud,
Still let them gild our wall,
Nor be our foes and Thine allowed
To see us faint and fall.

Too oft, within this camp of Thine,
Rebellious murmurs rise;
Sin cannot bear to see Thee shine
So awful to her eyes.

Fain would our lawless hearts escape,
And with the heathen be,
To worship every monstrous shape
In fancied darkness free.

Vain thought, that shall not be at all!
Refuse we or obey,
Our ears have heard th' Almighty's call,
We cannot be as they.

We cannot hope the heathen's doom
To whom God's Son is given,
Whose eyes have seen beyond the tomb,
Who have the key of Heaven.

Weak tremblers on the edge of woe,
Yet shrinking from true bliss,
Our rest must be, "no rest below,"
And let our prayer be this:

"Lord, wave again Thy chastening rod,
Till every idol throne
Crumble to dust, and Thou, O God,
Reign in our hearts alone.

"Bring all our wandering fancies home,
For Thou hast every spell,
And mid the heathen where they roam,
Thou knowest, Lord, too well.

"Thou know'st our service sad and hard,
Thou know'st us fond and frail;—
Win us to be beloved and spared
When all the world shall fail.

"So when at last our weary days
Are well-nigh wasted here,
And we can trace Thy wondrous ways
In distance calm and clear,

"When in Thy love and Israel's sin
We read our story true,
We may not, all too late, begin
To wish our hopes were new:

"Long loved, long tried, long spared as they,
Unlike in this alone,
That, by Thy grace, our hearts shall stay
For evermore Thine own."

Christian Year.

THE TWINS.

"*Give, and it shall be given unto you.*"

GRAND rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
The better the uncouther:
Do roses stick like burrs?

"A beggar asked an alms
One day at an abbey-door,"
Said Luther; "but, seized with qualms,
The Abbot replied, 'We're poor!

"'Poor, who had plenty once,
When gifts fell thick as rain:
But they give us nought for the nonce,
And how should we give again?'

"Then the beggar, 'See your sins!
Of old, unless I err,
Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
Date and Dabitur.

"'While Date was in good case
Dabitur flourished too:
For Dabitur's lenten face,
No wonder if Date rue.

"'Would ye retrieve the one?
Try and make plump the other!
When Date's penance is done,
Dabitur helps his brother.

"'Only beware relapse!'
The Abbot hung his head.
This beggar might be, perhaps,
An angel," Luther said.

R. Browning.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

See 2 Kings iv. 1—6.

POUR forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
Though flowing broad and free
Till then, and nourished from on high,
It straightway staunched will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
  That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
  Such is the law of Love.

Archbishop Trench.

"THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH."

A QUIET heart, submissive, meek,
  Father, do Thou bestow;
Which more than granted will not seek
  To have, or give, or know.

Each green hill then will hold its gift
  Forth to my joying eyes;
The mountains blue will then uplift
  My spirit to the skies.

The falling water then will sound
  As if for me alone;
Nay, will not blessing more abound
  That many hear its tone?

The trees their murmuring forth will send;
  The birds send forth their song;
The waving grass its tribute lend
  Sweet music to prolong.

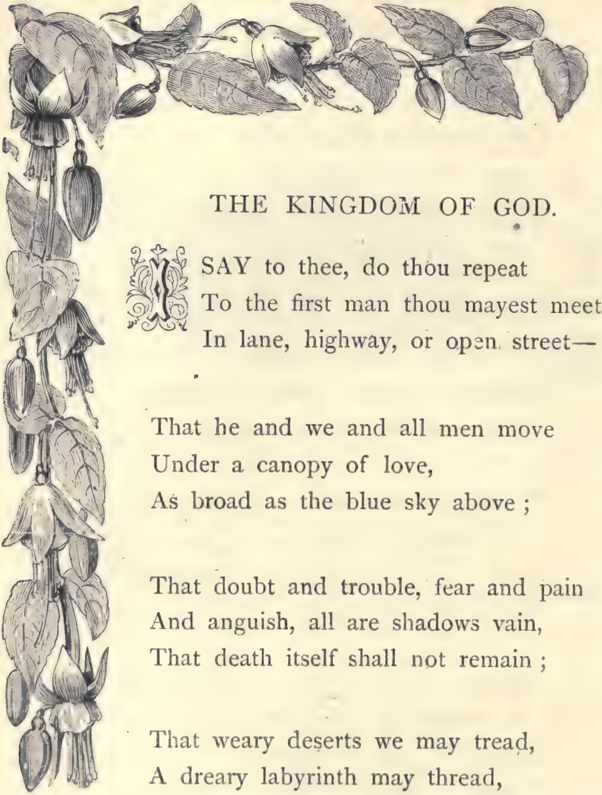
The water-lily's shining cup,
  The trumpet of the bee,
The hundred odours floating up,
  The many-shaded sea,

The rising sun's unprinted tread
  Upon the crested waves,
The gold and blue clouds overhead,
  The weed from far sea-caves.

All lovely things from south to north,
  All harmonies that be,
Each will its soul of joy send forth
  To enter into me.

And thus the wide earth I shall hold,
  A perfect gift of Thine;
Richer by these a thousandfold,
  Than if broad lands were mine.

G. Macdonald.



THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will One guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

Archbishop Trench.

* * *

LOSS AND GAIN.

LIKE berries on some inner bough,
Which swell, grow red, and straight decay,
Finding for beauty no employ,
Till all their fitness fades away;
Yet join some elemental force
And fatten soil for other trees—
How often seem our human lives
Useless, or useful but as these.

Whether, of earthly children, sires,
Men toil and store, or whether, crossed
In that most ardent of desires,
The current of their lives seems lost;
Whether the task be duly done,
Or the strong word unnoticed fall,
God counts His workmen one by one,
And surely, too, He uses all.

No life is lost, no hope is vain,
No prayer without a sequent deed,
He turns all seeming loss to gain,
And finds a soil for every seed,
Some fleeting glance He doth endow,
He sanctifies some casual word,
Unconscious gifts His children show,
For all is potent with the Lord.

We only see the outer thing,
The secret heart of force ignore;
Lo! from some harsh ungenial Spring
Full Summer blossoms forth the more.
Deep lie the channels of God's grace
Deep lies the mystery of use,
He setteth in the chiefest place,
That stone the builders all refuse.

The links of time are counted up,
And all are nought if one were broken;
He knows the drops in every cup,
No word remains as if unspoken;
We do not guess what we achieve,
Dim is the ending of our course,
Our faintest impulse may receive
The aid of supernatural force.

Half blind amidst the stir of things,
But safe in following out the law,
We know not what a moment brings,
Nor which way blows the burning straw.
When earth's great heart hath ceased to beat,
And all is finished as foreshown,
Marshalled before the Judgment Seat,
Then shall we know as we are known.

R. Parkes.

THE WONDROUS WELL.

CAME North, and South, and East, and West,
Four sages to a mountain crest.

Each vowed to search the wide world round,
Until the Wondrous Well be found.

And here, as simple shepherds tell,
Lies clear and deep the Wondrous Well.

Before the crag they made their seat,
The polished water at their feet.

Said one, "This well is small and mean,
Too petty for a village green."

Another said, "So smooth and dumb,
From earth's deep centre can it come?"

The third, "This water seems not rare,
Nor even bright, but pale as air."

The fourth, "A fane I looked to see;
Where the true well is, that must be."

They rose and left the mountain crest,
One North, one South, one East, one West.

Through many seas and deserts wide,
They wandered, thirsting, till they died.

The shepherds by the mountain dwell,
And dip their pitchers in the Wondrous Well.

"GOOD STEWARDS OF THE MANIFOLD GRACE OF GOD."

THE Earth that in her genial breast
Makes for the down a kindly nest,
Where wafted by the warm south-west
It floats at pleasure,
Yields, thankful, of her very best,
To nurse her treasure :

True to her trust, tree, herb, or reed,
She renders for each scattered seed,
And to her Lord with duteous heed
Gives large increase :
Thus year by year she works unfee'd,
And will not cease.

Woe worth these barren hearts of ours,
Where Thou hast set celestial flowers,
And watered with more balmy showers
Than e'er distilled
In Eden, on th' ambrosial bowers—
Yet nought we yield.

Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely Thy gifts should be restored;
Freely Thou givest, and Thy word
Is, "Freely give."
He only, who forgets to hoard,
Has learned to live.

Wisely Thou givest—all around
Thine equal rays are resting found,
Yet varying so on various ground
They pierce and strike,
That not two roseate cups are crowned
With dew alike:

E'en so, in silence, likest Thee,
Steals on soft-handed Charity,
Tempering her gifts, that seem so free,
By time and place,
Till not a woe the bleak world see,
But finds her grace:

Eyes to the blind, and to the lame
Feet, and to sinners wholesome blame,
To starving bodies food and flame,
By turns she brings;
To humbled souls, that sink for shame,
Lends heavenward wings:

Leads them the way our Saviour
    went,
And shows Love's treasure yet
    unspent;
As when th' unclouded heavens were
    rent,
        Opening His road,
Nor yet His Holy Spirit sent
        To our abode.

Ten days th' eternal doors displayed
Were wondering (so th' Almighty
    bade)
Whom Love enthroned would send,
    in aid
        Of souls that mourn,
Left orphans in Earth's dreary shade
        As soon as born.

Open they stand, that prayers in
    throngs
May rise on high, and holy songs,
Such incense as of right belongs
        To the true shrine,
Where stands the Healer of all
    wrongs
        In light divine;

The golden censer in His hand,
He offers hearts from every land,
Tied to His own by gentlest band
Of silent Love:
About Him wingèd blessings stand
In act to move.

A little while, and they shall fleet
From Heaven to Earth, attendants meet
On the life-giving Paraclete
Speeding His flight,
With all that sacred is and sweet,
On saints to light.

Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, all
Shall feel the shower of Mercy fall,
And, starting at th' Almighty's call,
Give what He gave,
Till their high deeds the world appal,
And sinners save.

Christian Year.

WHEN DEATH IS COMING NEAR

WHEN death is coming near,
When thy heart shrinks in fear,
        And thy limbs fail;
Then raise thy hands and pray
To Him who smooths thy way
        Through the dark veil.
Seest thou the eastern dawn?
Hear'st thou in the red morn
        The angels' song?
Oh lift thy drooping head,
Thou who in gloom and dread
        Hast lain so long.
Death comes to set thee free,
Oh meet him cheerily
        As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
        Thy penance end.

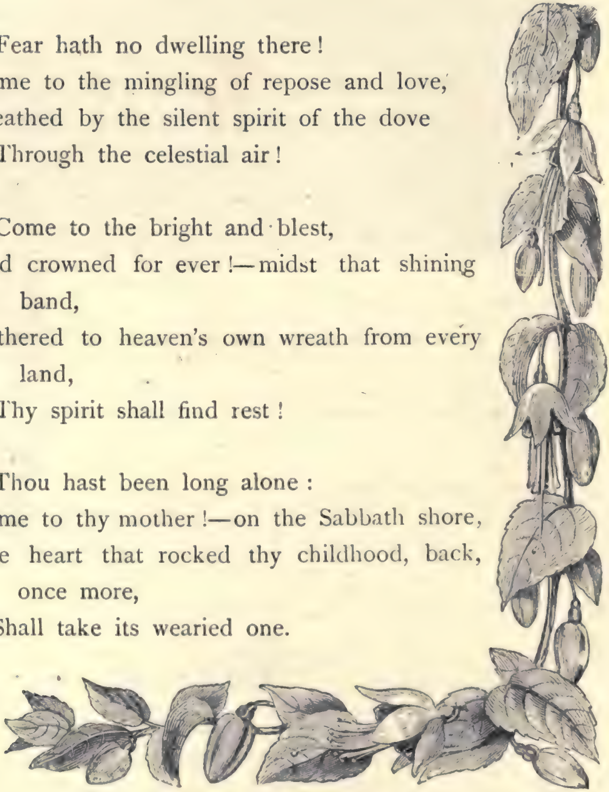
THE ANGEL'S CALL.

COME to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright and blest,
And crowned for ever!—midst that shining band,
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone:
Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rocked thy childhood, back, once more,
Shall take its wearied one.



In silence wert thou left:
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long bereft!

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough:
Come to thy Father!—it is finished now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
And, oh! bright victory—death by love no place:
Come, spirit, to thy God!

Mrs. Hemans.

MORNING.

"*His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.*"—Lam. iii. 22, 23.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, 'ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And, brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rain in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven:—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who, day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, in our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before:

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t'espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Christian Year.

EVENING.

"*Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.*"—
Luke xxiv. 29.

TIS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy priests thy daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Christian Year.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

NOT on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blessed
With balmy sleep,
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed!

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep;
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wakest and weepest?
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer;
For He that slumbereth not is there—
His ear is open to thy cry.
Oh, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head!

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest—
Those souls of countless number;

And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven—
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

Margaret Mercer.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

SAY, watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?

"The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be."

But, watchman, what of the night,
  When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
  No longer around me shine?

"That night of sorrow thy soul
  May surely prepare to meet;
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
  And the morning of joy be sweet."

But, watchman, what of the night
  When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light.
  Shall be my sleeping bed?

"That night is near, and the cheerless tomb
  Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
  And night shall be no more."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

JOY and gladness! joy and gladness!
Oh, happy day!
Every thought of sin and sadness
Chase, chase away.
Heard ye not the angels telling,
Christ the Lord of might excelling,
On the earth with man is dwelling,
Clad in our clay?

With the shepherd-throng around Him
Haste we to bow;
By the angel's sign they found Him,
We know Him now;
New-born babe of houseless stranger,
Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,
Saviour from our sin and danger,
Jesus, 'tis Thou!

God of Life, in mortal weakness,
Hail, Virgin-born!
Infinite in lowly meekness,
Thou wilt not scorn,
Though all heaven is singing o'er Thee,
And grey wisdom bows before Thee,
When our youthful hearts adore Thee,
This holy morn.

Son of Mary, (blessed mother!)
Thy love we claim;
Son of God, our elder brother,
(O gentle name!)
To Thy Father's throne ascended,
With Thine own His glory blended,
Thou art, all Thy trials ended,
Ever the same.

Thou wert born to tears and sorrows,
Pilgrim divine;
Watchful nights and weary morrows,
Brother, were Thine:
By Thy fight with strong temptation,
By Thy cup of tribulation,
Oh! thou God of our salvation,
With mercy shine!

In Thy holy footsteps treading
Guide, lest we stray;
From Thy word of promise shedding
Light on our way;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Like Thyself in mercy make us,
And at last to glory take us,
Jesus, we pray.

George W. Bethune.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

HARK! hark! with harps of gold,
What anthem do they sing?—
The radiant clouds have backward rolled,
And angels smite the string.
"Glory to God!"—bright wings
Spread glistening and afar,
And on the hallowed rapture rings
From circling star to star.

"Glory to God!" repeat
The glad earth and the sea;
And every wind and billow fleet
Bears on the jubilee.
Where Hebrew bard hath sung,
Or Hebrew bard hath trod,
Each holy spot has found a tongue:
"Let glory be to God."

Soft swells the music now
Along that shining choir,
And every seraph bends his brow
And breathes above his lyre.
What words of heavenly birth
Thrill deep our hearts again,
And fall like dew-drops to the earth?
"Peace and good will to men."

Soft!—yet the soul is bound
With rapture like a chain:
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,
And heaven repeats the strain.
Sound, harps, and hail the morn
With every golden string;—
For unto us this day is born
A Saviour and a King!

E. H. Chapin.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

THE bells—the bells—the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring!
As if they felt the joy they tell
To every human thing.
The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,
Are swelling soft and clear,
As, wave on wave, the tide of sound
Fills the bright atmosphere.

The bells—the merry Christmas bells,
They're ringing in the morn!
They ring when in the eastern sky
The golden light is born;
They ring, as sunshine tips the hills,
And gilds the village spire—
When, through the sky, the sovereign sun
Rolls his full orb of fire.

The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring!
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,
A kindlier life they bring.
The poor man on his couch of straw,
The rich on downy bed,

Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet
Of angels overhead.

The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,
O'er many a mile they sound!
And household tones are answering them
In thousand homes around.
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,
With youth's strong accents blend,
And manhood's deep and earnest tones
With woman's praise ascend.

The bells—the solemn Christmas bells,
They're calling us to prayer;
And hark, the voice of worshippers
Floats on the morning air.
Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,
And glorious hymns to-day,
Te Deums loud and *Glorias:*
Come, to the Church,—away.

John W. Brown.

◆

AVISON.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
  Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Sion, the marvellous story be telling,
  The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!
The brightest Archangel in glory excelling,
  He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.

Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,
  The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
  How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
  And sweet let the gladsome hosannas arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
  One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

Muhlenburg.

THE HEART'S SONG.

"*Behold I stand at the door.*"

IN the silent midnight watches,
List thy bosom-door;
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour stands entreating,
Rise and let me in.

Death comes down with equal footstep
To the hall and hut;
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut!
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;
But thy door is fast:
Grieved, at length away He turneth,
Death breaks in at last!

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the door of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But—He knows thee not!

A. C. Coxe.

O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine;
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinner's gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe on me Thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside,
When, in Thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory now I see;
Beside Thy cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language shall I borrow
  To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
  Thy pity without end?
Oh make me Thine for ever;
  And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
  Outlive my love for Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
  Oh show Thy cross to me;
And to my succour flying,
  Come, Lord, and set me free!
When strength and comfort languish
  Amidst the final throe,
Release me from my anguish
  By Thine own pain and woe.

J. W. Alexander.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

"*Be strong and of a good courage: for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee.*"—Deut. xxxi. 6.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
Do His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!

At the sign of triumph
  Satan's host doth flee!
On, then, Christian soldiers,
  On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
  At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
  Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army,
  Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
  Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
  All one body we—
One in hope, in doctrine,
  One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
  Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
  Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
  'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
  And that cannot fail.

Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song—
Glory, praise, and honour
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

FLING out the Banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the Banner! Angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the Banner! Heathen lands
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the Banner! Sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the Banner! Let it float
Skyward, seaward, high and wide:
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the Banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop Doane.

GO FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER!

"*Fight the good fight of faith.*"—1 Tim. vi. 12.

GO forward, Christian soldier!
Beneath His banner true:
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past:
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

O THOU IN WHOSE ETERNAL NAME.

O THOU in whose eternal name
 Went forth the Apostles' ardent host,
Baptize us with the hallowed flame
 That fell from heaven at Pentecost.

The fearless faith that cries "Repent!"
 Thy servants' earnest message fill;
By Thee the living word was sent,
 Thy presence make it living still.

And while Thy people bend and pray
 Towards Thy benignant throne of light,
Give answer in the dawning day
 Of Freedom, Mercy, Truth, and Right.

Immortal Truth! it lives in Thee;
  Our hope shall lean on Thee alone!
Thy Christ be all our liberty,
  And all our strength and will Thine own!

Father, whose heavenly kingdom lies
  In every meek believing breast,
Reveal before Thy children's eyes
  That kingdom's coming, and its rest!

Give Thy Son's herald, from above,
  The anointing of Thy Spirit's breath;
The faith that worked in Christ by love,
  The trust that triumphed in His death.

F. D. Huntington.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

CREATOR Spirit! come and bless us;
Let Thy love and fear possess us;
With Thy graces meek and lowly
Purify our spirits wholly.
Paraclete, the name Thou bearest,
Gift of God the choicest, dearest,
Love, and fire, and fountain living,
Spiritual unction giving,
Shower Thy benedictions seven
From Thy majesty in heaven.

Be the Saviour's word unbroken,
Let Thy many tongues be spoken;
In our sense Thy light be glowing,
Through our souls Thy love be flowing;
Cause the carnal heart to perish,
But the strength of virtue cherish,
Till each enemy repelling,
And Thy peace around us dwelling,
We beneath Thy guidance glorious
Stand o'er every ill victorious.

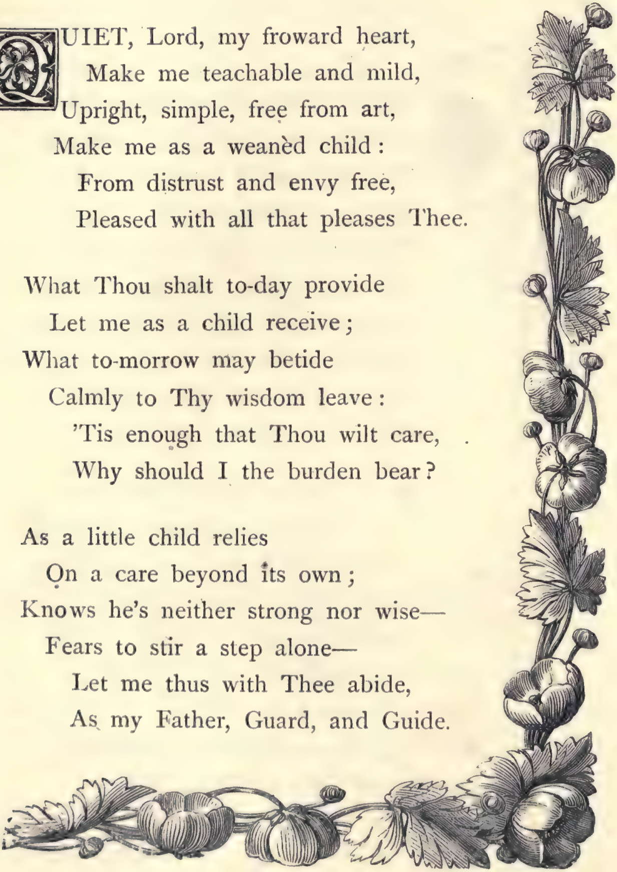
William Croswell.

THE CHILD.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond its own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise—
Fears to stir a step alone—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.



Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

J. Newton.

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
It is not to behold
The glory of thy jasper-walls,
Thy streets of purest gold;

To see the twelve Apostles' names
Upon thy bulwark traced;
Thy gates—each one a solid pearl,
By each an angel placed;

The stream of life from 'neath the throne,
  Nor yet that throne to see—
That I would pray, "O may my home
  Be found at last in thee!"

No earthly eye I know hath seen
  The glories that are thine;
Nor ear hath heard such strains as rise
  From mid the host divine.

But oh! than all thy streets can boast
  My eager eyes would see;
JESUS, the precious Lamb of God,
  Who died to ransom me!

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
  Name ever dear to me,
O may at last my name be found,"
  With CHRIST, my Lord, in thee!

George H. Houghton.

AN ANCIENT SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
  O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
  For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for Thee long pining,
  To eat till richly filled;
Till earth's delights resigning,
  Our every wish is stilled!

O Water, life-bestowing,
  From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
  A fount of love thou art!
Oh let us, freely tasting,
  Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
  Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
  We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
  We take—and doubt no more;
Give us, Thou true and loving,
  On earth to live in Thee;
Then, Death the veil removing,
  Thy glorious face to see!

Translated by Ray Palmer.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

JOY of my Life while left me here,
  And still my Love!
How in Thine absence Thou dost steer
  Me from above!
    A life well led
  This truth commends—
    With quick or dead
  It never ends.

Stars are of mighty use: the night
  Is dark, and long;
The road foul, and where *one* goes right,
  Six may go wrong.

One twinkling ray
Shot o'er some cloud,
May cleare much way
And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long, must passe
O'er dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse;
But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Theire beams, and light
Us into bed.

They are indeed our Pillar-fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that Citie's shining spires
We travel to:
A sword-like gleame
Kept man for sin
First *out*;—This beame
Will guide him *in*.

H. Vaughan.

FAITH'S REPOSE.

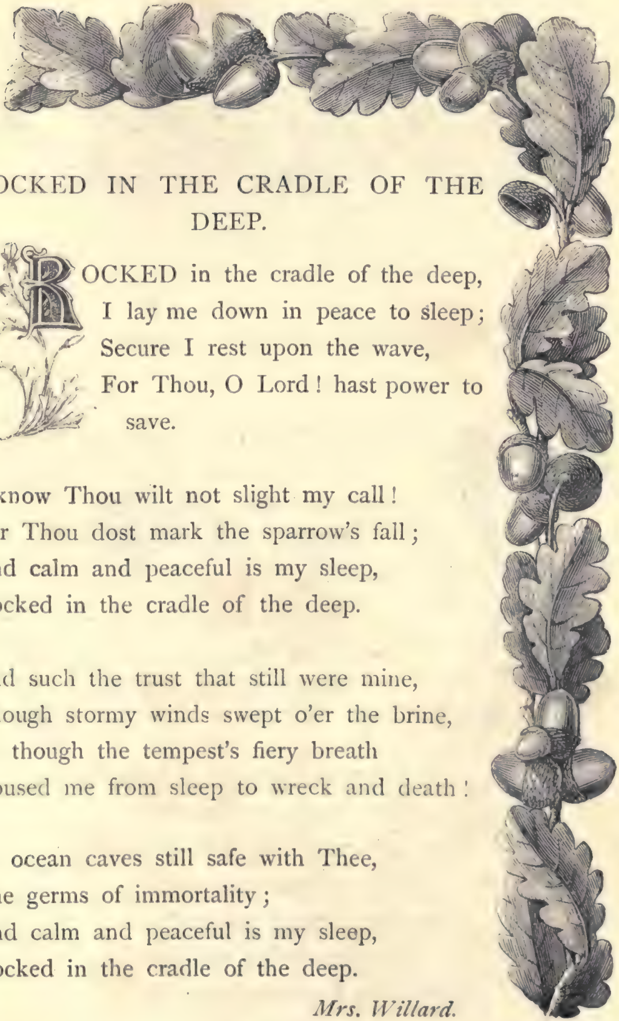
FATHER! beneath Thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life Divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win:
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide—
The grace that yields so rich a store,
Will grant us all we need beside.

William H. Burleigh.



ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call!
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!

In ocean caves still safe with Thee,
The germs of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.

ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed,
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy;
Spread the Gospel's love and trust,
Spread the Gospel's joy.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward fly!
Long has been the reign of night;
Bring the morning nigh.
Unto thee earth's sufferers lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them heaven's holy gift
Ere their courage fail.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed!
Morning bursts upon our sight,
Lo! the time decreed:
Now the Lord His kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall;
Now the joyous song awakes,
"God is All in All!"

S. F. Smith.

TO GOD, MOST HIGH.

O MY Lord, I have but Thee;
Other friends are faint and few,
To myself I am not true;
Yet, my God, Thou lovest me.

I am poor and have no more
But Thy love within my heart;
Earth shall never tear apart
That which is my hidden store.

Many, many doubts and fears,
I have many pains and cares;
But Thou camest, at unawares,
And I see Thee through my tears.

I would never be my own,
Nor on friends my heart-strings twine;
I do seek to be but Thine,
And to love but Thee alone.

Jesus! while Thy cross I see,
Though my heart do bleed with woe,
By those blessed streams I know,
Blood of Thine was shed for me.

O my Lord! be Thou my guide;
Let me hold Thee by the hand,
Then, in drear and barren land,
I will seek no friend beside.

Robert Lowell.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,—
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer.

THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE.

LORD, with glowing heart I'll praise Thee,
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:

Low before Thy footstep kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my love show forth Thy praise.

S. F. Key.

PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness and life and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer!

To prayer:—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where His children repose.
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer :—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of Creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince that burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parent and home farewell !
Kneel down by the side of the tearful there,
And strengthen the fateful hour with prayer.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies :
Oh hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
With a rapture a mother only knows :
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Drops of anguish are thick on his brow ;
Oh what is earth and its pleasures now ?
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in the eye which the Spirit sends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his thoughts are with God, and his last words
prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to strengthen, to soothe, to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold dark grave;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him, who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is a life of Heaven.

Henry Ware, jun.

CHRISTUS REMUNERATOR.

O LIFTED hands of sovereign might,
That spread beyond where sin can dare!
O tender eyes, whose loving light
Strikes through a blind world's dull despair!

How shall we claim one glance of Thee
Who hast all mortal fears to calm?
Or, Son of David, cry, on me
Have mercy? Nay, Lord! Here is balm.

Let me not thrust before Thine eyes
That seek where martyrs watch and wait,
A thankless life, that idly lies,
And brings no service, soon or late.

So many bondmen to release!
And devils dumb to exorcise.
Turbulent nations praying *peace!*
The grief I brought Thee voiceless lies.

It has no place, it has no name.
A gift of love to Love I bring,
The dark sky glows with living flame;
Not grief and loss, but love, I sing.

Dear Love that heeds the bird in nest,
  The singing bird, the dead in wood;
Great Love! that smiles from east to west,
  And fills all places as a flood.

Avenging Love! But who shall call,
  Avenge me, Lord! O Christ, we see
The lifted hands have wounds! we fall
  In silent shame to worship Thee.

Caroline Chesebro.

DIES IRÆ.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages!

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended.

King of majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us;
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary Thou hast sought me;
By Thy cross and passion bought me;—
Spare the hope Thy labours brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, oh give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favour turning,
Save my soul from endless burning!

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded!

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning;
Save, oh save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition!

Translation by John A. Dix.

O ANGEL OF THE LAND OF PEACE.

O ANGEL of the land of peace,
When wilt Thou ever come for me?
I fain would be where sorrows cease,
I dread no more Thy kind release,
I wait for Thee!

Sleep shuns mine eyes—mine inner sight
Is turning dimly heavenward,
To that far land of love and light,
Where angels all the silent night
Earth's children guard.

My yearning soul would fain demand,
O holy angels, pure and blest,
Where, mid yon happy, shining band,
In all the heavenly Fatherland,
My lost ones rest!

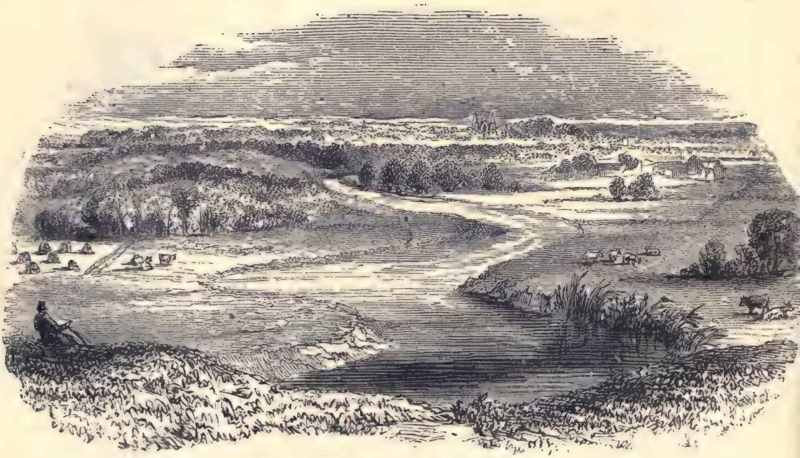
Thou, who alone, when man forgot
His heavenly innocence, and fell!
Still pitying, lingered round the spot
To soothe the anguish of his lot—
Thou, Thou canst tell!

For Thou, with sweet and loving smile,
  Didst gently lure them to Thy breast,
And bear them from this world of guile,
Thy pale, pure angel lips the while
    Upon them prest.

Dark grew my soul—till down the air
  Thy seraph-smile upon me fell!
And then I knew, from sin and care,
That Thou my little ones didst bear
    With God to dwell!

O Angel of the land of peace!
  When wilt Thou ever come for me?
I fain would be where sorrows cease;
I dread no more Thy kind release;
    I wait for Thee!

Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.



THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.[1]

OUT and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at time a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

---

[1] A French Canadian employed in trapping and hunting on the banks of American rivers.

Drearily blows the north wind
  From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
  And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
  And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
  That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
  Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
  The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
  To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
  Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
  That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatmen on the river,
  To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
  The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
  Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
  Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
  And our hearts faint at the oar;

Happy is he who heareth
  The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
  The chimes of eternal peace!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE HOURS.

I.—A.M.

ONE! Lord, whose daily mercies number
  My waking hours and hours of slumber,
Launched on life's everlasting sea,
I ask the gales that waft to Thee!

II.

Two! 'Tis the watcher's loneliest hour;
The realm of night has darkest power:
O Father, let Thine angels keep
Kind watches o'er a world asleep!

III.

THREE! Ere the dawn's first infant breath,
Floats o'er the vales the chill of death;
Oh, drive these murky shades afar,
And come, thou bright and morning Star!

IV.

FOUR! And the early labourer wakes;
Gray o'er the hills the day-dawn breaks;
Oh, warm my heart, celestial ray,
And shine, and mount, till all be day!

V.

FIVE! And beside their peaceful beds
Bow golden locks and hoary heads;
And blessings load the balmy air,
And strew the way of praise and prayer.

VI.

SIX! Night is past, and day is here;
Its voices murmur to my ear—
"Twelve hours the great Taskmaster gave;
Work, and BE MINDFUL OF THY GRAVE!"

VII.

SEVEN! Give this day our daily bread!
'Tis Thou the countless board hast spread
Where households meet, and kneel, and part,
For hall and chamber, field and mart.

VIII.

EIGHT! And the hours are swift of flight,
Where love, and home, and young delight,
And hope, and cheerful labour, leave
No spectres for the distant eve.

IX.

NINE! Blessings, blessings on the sound
Of humble school-bells, clashing round!
The merry sowers forth they ring,
And gray-haired men the sheaves shall bring.

X.

TEN! Here we till no Eden's soil;
All worthy gain is wrung by toil:
The world's vast toil, O Father, guide!
Thy kingdom first, then all beside!

XI.

ELEVEN! And morn has sped so soon;
Haste, or the journey stays till noon:
Woe, if the joyous noonday sun
Look down, and nought be yet begun!

XII.

TWELVE! Heaven puts on its dazzling robe,
And festal pomp girds round the globe;
For God is love, and life, and light,
And joy, and majesty, and right.

I.—P.M.

One ! One step downward ! Oh, be mine
The faithful morning's rich decline,
And faith's calm vision clear and clearer,
As hope's bright shore grows near and nearer !

II.

Two ! Victory hovering in the West,
The soldier craves not soon to rest ;
With wiser heart and cooler nerve,
Content to suffer and to serve.

III.

Three ! Shadowing clouds course o'er the plain,
And gentle breezes curl the main ;
And sober toil is half repose,
While day sinks lovelier than it rose.

IV.

Four ! If along life's dusty street
A moment pause my wayworn feet,
May some kind angel stoop and smile,
And whisper sweet, " A little while ! "

V.

Five ! The long shadows of the hills,
A pensive pleasing music fills,
Where Nature, with all sounds of peace,
Gives the kind signal of release.

VI.

Six! And the twelve hours' toil is past!
O Father, bring us home at last!
Home, as at eve we love to meet;
No clouded eye, no vacant seat!

VII.

Seven! And as star by star appears,
All heaven the desert wanderer cheers,
Maps the dark pathway o'er the billow,
And smiles on childhood's weary pillow.

VIII.

Eight! Now the moon, with silver shield,
Pale splendour pours o'er wave and field:
Oh thus, when brighter joys depart,
Let soothing peace still fold my heart!

IX.

Nine! And our curfew! Bending low,
"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;"
And Thou, whose love the long day gave,
Still pardon, succour, guide, and save!

X.

Ten! Who would loiter in the dance,
Where pleasure hangs on folly's glance,
While night sits throned in starry blaze,
And tells us more than all our days?

XI.

ELEVEN ! The sentry walks the camp ;
The student lingers o'er the lamp :
The world may sleep, but I would wake,
And watch, and toil, for love's sweet sake.

XII.

TWELVE ! Echoing through the midnight halls,
The knell of time to judgment calls :
O, Saviour, write my daily story,
Till I shall sleep, and wake in glory !

Bishop Burgess.

MISERERE DOMINE.

THOU, who lookest with pitying eye
From Thy radiant home on high,
On the Spirit tempest-tost,
Wretched, weary, wandering, lost;
Ever ready help to give,
And entreating, "Look and Live!"
By that love exceeding thought,
Which from heaven the Saviour brought;
By that mercy which could dare
Death to save us from despair,
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
We adore, implore, entreat,
Lifting heart and voice to Thee—
Miserere Domine!

With the vain and giddy throng,
FATHER! we have wandered long,
Eager from Thy paths to stray,
Chosen the forbidden way;
Heedless of the light within,
Hurried on from sin to sin,
And with scoffers madly trod
On the mercy of our God!
Now to where Thine altars burn,
Penitently we return:
Though forgotten, Thou hast not
To be merciful forgot;
Hear our suppliant cries to Thee—
Miserere Domine!

MISERERE DOMINE.

From the burden of our grief
Who but Thou can give relief?
Who can pour salvation's light
On the darkness of our night?
Bowed our load of sin beneath,
Who redeem our souls from death?
If in man we put our trust,
Scattered are our hopes like dust!
Smitten by Thy chastening rod,
Lo! we cry to Thee, our God!
From the perils of our path,
From the terrors of Thy wrath,
Save us, when we look to Thee—
Miserere Domine!

Where the pastures greenly grow,
Where the waters gently flow,
And beneath the sheltering Rock,
With the Shepherd rests the flock—
Oh, let us be gathered there,
Under Thy paternal care;
Love and labour, and rejoice
With the people of Thy choice,
Till the toils of life are done,
Till the fight is fought and won,
And the crown with heavenly glow
Sparkles on the victor's brow!
Hear the prayer we lift to Thee—
Miserere Domine!

William H. Burleigh.

THE LAST BOAT.

MUSING I sit upon the shore,
Awaiting till the boat shall come,
And bear me to my far-off home;
To cease from wandering ever more.

Wearied with waiting, pinched with cold,
Dim eyes of mine still watch the stream,
Which runs as in an endless dream;—
Runs now, will run, and ran of old.

Ever unchanged, the constant swirl
In little whirlpools eddies still,
The straws and leaves float down the rill,
And slime and scum still onward whirl.

For storms still ruffle its dark breast:
  The sunshine long hath ceased to play,
  Which in the morning of my day,
Fitfully shone with sweet unrest.

The day is dying;—morn and noon
  And sober afternoon are gone;
  Yet the boat comes not, and alone
I wait, and for its coming swoon.

But still the waters hurry on,
  The moving waters, dark and drear;
  The wavelets dance in van and rear,
And I am waiting to be gone.

I would be home before the night
  Sets in to freeze my spirit chill;
  For I have crept adown the hill
I mounted with a spirit light.

Lone, aged, and worn, I dread the cold,
  The silent darkness long and drear:
  I've nought to wrap me from the air
Whistling so shrilly o'er the wold.

But, as a shadow on the land
  Glides swiftly over field and wood,
  Suddenly, where no mortal stood,
The Boatman hoar is close at hand.

He beckons, and I step within;
The river glides and swirls away,
So swiftly that I scarce can say,
"O World! Farewell, Life, Death, and Sin."

Author of "The Gentle Life.

"THOU COMPASSEST MY PATH."

IF there had anywhere appeared in space
Another place of refuge where to flee,
Our hearts had taken refuge in that place,
And not with Thee.

For we against creation's bars had beat
Like prisoned eagles, through great worlds had sought
Though but a foot of ground to plant our feet,
Where Thou wert not.

And only when we found in earth and air,
In heaven or hell that such might nowhere be—
That we could not flee from Thee anywhere,
We fled to Thee.

THOU ART MY PORTION, O LORD.

O LORD! Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee:
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee:
On Thee, my God! on Thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee:
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee:
In Thee, my God! in Thee.

Oberlin.

IN THE NIGHT.

DARK, dark the night, and fearfully I grope
Amidst the shadows, feeling for the way,
But cannot find it. Here's no help, no hope,
And God is very far off with His day!

Hush, hush, faint heart! Why this may be thy chance,
When things are at their worst to prove thy faith;
Look up, and wait thy great deliverance,
And trust Him at the darkest unto death.

What need of Faith, if all were visibly clear?
'Tis for the trial-time that this was given.
Though clouds be thick, its sun is just as near,
And Faith will find Him in the heart of heaven.

'Tis often on the last grim ridge of war
God takes His stand to aid us in our fight;
He watched us while we rolled the tide afar,
And, beaten back, is near us in His might!

Under the wildest night, the heaviest woe,
When earth looks desolate—heaven dark with doom,
Faith has a fire-flash of the heart to show
The face of the Eternal in the gloom.

Gerald Massey.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

THOU wast, O God; and Thou wast blest
Before the world began;
Of Thine eternity possessed
Before Time's hour-glass ran.
Thou needest none Thy praise to sing,
As if Thy joy could fade;
Couldst Thou have needed anything,
Thou couldst have nothing made.

Great and good God, it pleased Thee
Thy godhead to declare;
And what Thy goodness did decree
Thy greatness did prepare.
Thou spak'st, and heaven and earth appeared,
And answered to Thy call;
As if their Maker's voice they heard,
Which is the creature's all.

To whom, Lord, should I sing, but Thee,
The Maker of my tongue!
Lo! other lords would seize on me,
But I to Thee belong.
As waters haste unto their sea,
And earth unto its earth;
So let my soul return to Thee,
From whom it had its birth.

But ah! I'm fallen in the night,
And cannot come to Thee:
Yet speak the word, "Let there be light,"
It shall enlighten me:
And let Thy word, most mighty Lord,
Thy fallen creature raise:
O make me o'er again, and I
Shall sing my Maker's praise.

Mason.

COMFORT.

O HOW many hours of beauty
Has the Master dealt around?
And how many broken spirits
Has He tenderly upbound!

Oh how often, to refresh us,
Warmly beams the sun of life,
Chasing from our brows the furrows
Gathered in its gloom and strife.

Thus it will go on for ever
  Till the end of all things here;
Till our Lord to glory call us,
  In His presence to appear.

Then the Fatherland to enter,
  And no more as pilgrims drest;
But adorned with all the shining
  Festal raiment of the blest.

Should not this thy spirit strengthen
  To rejoice, be calm and still,
And to follow where He leadeth,
  Let Him lead thee where He will?

All things work for Thy salvation,
  If indeed thou art His friend:
Tarry but a little season,
  Only wait until the end.

So the bitterest, as the sweetest,
  Serve alike to lead to heaven;
Nor thy voice alone shall praise Him
  For the cross that once was given.

Doubtless rugged heights arising,
  Fill thy heart with deep alarms;
But where Thou canst not surmount them,
  Christ will bear thee in His arms.

Only journey ever onward,
  Farther on the homeward way,
Ever with an eye uplifted
  To the clearer realms of day.

Fearless thou may'st tread the valley,
  All in shadow though it be,
When the open blue of heaven
  Shines beyond the gloom for thee.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

CONTINUING INSTANT IN PRAYER.

IF we with earnest effort could succeed
To make our lives one long connected prayer,
As lives of some perhaps have been and are,
If, never leaving Thee, we had no need
Our wandering spirits back again to lead
Into Thy presence, but continued there,
Like angels standing on the highest stair
Of the sapphire throne, this were to pray indeed.
But if distractions manifold prevail,
And if in this we must confess we fail,
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
Continual readiness for prayer and praise,
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire
With the least spark, and leap into a blaze.

Archbishop Trench.

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

SAINT Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess.

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will!

All these must first be trampled down
  Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown
  The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings—we cannot soar—
  But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
  The cloudly summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
  That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
  Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
  Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
  As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
  Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
  Were toiling upwards in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
  With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
  A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past
  As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
  To something nobler we attain.

Longfellow.

"GOD WITH US."

WHEN God came down from heaven—
  the living God—
    What signs and wonders marked His
      stately way?
  Brake out the winds in music where
      He trod?
    Shone o'er the heavens a brighter,
      softer day?

  The dumb began to speak, the blind
      to see,
  And the lame leaped, and pain and paleness fled;
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,
  And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead!

When God went back to heaven—the living God—
Rode He the heavens upon a fiery car?
Waved seraph-wings along His glorious road?
Stood still to wonder each bright wandering star?

Upon the cross He hung, and bowed the head,
And prayed for them that smote, and them that cursed;
And, drop by drop, His slow life-blood was shed,
And His last hour of suffering was His worst.

Milman.

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH."

I COME, dear Lord, like a tired child, to creep
Unto Thy feet, and there a while to sleep;
Weary, though not with a long busy day,
But with the morning's sunshine and with play;
And with some tears that fell, although the while
They scarce were deep enough to drown a smile.

"*AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH.*"

There is no need for words of mine to tell
My heart to Thee; Thou needest not to spell,
As others must, my hidden thoughts and fears
From out my broken words, my sobs, or tears;
Thou knowest all; knowest far more than I
The inner meaning of each tear or sigh.

Thou mayest smile, perchance, as mothers smile
On sobbing children, seeing all the while
How soon will pass away the endless grief,
How soon will come the gladness and relief;
But if Thou smilest, yet Thy sympathy
Measures my grief by what it is to me.

And not the less Thy love doth understand,
And not the less, with tender, pitying hand,
Thou wipest all my tears, and the sad face
Dost cherish to a smile in Thine embrace,
Until the pain is gone; and Thou dost say,
"Go now, my child, and work for Me to-day."

Thoughts from a Girl's Life.

"THE BRIGHT LIGHT THAT IS IN THE CLOUDS."

DESPAIR not in the vale of woe,
Where many joys from suffering flow.

Oft breathes simoom, and close behind
A breath of God doth softly blow.

Clouds threaten—but a ray of light,
And not of lightning, falls below.

How many winters o'er thy head
Have past—yet bald it does not show.

Thy branches are not bare, and yet
What storms have shook them to and fro.

To thee has time brought many joys,
If many it has bid to go;

And seasoned has with bitterness
Thy cup, that flat it should not grow.

Trust in that veilèd hand, which leads
one by the path that he would go,

And always be for change prepared,
For the world's law is ebb and flow.

Stand fast in suffering, until He
Who called it shall dismiss also;

And from that Lord all good expect,
Who many mercies strews below;

Who in life's narrow garden-strip
Has bid delights unnumbered blow.

Archbishop Trench.

WAITING FOR SPRING.

WAITING for Spring! The mother, watching lonely
By her sick child when all the night is dumb,
Hearing no sound save his hoarse breathing only,
Saith, "He will rally when the Spring days come."

Waiting for Spring! Ah me, all nature tarries,
As motionless and cold she lies asleep,
Wrapt in her green pine robe that never varies,
Wearing out Winter by this southern deep.

The tints are too unbroken on the bosom
Of those great woods; we want some light green shoots;
We want the white and red acacia blossom,
The blue life hid in all these russet roots.

WAITING FOR SPRING.

Waiting for Spring! The hearts of men are watching,
Each for some better, brighter, fairer thing;
Each ear a distant sound most sweet is catching,
A herald of the beauty of his Spring.

Waiting for Spring! The nations in their anger,
Or deadlier torpor wrapt, look onward, still
Feel a far hope through all their strife and languor,
And better spirits in them throb and thrill.

Waiting for Spring! Christians are waiting ever,
Body and soul by sin and pain bowed down;
Look for the time when all these clouds shall sever,
See high above the cross a flowery crown.

Waiting for Spring! Poor hearts! how oft ye weary,
Looking for better things, and grieving much!
Earth lieth still, though all her bowers be dreary;
She trusts her God, nor thrills but at His touch.

It must be so,—the man, the soul, the nation,
The mother by her child—we wait, we wait,
Dreaming out futures; life is expectation,
A grub, a root that holds our higher state.

Waiting for Spring—the germ for its perfection,
Earth for all charms by light and colour given,
The body for its robe of resurrection,
Souls for their Saviour, Christians for our heaven.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there.*
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

And now we fight the battle,
  But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
  And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
  And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
  With Babylon must cope.

But there is David's fountain,
  And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
  And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
  The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
  But lasteth evermore.

Behold, when morn shall waken,
  And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
  Shall shine as doth the day:
Yes! God my King and Portion,
  In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
  And worship face to face.

For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of Thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour;
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise Thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
  The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
  Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
  And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
  The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
  Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
  Are clad in robes of white.

St. Bernard—Translated by Dr. Neale.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

ONWARD ! onward ! men of heaven,
Rear the Gospel's banner high ;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky ;
Bear it where the eastern stranger
Dwells 'neath Asia's sunniest ray ;
Where the western forest ranger
Lingers ere he pass away.

Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly let its radiance flow.
India marks its lustre stealing ;
Frozen Greenland loves its rays ;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the mingled strain of praise.

Rude in speech or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free ;
Lo ! they haste to every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply,
Onward ! Christ is our salvation,
And your death is victory.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, ARISE!

SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless, fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurl'd;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest die,
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless; seek the stray'd;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
With the Spirit's sword array'd,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurl'd;
Bear it bravely still abroad,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate.
Death lays his icy hands on kings!
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor, crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds!
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Shirley.

REST OF THE WEARY.

REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend!

Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise:
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend!

HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

HO! every one that thirsteth,
Drink at the living well,
Within whose source the streams of life
And joy eternal dwell;
Come ye, the poor, no worldly gift
The sacred draught can buy;
Pure, deep, and sweet, and without price,
The sacred waters lie.

Come ye in faith, incline your ear,
And so your soul shall live,
Strengthened for ever by the draught
The well of truth can give:

And God, yea, even God, whose words
    Alone are just and true,
Will hear and make an everlasting
    Covenant with you.

Come ye in faith, and ye shall then
    Go out with joy—be led forth free
As the high mountains and the hills,
    That seem to sing in glee!
And that shall be a sign to thee
    That He hath heard thy voice;
And ye who walk within His ways
    May evermore rejoice!

J. E. Carpenter.

MY HOME.

MY Home! my Home! I've paused a while
In many a stranger land,
And seen in all "boon nature" smile
Beneath her Maker's hand:
But never, since calm reason took
From Fancy's clutch her rhyming book,
A joyful resting planned—
Till here the blessed scene I laid,
Here in mine own romantic shade.

My Home! my Home! oh, ever dear
Thy hallowed scenes shall be;
In joy or grief, in hope or fear,
My spirit clings to thee.

I deem my Home an emblem meet
Of that enduring last retreat,
  From pain and passion free,
Where Peace shall fix her bright abode,
And yield her followers up to God.

THOSE ETERNAL BOWERS.

THOSE eternal bowers
  Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
  Round the throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them
  After weary fight?
Who at length attain them,
  Clad in robes of white?

He who gladly barters
  All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
  Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
  Is a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
  Of the blest above.

Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with pipe and tabor
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour—
When He tells you, "Fight!"

While we do our duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side!
Oh, heed not the story
Of this life's distress:
Oh, the future glory!
Oh, the loveliness!

MORN.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies;
Christ, the true, the only Light;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

MORNING LIGHT.

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more high.

Fresh hopes have waken'd in our hearts
Fresh energy to do our parts;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore
A thousandfold to serve Thee more.

Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darken'd hearts Thine own:
Though this new day with joy we see,
O Dawn of God! we cry for Thee!

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend!
Praise Him through time, till time shall end!
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore!

Francis Turner Palgrave.

ON GOING TO LABOUR.

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thine acceptable will.

Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
  Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
  And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
  And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
  And hasten to Thy glorious day.

For Thee delightfully employ
  Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
  And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

PRAISE THE LORD OF HEAVEN.

PRAISE the Lord of heaven,
Praise Him in the height,
Praise Him, all ye angels,
Praise Him, stars and light!
Praise Him, skies and waters,
Which above the skies,
When His word commanded,
Did, established, rise!

Praise the Lord, ye fountains
Of the deeps and seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains,
Cedars and all trees!
Praise Him, clouds and vapours,
Snow, and hail, and fire,
Stormy wind fulfilling
Only his desire!

Praise Him, fowls and cattle,
Princes and all kings!
Praise Him, men and maidens,
All created things;
For the name of God
Is excellent alone;
Over earth his footstool,
Over heaven His throne!

T. B. Browne.

MY GOD AND KING.

LET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high;
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low;
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

George Herbert.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
  From his nest by the white waves' foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
  This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
  Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
  Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
  They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod—
They have left unstained what there they found—
  Freedom to worship God.

Mrs. Hemans.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

"*Lord, help me.*"—Matt. xv. 25.

IN the hour of trial,
JESUS, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy Hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,
  Fraught with strife and pain;
When my dust returneth
  To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
  Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me dying
  To eternal life.

ART THOU WEARY?

"*Come unto me.*"—Matt. xi. 28.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
  Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me"—saith One—"and coming,
        Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
  If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
        And His side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
  That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
        But of thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

HEAR, O LORD AND GOD! MY CRIES.

HEAR, O Lord and God! my cries;
Mark my foes' unjust abusing;
And illuminate my eyes,
Heavenly beams in them infusing.

Lest my woes, too great to bear,
  And too infinite in number,
Rock me soon 'twixt hope and fear,
  Into death's eternal slumber;

Lest my foes their boasting make,
  "Spite of right on him we trample;"
And a pride in mischief take,
  Heartened by my sad example.

As for me, I'll ride secure
  At Thy mercy's sacred anchor,
And undaunted will endure
  Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These black clouds will overblow,
  Sunshine shall have his returning,
And my grief-wrung heart, I know,
  Into mirth shall change his mourning.

Therefore I'll rejoice and sing
  Hymns to God, in sacred measure,
Who to happy pass will bring
  My just hopes, at His good pleasure.

Francis Davison.

HYMN.

THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION.

THOU spakest; and the waters rolled
  Back from the earth away,
They fled by Thy strong voice controlled,
  Till Thou didst bid them stay:
Then did that rushing mighty ocean
Like a tame creature cease its motion,
Nor dared to pass where'er Thy hand
Had fixed its bound of slender sand.

And freshly risen from out the deep
  The land lay tranquil now,
Like a new-christened child asleep,
  With the dew upon its brow:
As when in after time the Earth
Rose from her second watery birth,
In pure baptismal garments drest,
And calmly waiting to be blest.

Again Thou spakest, Lord of power,
  And straight the land was seen
All clad with tree, and herb, and flower,
  A robe of lustrous green:
Like souls wherein the hidden strength
Of their new-birth is waked at length,
When, robed in holiness, they tell
What might did in those waters dwell.

Lord, o'er the waters of my soul
  The word of power be said;
My thoughts and passions bid Thou roll
  Each in its channelled bed;
Till that in peaceful order flowing,
They time their glad obedient going
To thy command whose voice to-day
Bade the tumultuous floods obey.

For restless as the moaning sea,
  The wild and wayward will
From side to side is wearily
  Changing and tossing still;
But swayed by Thee 'tis like the river
That down its green banks flows for ever,
And, calm and constant, tells to all
The blessedness of such sweet thrall.

Then in my heart, Spirit of Might,
  Awake the life within,
And bid a spring-tide calm and bright
  Of holiness begin:
So let it lie with Heaven's grace
Full shining on its quiet face,
Like the young Earth in peace profound,
Amid th' assuagèd waters round.

T. Whytehead.

SONG OF AN OLD MAN.

THOUGH winter yet be not o'er-past,
  The breath of spring steals o'er the lea;
  Is it in mercy unto me,
April, thou comest in such haste?

Ah! gentle friend, I would behold
  Thy fair young face, thy tender tears,
  In thy soft voice my spirit hears
Itself speak cheerly as of old.

When ere the dawn I wake and weep,
  To think of hearts that beat no more,
  And cruel memories haunt me sore,
Come thou, and through my lattice creep.

And murmuring in the ivy leaves,
  Waken the early morning bird,
  Whose mirth, by the first daylight stirr'd,
Sings to me from beneath the eaves.

Oh! the first snowdrop let me see,
  The first young primrose laughing out;
  When the rathe violet sheds about
Its magic soul, bear that to me.

When in their hearts thy life is born,
  The young man laughs, the young girl sighs,
  And love, in light of their blue eyes,
Moves, as in heaven the star of morn.

Wild horses run in valleys wide,
  The deer leaps up in oaken glade,
  The lion from his rocky shade
Roars, and runs down the mountain side.

When thy swift life moves in their blood
  Like lightning, lo! the strong arise,
  And do great deeds, and o'er the wise
Roll godlike visions like a flood.

The poet bares his suffering brows
Unto thee, and his voice is heard
Mingling with song of tree and bird,
Like gods beneath the garden boughs.

But I am old, and in my breast
The embers of the ancient fire
Flame not again at my desire—
Oh! I am old, and crave but rest.

Lead me a little in the sun,
Kind hand of maid, or loving child;
My tears the light of heaven shall gild
Until my wintry day be done.

Though in my heart the voice of spring,
With its bright flowers and carols clear,
Tells me not of the passing year,
And the new life in everything;

But takes me back where lie inurn'd
The ashes of imperial joys,
Discrowned hopes with quenched eyes,
Great passions with their torches burn'd.

Some spirit out of darkness brings,
And sets upon their ancient thrones
The scatter'd monumental bones
Of thoughts that were as mighty kings.

Some voice thrills in mine ear like breath
Of virgin song, and fair young Love
Is seen his golden plumes to move
Over the grim grey land of Death.

My heart is like a temple dim,
Down whose long aisles the moonlight floats
And sad celestial organ notes
Hover, like wings of cherubim.

Touch'd by some unseen hand, around
The marble figures of the dead;
But at this hour no living tread
Is heard, no disenchanting sound.

O, WHEN MY GOD!

O WHEN my God, my glory, brings
His white and holy train
Unto those clear and living springs
Where comes no stain;

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,
And joy, and rest;
Make me amongst them ('tis my suit!)
The last one, and the least.

H. Vaughan.

O THOU! WHOSE WISE PATERNAL LOVE.

O THOU! whose wise paternal love
Hath brought my active spirit down—
Thy will I thankfully approve;
And, prostrate at Thy gracious Throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy work I can no longer do;
But while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show.
My patience may Thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.

But since, without Thy Spirit's might,
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The aid I ask in Jesu's right—
The strength He did for me procure—
Father, abundantly impart,
nd arm with love my feeble heart.

Oh may I live of Thee possess'd
In weakness, weariness, and pain;
The anguish of my throbbing breast,
The daily cross, may I sustain,
For Him who languished on the tree,
But lived, before He died, for me.

PASSING THE GATE.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside the ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is heaven,
And Death the sentry grim;
The Lord, therefore, has given
The opening keys to him;
And ransomed sinners, sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
  That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message
  To souls that watch and wait;
And, at the time appointed,
  A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed,
  From cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
  They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey homeward winging,
  They leave to earth their fears;
Death like an angel seemeth;
  "We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth;
  'Tis life for them to die.

SIGHS AND GROANS.

O DO not use me
After my sins! look not on my desert,
But on Thy glory; then Thou wilt reform,
And not refuse, me. For Thou only art
The mighty God; but I, a silly worm.
O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can Thy ill steward make!
I have abused Thy stock, destroyed Thy woods,
Sucked all Thy magazines. My head did ache
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods.
O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!
I have deserved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers, because my lust
Hath still sewed fig-leaves to exclude Thy light.
But I am frailty, and already dust;
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
With the turned vial of Thy bitter wrath!
For Thou hast other vessels, full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Even unto death. Since He died for my good,
O do not kill me!

George Herbert.

SUBMIT YOURSELVES TO HIS WILL.

SINCE 'tis God's will—pain, take
    your course,
  Exert on me your utmost force—
I well God's truth and promise know;
  He never sends a woe,
  But His supports divine
In due proportion with the affliction join.

Though I am frailest of mankind,
And apt to waver as the wind—
Though me no feeble bruised reed
  In weakness can exceed—
  My soul on God relies,
And I your fierce, redoubled shocks
    despise.

Patient, resigned, and humble wills
Impregnably resist all ills.
My God will guide me by His light,
  Give me victorious might:
  No pang can me invade,
Beneath His wings' propitious shade.

FAITH.

FAITH is the dawning of the day,
Where darkness was before;
The rising of the solar ray,
To set in night no more.

* * * *

Faith leads me onward to the Cross,
And through it to a crown,
When purified from all the dross
That weighs the spirit down.

Faith takes her balances of gold,
And weighs with skill sublime
Eternal happiness untold,
Against the dreams of time.

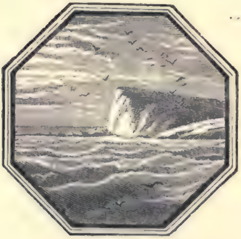
* * * *

Faith is the compass never wrong,
Not swerving from its pole:

It cheers the weak, directs the strong,
And gladdens every soul.

Faith is the charm that keeps our sight
From wandering by the way;
It studs with stars the brow of night,
And turns it into day.

"*Lyra Mystica.*" *M. Bridges.*



BEFORE THE SACRAMENT.

BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed!

TEACH ME, MY GOD AND KING.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

* * * *

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

George Herbert.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

VIRGIN-BORN! we bow before Thee!
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child!

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee!
Blessed was the hand that led Thee!
Blessed was the parent's eye
That watched Thy slumbering infancy!

Blessed she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world's Salvation!
And blessed they, for ever blest,
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best!

Virgin-born! we bow before Thee!
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child!

DYING TO THE WORLD.

MY soul lives but a stranger here,
My country is the heavenly sphere:
While God here wills my stay,
His grace my powers shall sway,
Death! when for me you are designed,
But little work in me you'll find.

My all is God's possession grown,
I nothing keep to call my own:
  If any self you see
  Remaining still in me,
Oh! that should long ago have died,
Had I the lurking ill descried.

Perhaps you'll at my body aim—
But that's devoted to God's name;
  God there is pleased to build
  A temple, with God filled;
Dare you to ruin that design,
Which temple is of Godhead trine?

By God's permission yet you may
Dissolve this house built up of clay—
  In ruin when it lies,
  It glorious shall arise;
And rise to a much nobler height,
Than the first temple, much more bright.

Should you my heaven-born soul attempt—
That from your terrors lives exempt—
  You ne'er, with all your skill,
  Could souls immortal kill:
You need not me and world divide,
I long ago the world denied.

I have prevented all your force,
Which from my friends might me divorce—
  To friends, though truly dear,
  My heart dares not adhere:
No perfect friend but God I know,
For God I all the rest forego.

Should you invade me, armed with pain,
And make me numerous deaths sustain,
  My will, to God resigned,
  Sweet ease in God will find;
God's love will all my pains endear;
With joy my dissolution's near.

Death! when you shall approach my head,
You'll nothing see but what is dead;
  Yet do not me forsake,
  Care of my body take;
Lay me with gentle hand asleep—
God in the grave my dust will keep.

EVENING HYMN.

GOD, that madest Earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine Angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

PAGE
Abide with me ; fast falls the eventide 82
After long days of storm and showers 411
Ah ! not alone the murderous blade 99
A little brook went singing 117
A little cloud was fashioned 10
All as God wills, who wisely heeds 453
All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away 30
All night the lonely suppliant prayed 44
Alone, alone, ah ! weary soul 318
Alway imploring palms we raise towards heaven 354
And He drew near and talked with them 385
Another hand is beckoning us 159
A quiet heart, submissive, meek 474
Art thou weary, art thou languid 596
As eager home-bound traveller to the goal 254
As I lay upon my bed 145
As the sages from afar 137
As the harp-strings only render 261
As those that watch for the day 185
As Thou wilt, my God ! I ever say 427
Behold, O Lord ! these unhewn stones 375
Believe not that your inner eye 71
Beyond the dark and stormy bound 406
Birds have their quiet nest 223
Blessed city, heavenly Salem 294
Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted 324
Bound upon the accursed tree 234
Bread of the world in mercy broken 611
Brief life is here our portion 572
But how shall we be glad ? 454
Calm on the bosom of thy God 208
Came North, and South, and East, and West 480
Christ, whose glory fills the skies 196
Christ, whose glory fills the skies 587
Come, my soul, awake, 'tis morning 270
Come, thou bright and morning Star 63
Come to the land of peace ! 487
Cometh sunshine after rain 341
Commit thou all thy griefs 79
Commit thy way to God 174
Count not the days that have idly flown 173
Creator Spirit ! come and bless us 519
Dark, dark the night, and fearfully I grope 556
Day of vengeance, without morrow 537
Despair not in the vale of woe 568
Faith, Hope, and Charity,—these three 112
Faith is the dawning of the day 610

PAGE
Father and Friend ! Thy light, Thy love 124
Father ! beneath Thy sheltering wing 526
Father, I bring this worthless child to Thee 225
Father, I know that all my life 73
Father of love and power 372
Father ! that in the olive shade 247
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done 340
Father ! whate'er of earthly bliss 178
Fighting the battle of life ! 432
Fling out the Banner ! Let it float 513
For ever with the Lord ! 215
For the love of the true-hearted 305
Forth from the dark and stormy sky 203
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go 589
Fret not, poor soul : while doubt and fear 377
Full rings in every heart and ear 115
Give ! as the morning that flows out of heaven 356
Give us this day our daily bread 68
Glorious things of thee are spoken 212
Glorious was that primeval light 280
God asketh gifts ; what hast thou wrought ? 49
God be with thee, my beloved, God be with thee ! 66
God doth not leave His own 347
God moves in a mysterious way 298
God, that madest Earth and Heaven 620
Go forward, Christian soldier ! 515
Go not far from me, O my strength 442
Go when the morning shineth 199
Gracious Spirit, dwell within me 231
Grand rough old Martin Luther 471
Hail ! Hail ! Hail ! 286
Hail to the Lord's anointed ! 357
Half feeling our own weakness 389
Hallelujah ! fairest morning 93
Hark ! hark ! with harps of gold 502
Hast thou not seen at break of day 38
Hear, O Lord and God ! my cries 597
Heavenward doth our journey tend 166
Helmet of the hope of rest ! 439
Here in Thy royal presence, Lord, I stand 315
His harness he hath watched all night alone 430
Ho ! every one that thirsteth 582
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty ! 314
Holy Saviour, Friend unseen 262
How high Thou art ! our songs can own 327
Hues of the rich unfolding morn 489

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

PAGE
I am old and blind 76
I bore with thee long weary days and nights 21
I came and saw, and hoped to conquer 434
I come, dear Lord, like a tired child, to creep 566
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be 143
If there had anywhere appeared in space 554
If we with earnest effort could succeed 562
I have a wondrous house to build 168
I have gone the whole round of creation: I saw and I spoke! 53
I heard the voice of Jesus say 275
I hoped that with the brave and strong 179
I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls 365
In other wise came summer's death 248
In silence mighty things are wrought 384
In the hour of my distress 618
In the hour of trial 595
In the mid silence of the voiceless night 268
In the silent midnight watches 507
I say to thee, do thou repeat 476
I shine in the light of God 363
It came upon the midnight clear 190
It is a place where poets crowned 300
It is so—ope thine eyes, and see 467
I will accept Thy will to do and be 326
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! 521
Jerusalem the Golden 457
Jerusalem the golden! 575
Jesus in thy memory keep 393
Jesus, I Thy cross have taken 336
Joy and gladness! joy and gladness! 500
Joy of my Life while left me here 524
Judge not; the workings of his brain 108
Just as I am—without one plea 202
Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one 358
King of kings! and Lord of lords! 396
Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill 462
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom 26
Leave God to order all thy ways 23
Let all the world in every corner sing 592
Let saints below in concert sing 253
Light of light, enlighten me 244
Like berries on some inner bough 478
Lord, and what shall this man do? 46
Lord God of morning and of night 588
Lord, I am come alone with Thee! 338
Lord! we sit and cry to Thee 192
Lord, what a change within us one short hour 201
Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise Thee 532
"Lovest thou Me?" I hear my Saviour say 233
Love's very grief is gain 246
Lowly and solemn be 284
More than midway toward the west 320
Morning, evening, noon, and night 84
Much have I borne, but not as I should bear 264
Musing I sit upon the shore 552
My faith looks up to Thee 392
My faith looks up to Thee 530
My God, I love Thee; not because 51

PAGE
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made 265
My Home! my Home! I've passed a while 584
My little doves have left a nest 446
My soul lives but a stranger here 613
Nearer, my God, to Thee 348
Never hasting, never resting 33
Never more! 251
Nothing resting in its own completeness 346
Not in the solitude 122
Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed 496
Nought see we here as yet in full perfection 41
O angel of the land of peace 540
O bread to pilgrims given 523
O do not use me 608
O Fair! O purest! be thou the dove 460
Of all the thoughts of God that are 1
Of English blood, of Tuscan birth 153
O God, my God, whom I adore and love 32
Oh for a heart to praise my God 230
Oh! let us all be glad to-day 138
Oh leave me to my reveries 450
Oh live! 417
Oh talk to me of heaven, I love 210
Oh teach me to love Thee, to feel what Thou art 461
O lifted hands of sovereign might 536
O Lord, how happy is the time 60
O Lord, how happy should we be 380
O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will 423
O Lord! Thy heavenly grace impart 555
O Mother dear, Jerusalem! 292
O my Lord, I have but Thee 529
Once slow and sad the evening fell 235
One! Lord, whose daily mercies number 544
One sweetly solemn thought 204
Onward, Christian soldiers 511
Onward! onward! men of heaven 577
Onward speed thy conquering flight 528
Onward! the goal thou seekest 18
Open now Thy gates of beauty 88
O sacred Head, now wounded 509
O sweet home-echo on the pilgrim's way 420
O Thou in whose eternal name 517
O Thou! whose wise paternal love 605
Out and in the river is winding 542
O Watchman, will the night of sin 130
O when my God, my glory, brings 604
Part in peace! is day before us? 70
Pleasant are Thy courts above 237
Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth 473
Praise the Lord of heaven 591
Pray, pray, thou who also weepest 242
Quiet from God, it cometh not still 407
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart 520
Redeemed, redeemed 359
Region of life and light! 296
Rest of the weary 581
Rocked in the cradle of the deep 527
Rock of Ages, cleft for me 390
Robin, to the bare bough clinging 198
Round holy Rabia's suffering bed 429
Saint Augustine! well hast thou said 563
Saviour divine, we bend before Thee lowly 228
Saviour of men, and Lord of love 214

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

PAGE
Saviour ! when in dust to Thee 328
Say, watchman, what of the night ? . . 498
See ! the dull dense clouds are breaking . 180
She, 'neath ice-mountains vast 97
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing . 506
Since 'tis God's will—pain, take your course 609
Sold by them that should have loved thee 276
Soldiers of the Cross, arise 578
Some murmur, when the sky is clear . . 267
Songs of praise the angels sang 343
Soon and for ever ! 616
Source of my life's refreshing springs . . 35
Speak gently ! it is better far 104
Star of morn and even 463
Still evermore for some great strength we pray 80
Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand . . 234
Strive ; yet I do not promise 36
Sufferer, lift thy weary eye ! 332
Sweet brooklet, ever gliding 125
Sweet voices ! seldom mortal ear . . . 7
Take them, O death ! and bear away . 43
Teach me, my God and King 612
Tell me not, in mournful numbers ! . . 373
Thank God that toward eternity . . . 140
The baby wept 207
The bells—the bells—the Christmas bells 504
The blue Egean's countless waves in Sabbath sunlight smiled 239
The breaking waves dashed high . . . 593
The dawn of God's dear Sabbath . . . 90
The day is gone 64
The day of wrath ! that dreadful day . . 259
The earth that in her genial breast . . . 482
The glories of our blood and state . . . 580
The golden morn flames up the eastern sky 128
The hours are viewless angels 382
The ivy in a dungeon grew 15
The last sand from time's hour-glass . . 164
The quiet Sabbath sunshine played . . 284
There is a land immortal 606
There is a name I love to hear 404
There is a reaper, whose name is Death . 162
There is a song now singing 457
There is no flock, however watched and tended 148
The servant of God is on his way . . . 306
The way seems dark about me—overhead 387
They came, they went ; of pleasures passed away 40
Think gently of the erring 106
This did not once so trouble me 52
This world I deem 133
Those eternal bowers 585
Thou art, O God, the life and light . . 355
Thou blossom bright with autumn dew . 151
Though some good things of lower worth 27
Though winter yet be not o'er-past . . . 601

PAGE
Thou hidden love of God, whose height . 29
Thou spakest ; and the waters rolled . . 599
Thou wast, O God ; and Thou wast blest 557
Thou, who didst stoop below 197
Thou, who lookest with pitying eye . . 550
Throughout this earth in stillness . . . 344
Thus it will go on for ever 559
Thy love 103
Thy way, not mine, O Lord 171
'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze . . 493
'Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep 111
'Tis not when the death-prayer is said . 260
'Tis one vast united army 436
To have, each day, the thing I wish . . 109
To one alone my thoughts arise 330
To prayer, to prayer ;—for the morning breaks 533
'Twas long ago in olden time 273
Under the bowering honeysuckle . . . 113
Virgin-born ! we bow before Thee . . . 612
Waiting for Spring ! The mother, watching lonely 570
Walk in the light—and thou shalt own . 353
Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose 366
We ask for peace, O Lord ! 4
We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone . . 182
We meet in joy, though we part in sorrow 400
We must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that love for life is only given 415
We seek that land whose light e'en now . 221
"We would see Jesus"—for the shadows lengthen 206
What must it be to dwell above 219
What no human eye hath seen 360
What sudden blaze of song 187
What ! though the stream be dead . . . 150
What within me and without 464
When death is coming near 486
When first our Lord came down on earth 281
When God came down from heaven—the living God 565
When in the silvery moonlight 370
When Israel of the Lord beloved . . . 395
When prayer delights thee least, then learn to say 6
When the hours of day are numbered . . 257
When we seek with loving heart . . . 378
Where is Thy favour'd haunt, eternal Voice 19
Where the lambs sleep, there shepherds watch around 136
Whither, midst falling dew 95
Who shall ascend to the holy place . . 209
Why doth my Saviour weep 311
Why feedest thou on husks so coarse and rude ? 303
Ye dainty mosses, lichens grey 48
Ye whose hearts are beating high . . . 58

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